

THE  
REFORMED CHURCH  
HYMNAL







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THE

HYMNAL

OF THE

REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

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*PREPARED BY A COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY THE GENERAL SYNOD.*

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**Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary.**

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PHILADELPHIA:

THE PUBLICATION AND SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD OF THE REFORMED  
CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

FIFTEENTH AND RACE STREETS

1915

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## PREFACE.

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THE Committee to whom was intrusted the work of preparing a Hymnal for the use of The Reformed Church in the United States has endeavored faithfully to abide by the instructions given at the time of its appointment at the meeting of the General Synod at Akron, Ohio, June, 1887, viz., "To prepare such a collection as may, in the judgment of the committee, be best adapted to the needs of the Reformed Church in the United States."

In now presenting to the Church the results of its long and arduous labors, the Committee desires first of all to return most devout thanks to the great Head of the Church for his most gracious guidance and help, and to pray that this collection of hymns of praise may for many years to come redound to his increasing glory in the service of the sanctuary, and furthermore to express the hope that this Hymnal may prove to be truly suited to the needs of the people of the Reformed Church and be abundantly blessed to their spiritual edification and profit.

To choose from the vast amount of material at hand and to decide what hymns should be admitted to the collection and what excluded, has been no easy task. On a careful examination, however, it will be found that very few, if any, of the good old hymns, endeared to our people from long usage, have been omitted; while on the other hand the claims of the more valuable amongst the modern and popular compositions have by no means been disregarded.

In preparing this collection the aim has been not only to choose the best hymns, but also to select the best music available (some of it at a very considerable cost for copyright privileges), and furthermore so to adapt the tunes to the words as at once to gratify a cultivated literary and musical taste and to insure the hearty enjoyment of the people. Of necessity by far the larger number of tunes are old. They have been so long in use and are so enshrined in the best affections of God's people, that to omit them would have been a serious offense. At the same time, also, much of the music will be found to be new. A vast number of so-called "popular tunes," whose favor is as surprising as it is ephemeral, have been studiously avoided; but those tunes of a more recent composition which appear to possess permanent and intrinsic value have been as carefully admitted.

It is now the pleasant duty of the Committee to acknowledge the uniform courtesy and kindness of many brethren in the ministry and amongst the laity

of the Church, during the preparation of this work, and more particularly to express their obligation to the following persons:

To Mr. H. T. Buckley, organist of Third Street Reformed church, Easton, Pa., to Mrs. H. M. Kieffer, of Easton, Pa., and to Miss Lizzie May Fitz, of Martinsburg, W. Va., for valuable assistance in the musical part of the work:

To Bishop J. H. Vincent, to Miss Alice Nevin, to Dr. E. P. Parker, to Professors J. H. Kurzenknabe, E. C. Zartman, Fred. Schilling and Ira D. Sankey for special privileges in the use of tunes of their composition:

To the following musical composers and publishers for permission to use tunes of their composition or ownership: Oliver Ditson & Co., Biglow & Main, John Church & Co., Mrs. Sarah N. Holbrook, Mrs. Lizzie Tourgee Estabrook, Mr. U. C. Burnap, Mr. Theo. E. Perkins, Mr. John R. Sweney, Mr. Wm. G. Fischer, John T. Grape; also to the Publication Board of the Reformed Church for permission to use the hymns composed by the Rev. Dr. E. E. Higbee and the Rev. Dr. E. H. Nevin, and for all music selected from "Tunes for Worship," by Professor Henry Schwing:

And finally to Professor Henry Schwing both for permission to use music of his composition and for his valued services in editing the musical part of this collection.

May this Hymnal commend itself to the people of the Reformed Church in the United States. May it soon become the one book of praise in common use throughout all sections of the Church. And may God abundantly bless it to his service for many years to come.

H. M. KIEFFER,  
J. A. HOFFHEINS,  
JOHN M. SCHICK,  
H. H. W. HIBSHMAN.

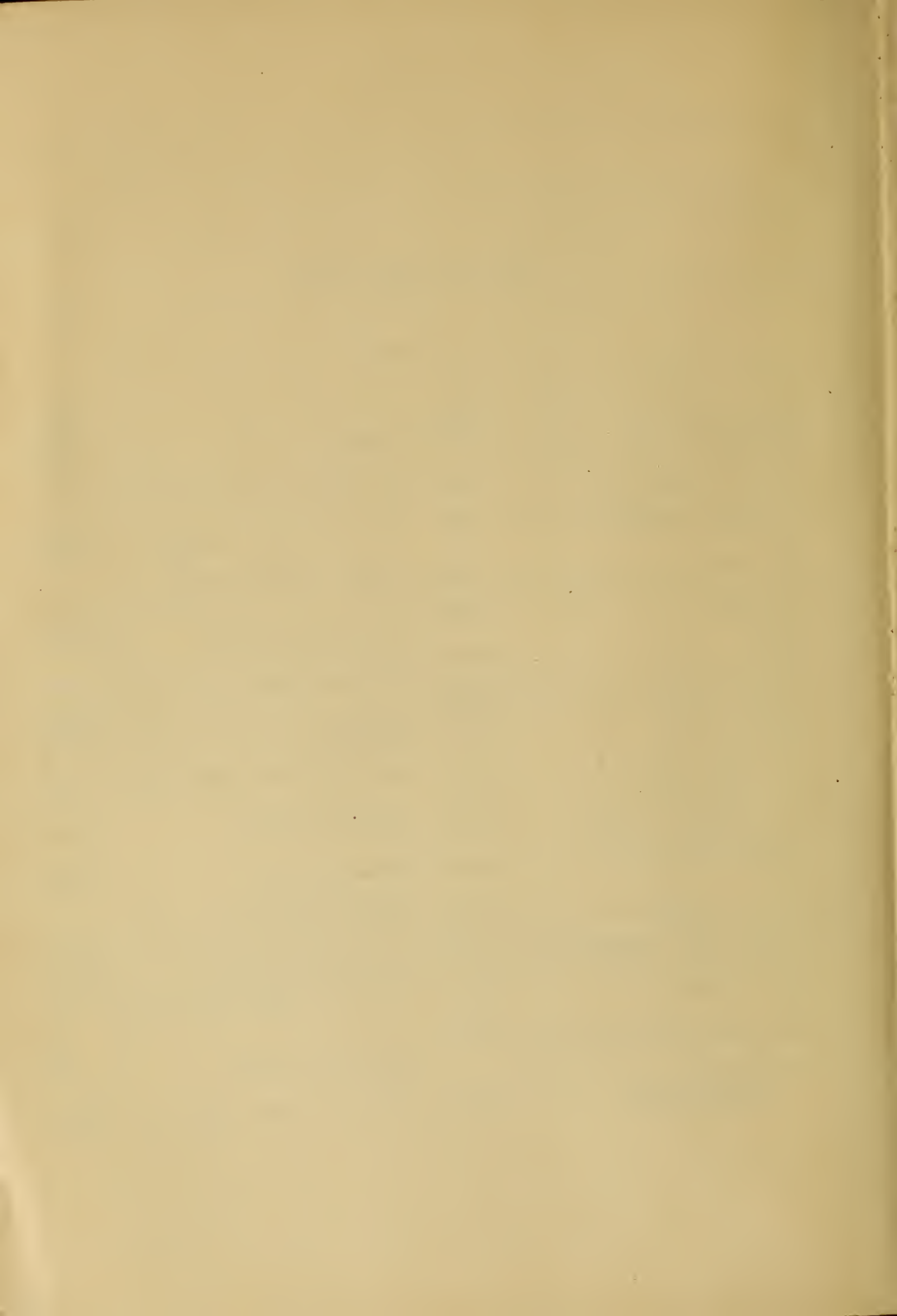
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# HYMNAL

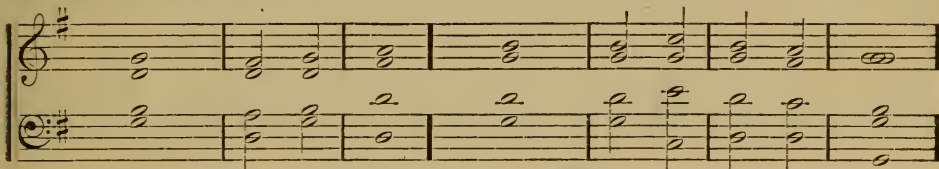
of the

## REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

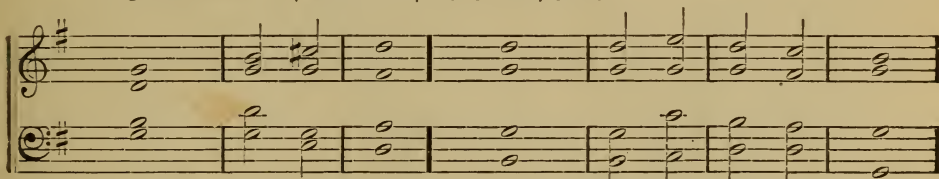
### General Praise.

#### 1 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

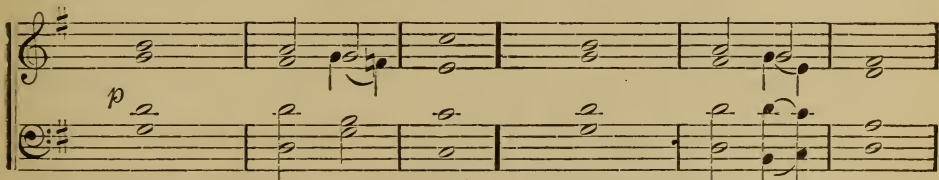
OLD CHANT.



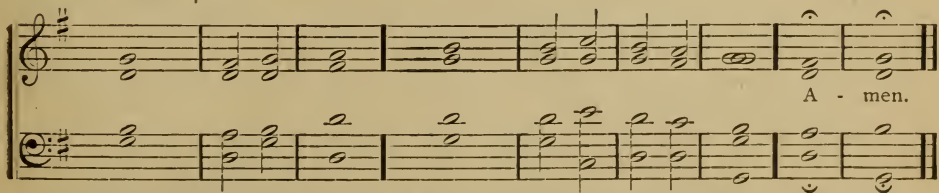
Glory be to | God on | high: || and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.  
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | wor-ship | Thee: || we glorify Thee, we  
give thanks to | Thee for | thy great | glory.



O Lord God, | heavenly | King: || God the | Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty.  
O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Je-sus | Christ: || O Lord God, Lamb of  
God, | Son — | of the | Father,



That take away the | sin of the | world: || have mercy up- | on — | us.  
Thou that takest away the | sin of the | world: || have mercy up- | on — | us.  
Thou that takest away the | sin of the | world: || re- | ceive our | prayer.  
Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father: || have mercy up- |  
on — | us.



For Thou only | art — | holy: || Thou | on-ly | art the | Lord.  
Thou only, O Christ, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost: || art most high in the | glory  
of | God the | Father. || A- | men.

# General Praise.

## 2 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

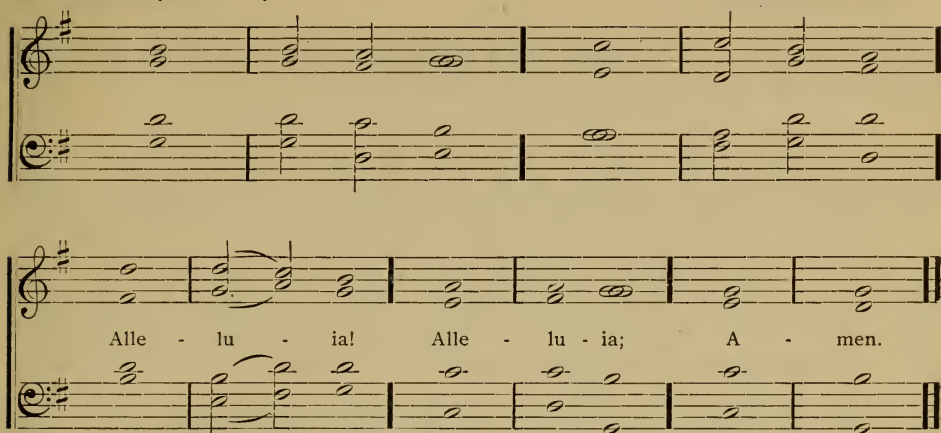


- 1 We praise | Thee, O | God; || we acknowledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.  
All the earth doth | worship | Thee, || the | Father | ever- | lasting.
- 2 To Thee all angels | cry a- | loud: || the heavens and | all the | powers there- | in.  
To Thee cherubim and | sera- | phim || con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,
- 3 Holy, holy, holy, Lord | God of | Sabaoth: || heaven and earth are full of the  
| majesty | of thy | glory.  
The glorious company of the apostles | praise — | Thee: || the goodly fellow-  
ship of the | prophets | praise — | Thee:
- 4 The noble army of martyrs | praise— | Thee: || the holy Church throughout  
all the world | doth ac- | knowledge | Thee,  
The | Fa — | ther || of an | infinite | Majes- | ty;
- 5 Thine adorable, true and | only | Son: || also the | Holy | Ghost, the | Com-  
forter.  
Thou art the King of glory, | O — | Christ: || Thou art the everlasting | Son—  
| of the | Father.
- 6 When Thou tookest upon Thee to de- | liver | man, || Thou didst humble  
Thyself to be | born — | of a | Virgin;  
When Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death, || Thou didst open the  
kingdom of | heaven to | all be- | lievers.
- 7 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God, || in the | glory | of the Father.  
We believe that Thou shalt come to | be our | Judge: we therefore pray  
Thee, help thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed | with thy | precious  
| blood.
- 8 Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints || in | glory | ever- | lasting.  
O Lord, | save thy | people || and | bless — | thy — | heritage.
- 9 Gov- | ern — | them, || and | lift them | up for- | ever.  
Day by day we | magnify | Thee: || and we worship thy name ever, | world  
with- | out — | end.
- 10 Vouch- | safe, O | Lord, || to keep us this | day with- | out — | sin.  
O Lord, have | mercy up- | on us, || have | mer- — | cy up- | on us.
- 11 O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us, || as our | trust is | in — | Thee.  
O Lord, in Thee | have I | trusted: || let me | never | be con- | founded.

# General Praise.

## 3 THE STRAIN UPRaise.

Adapted by A. H. D. TROYTE.



- 1 The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle- | lu-ia!  
To the glory of their King shall the ransomed | people sing, || Alle- | luia!  
Alle- | luia!
- 2 And the choirs that | dwell on high,  
Shall re-echo | through the sky, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!
- 3 They in the rest of Para- | dise who dwell,  
The blessed ones with joy the | chorus swell, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!
- 4 The planets glitt'ring on their | heavenly way,  
The shining constellations, | join and say, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!
- 5 Ye clouds that onward sweep, ye winds on | pinions light,  
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, ye lightnings, | wildly bright, || in  
sweet con- | sent unite || your Alle- | luia!
- 6 Ye floods and ocean billows, ye storms and | winter snow,  
Ye days of cloudless beauty, hoar frost and | summer glow,  
|| Ye groves that wave in spring | and glorious | forests sing, || Alle- | luia!
- 7 First let the birds with painted | plumage gay,  
Exalt their great Creator's | praise and say, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!
- 8 Then let the beasts of earth, with | varying strain,  
Join in creation's hymn and | cry again, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!
- 9 Here let the mountains thunder forth so- | norous, || Alle- | luia!  
|| There let the valleys sing in gentler | chorus, || Alle- | luia!
- 10 Thou jubilant abyss of | ocean cry, || Alle- | luia!  
|| Ye tracts of earth, and conti- | nents, reply, || Alle- | luia!
- 11 To God, who all cre- | ation made,  
The frequent hymn be | duly paid, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!
- 12 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Al- | mighty loves, || Alle- | luia!  
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ, the | King approves,  
|| Alle- | luia!
- 13 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a- | waking, || Alle- | luia!  
And children's voices echo, answer | making, || Alle- | luia!
- 14 Now from all men | be outpoured || Alleluia | to the Lord;  
|| With Alleluia | evermore || the Son and Spirit | we adore.
- 15 Praise be done to the | Three in One. | Alle- | luia!  
|| Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia! || Amen.

# General Praise.

## 4 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC.

1 Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal Lord, We praise thy name with one ac - cord;

Thy saints who here thy good - ness see Thro' all the world do wor - ship Thee.

2 To Thee aloud all angels cry,  
The heavens and all the powers on high.  
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,  
Lord God of hosts, they ever sing.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng,  
The prophets swell the immortal song,  
The martyrs' noble army raise  
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we  
Highly exalt and honor Thee;  
Thy name we worship and adore,  
World without end, forevermore.

5 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,  
To keep us safe from sin this day;  
Have mercy, Lord, we trust in Thee,  
O let us ne'er confounded be.

Thomas Cotterill, 1810.

## 5 DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

1 Be Thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high; And as thy glo - ry fills the sky,

So let it be on earth dis - played, Till Thou art here as there o - beyed.

2 O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent  
Its thankful tribute to present;  
And with my heart my voice I'll raise  
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound  
To all the listening nations round;  
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;  
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

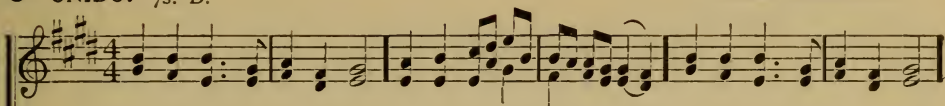
Tate and Brady, 1696



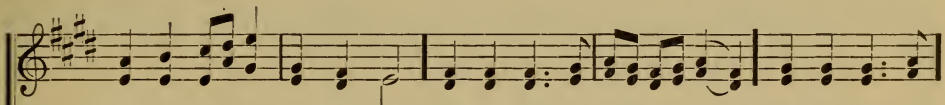
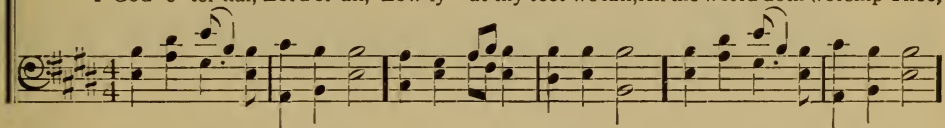
# General Praise.

6 ONIDO. 7s. D.

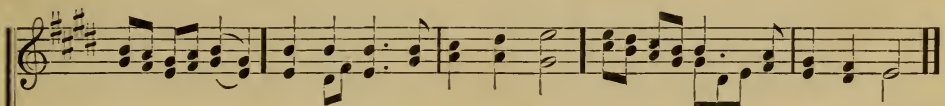
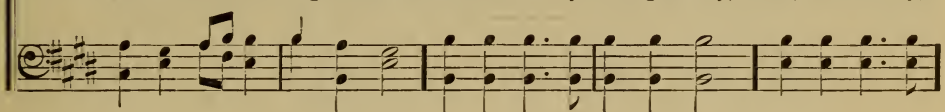
LOWELL MASON. Arr.



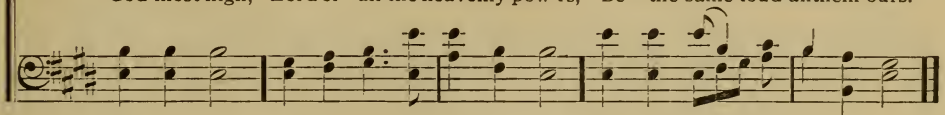
1 God e - ter - nal, Lord of all, Low - ly at thy feet we fall; All the world doth worship Thee,



We a - midst the throng would be; All the ho - ly an - gels cry, Hail, thrice ho - ly,



God most high; Lord of all the heavenly pow'rs, Be the same loud anthem ours.



2 Glorified apostles raise,  
Night and day, continual praise;  
Hast Thou not a mission too  
For thy children here to do?  
With the prophets' goodly line  
We in mystic bond combine;  
For Thou hast to babes revealed  
Things that to the wise were sealed.

3 Martyrs, in a noble host,  
Of thy cross are heard to boast;  
Since so bright the crown they wear,  
We with them thy cross would bear,  
All thy Church in heaven and earth,  
Jesus, hail thy spotless birth;  
Seated on the judgment-throne,  
Number us among thine own.

J. E. Millard, tr.

7

1 GLORY be to God on high,  
God, whose glory fills the sky;  
Peace on earth to man forgiven,  
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.  
Sovereign Father, heavenly King,  
Thee we now presume to sing,  
Glad thine attributes confess,  
Glorious all and numberless.

2 Hail, by all thy works adored,  
Hail the everlasting Lord!  
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,  
God of power and God of love;

Christ our Lord and God we own,  
Christ the Father's only Son,  
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
Saviour of offending man.

3 Jesus, in thy name we pray,  
Take, O take our sins away;  
Powerful Advocate with God,  
Justify us by thy blood;  
Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone  
Art with thy great Father One;  
One the Holy Ghost with Thee,  
One supreme, eternal Three.

C. Wesley.

# General Praise.

8 INTEGER. IIS. & 5.

F. F. FLEMING, 1810.

1. Praise ye the Fa - ther, for his lov-ing kindness; Ten - der-ly cares He for his err-ing

child - ren; Praise Him, ye angels, praise Him in the heav-ens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah.

- 2 Praise ye the Saviour, great is his com- 3 Praise ye the Spirit, Comforter of  
passion; Israel,  
Graciously cares He for his chosen Sent of the Father and the Son to bless  
people; us;  
Young men and maidens, ye old men Praise ye the Father, Son and Holy  
and children, Spirit,  
Praise ye the Saviour. Praise ye the triune God.

9 DEVIZES. C. M.

I. TUCKER.

1. Ho-san-na! raise the peal - ing hymn To Da-vid's Son and Lord; With cher-u-

bim and ser - a - phim, Ex - alt th' in-car-nate Word, Ex - alt th' in-car-nate Word.

- 2 Hosanna! sovereign, Prophet, Priest,  
How vast thy gifts, how free!  
Thy blood, our life; thy word, our feast;  
Thy name, our only plea.
- 3 Hosanna! Master, lo, we bring  
Our offerings to thy throne;  
Not gold nor myrrh nor mortal thing,  
But hearts to be thine own.
- 4 Hosanna once thy gracious ear  
Approved a lisping throng;  
Be gracious still, and deign to hear  
Our poor but grateful song.
- 5 O Saviour, if redeemed by Thee,  
Thy temple we behold,  
Hosannas through eternity  
We'll sing to harps of gold.

William H. Havergal, 1833.

# General Praise.

10 HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792—1872.

1 { Lord, thy glo-ry fills the heav-en, Earth is with its fulness stored; } Heav'n is still with anthems ringing,  
Un - to Thee be glo-ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord. }

Earth takes up the angels' cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly ho - ly, singing, Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high.

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,  
Brethren, let our tongues unite,  
While our thoughts his greatness raises  
And our love his gifts excite.  
With his seraph train before Him,  
With his holy Church below,  
Thus unite we to adore Him,  
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fulness stored;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord.  
Thus thy glorious name confessing,  
We adopt the angels' cry,  
Holy, holy, holy, blessing  
Thee, the Lord our God most high.  
R. Mant.

11 REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s.

H. SMART.

1 Al - le - lu - ia! best and sweetest Of the hymns of praise above; Al - le - lu - ia! thou re - peat - est,

An - gel host, these notes of love; This ye ut - ter, this ye ut - ter, While your golden harps ye move.

2 Alleluia! Church victorious,  
Join the concert of the sky;  
Alleluia! bright and glorious,  
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high;  
We, poor exiles,  
Join not yet your melody.

3 Alleluia! strains of gladness  
Suit not souls with anguish torn;  
Alleluia! sounds of sadness

Best become our state forlorn;  
Our offenses  
We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,  
Holy God, we raise to Thee;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Make us all thy joys to see;  
Alleluia!  
Ours at length this strain shall be.

John Chandler, 1837.



# Advent.

## 12 SOLID ROCK. L. M. D.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1 { God bless the calm and holy cheer That ushers in the Christian year, } { Lifts us with its mys-  
And, whatsoe'er of gloom or shade Season or sorrow may have made, } { Into the lights which

te-rious pow'r, Out of the dark and dy-ing hour } Round children of th'e-ter-nal day.  
ev - er play Round children of th'e - ter-nal day, }

PER. BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 Blest Advent of our ling'ring Lord!  
How high the hope, how sure the word,  
That thus, with every year's return,  
Makes our dull hearts within us burn  
For that long-sought and promised day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And Christ from highest heavens shall  
come  
To take his waiting people home.
- 3 Since childhood's early hours, our eyes  
Have watch'd the east for red'ning  
skies;  
Year after year has Advent brought  
Nearer to us the prize we sought;  
But still it lingers—O that we  
Were more prepared to welcome Thee!  
Thine advent, with its angel throng,  
Would not be tarrying, Lord, so long.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1857.

## 13 ALTON. 8s, 7s, 4s.

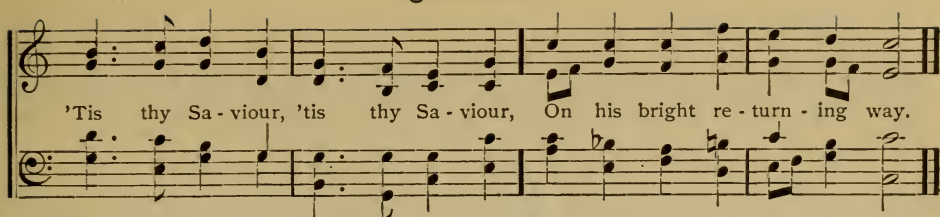
HENRY SMART, 1868.

1 O'er the dis - tant moun - tains break-ing, Comes the red -'ning dawn of day;

Rise my soul, from sleep a - wak - ing, Rise and sing and watch and pray;



## Advent.



2 O Thou long-expected, weary  
Waits my anxious soul for Thee;  
Life is dark and earth is dreary,  
Where thy light I do not see.  
O my Saviour,  
When wilt Thou return to me?

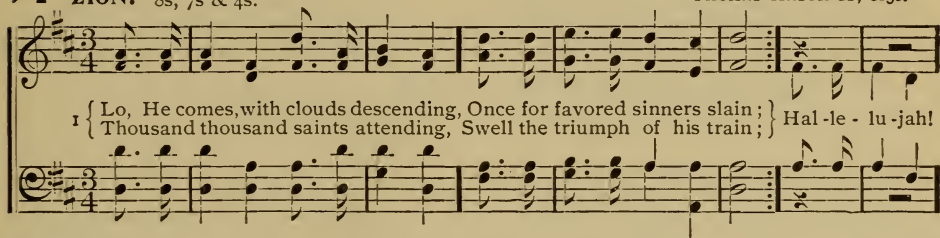
3 Long, too long in sin and sadness,  
Far away from Thee I pine;  
When, O when, shall I the gladness  
Of thy Spirit feel in mine?  
O my Saviour,  
When shall I be wholly thine?

4 Nearer is my soul's salvation,  
Spent the night, the day at hand;  
Keep me in my lonely station,  
Watching for Thee, till I stand,  
O my Saviour,  
In thy bright and promised land.  
5 With my lamp well trimmed and  
burning,  
Swift to hear and slow to roam,  
Watching for thy glad returning,  
To restore me to my home,  
Come, my Saviour,  
O my Saviour, quickly come.

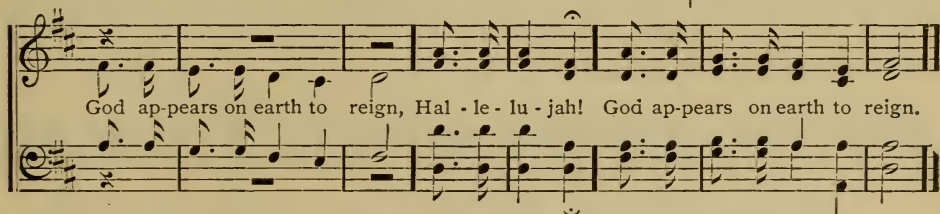
J. S. B. Monsell.

### 14 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.



1 { Lo, He comes, with clouds descending, Once for favored sinners slain; } Hal - le - lu - jah!  
Thousand thousand saints attending, Swell the triumph of his train; }



God ap-pears on earth to reign, Hal - le - lu - jah! God ap-pears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
Those who set at naught and sold Him,  
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea and mountain,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away;  
All who hate Him must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day;  
Come to judgment,  
Come to judgment, come away.

4 Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear;  
All his saints, by man rejected,

Now shall meet Him in the air;  
Hallelujah!  
See the day of God appear.

5 Answer thine own bride and Spirit,  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;  
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,  
Take thy pining exiles home;  
All creation  
Travails, groans and bids Thee come.

6 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,  
High on thine eternal throne;  
Saviour, take the power and glory,  
Claim the kingdom for thine own;  
O come quickly,  
Everlasting God, come down.

Charles Wesley and John Cennick.  
Altered by M. Madan.

# Advent.

15 BREST. 8s, 7s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

1 Day of judgment, day of wonders, Hark, the trumpet's aw-ful sound, Loud-er than a

thousand thunders, Shakes the vast creation round; How the summons Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,  
Clothed in majesty divine;  
Ye who long for his appearing  
Then shall say, this God is mine;  
Gracious Saviour,  
Own me in that day for thine.

By his look, prepare to flee;  
Careless sinner,  
What will then become of thee?

3 At his call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea;  
All the powers of nature, shaken

4 But to those who have confessed,  
Loved and served the Lord below,  
He will say: "Come near, ye blessed,  
See the kingdom I bestow;  
You forever  
Shall my love and glory know."

John Newton, 1774.

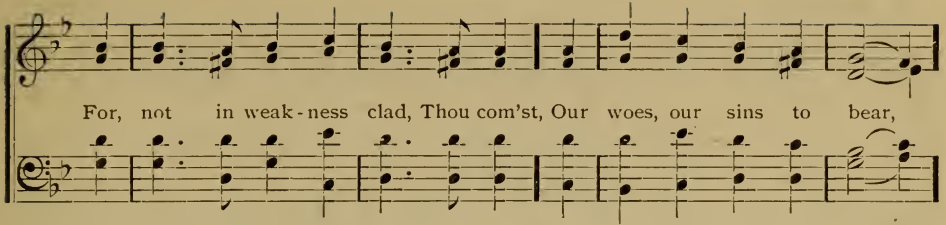
16 GERTRUDE. C. M. 8 lines.

Arr. by SCHWING.

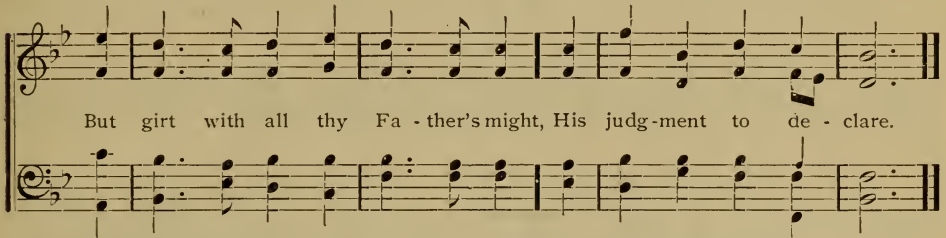
1 Once more, O Lord, thy sign shall be Up - on the heav'n's dis-played,

And earth and its in - hab - i - tants Be ter - ri - bly a - fraid;

# Advent.



For, not in weak-ness clad, Thou com'st, Our woes, our sins to bear,



But girt with all thy Fa-ther's might, His judg-ment to de-clare.

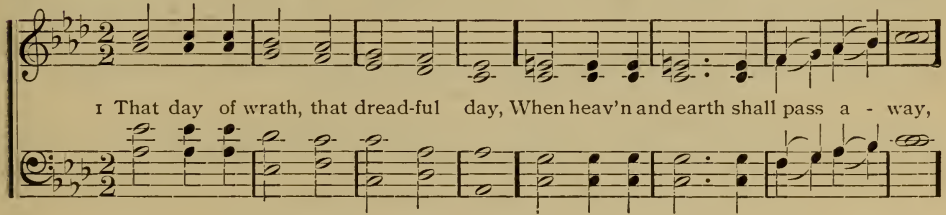
2 The terrors of that awful day,  
O who can understand?  
Or who abide, when Thou in wrath  
Shalt lift thy holy hand?  
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,  
The sun in heaven grow pale;  
But Thou hast sworn and wilt not change,  
Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass  
Our time in trembling here,  
That when upon the clouds of heaven  
Thy glory shall appear,  
Uplifting high our joyful heads  
In triumph we may rise,  
And enter, with thine angel train,  
Thy palace in the skies.

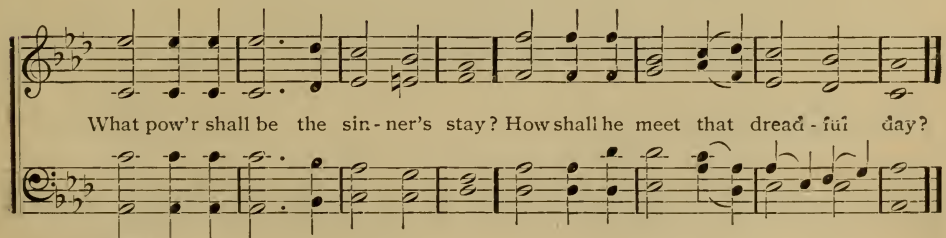
George W. Doane.

## 17 GROSTETE. L. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX, 1849.



1 That day of wrath, that dread-ful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass a-way,



What pow'r shall be the sin-ner's stay? How shall he meet that dread-ful day?

Per. O. DITSON & Co.

2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll, The flaming heavens together roll,  
When louder yet and yet more dread Swells the high trumpet that wakes the dead—

3 O on that day, that wrathful day, When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay, Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away.

Hymn of 13th century.



# Advent.

18 MAGILL. IIS.

T. E. PERKINS.

I A voice from the des - ert comes aw - ful and shrill, The Lord is ad -

vanc - ing, pre - pare ye the way; The word of his prom - ise He

comes to ful - fil, And o'er the dark world pour the splen - dor of day.

Per. T. E. PERKINS.

- 2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,  
And be the low valley exalted on high;  
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,  
He cometh, our King, our Redeemer is nigh.

- 3 The beams of salvation his progress illumine,  
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her God;  
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,  
And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

Drummond, 1585—1649.

19 BONAR. S. M. D.

LOWELL MASON, 1858.

I A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come, And we shall be with

# Advent.

REFRAIN.

those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb. Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My  
soul for that great day; O wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a - way.

Per. O. Dirson & Co.

- 2 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild, rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease, 4 'Tis but a little while  
And surges swell no more.—REF. And He shall come again,  
3 A few more struggles here, Who died that we might live, who lives  
A few more partings o'er, That we with Him may reign.—REF.  
Horatius Bonar, 1857, ab.

## 20 FATHERLAND. 6s & 4s.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1 Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine; Break ev'ry tender tie, Je - sus is mine;  
Dark is the wilderness, Earth has no resting-place, Je-sus alone can bless, Je - sus is mine.

- 2 Tempt not my soul away,  
Jesus is mine;  
Here would I ever stay,  
Jesus is mine;  
Perishing things of clay,  
Born but for one brief day,  
Pass from my heart away,  
Jesus is mine.  
3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,  
Jesus is mine;  
Lost in this dawning bright,  
Jesus is mine;  
All that my soul has tried  
Left but a dismal void,  
Jesus has satisfied,  
Jesus is mine.  
4 Farewell, mortality,  
Jesus is mine;  
Welcome, eternity,  
Jesus is mine;  
Welcome, O loved and blest,  
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,  
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,  
Jesus is mine.

# Advent.

## 21 JUDGMENT HYMN. P. M.

JOSEPH KLUG'S GESANGBUCH.

1 { Great God, what do I see and hear, The end of things cre - a - ted! }  
 { The Judge of man I see ap - pear, On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed; }

The trum - pet sounds; the graves re - store The dead which

they con - tained be - fore; Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ are first to rise  
 At that last trumpet's sounding,  
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
 With joy their Lord surrounding;  
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay;  
 His presence sheds eternal day  
 On those prepared to meet Him,

3 Th' ungodly, filled with guilty fears,  
 Behold his wrath prevailing;  
 In woe they rise, but all their tears  
 And sighs are unavailing;  
 The day of grace is past and gone,  
 Trembling they stand before his throne,  
 All unprepared to meet Him.

W. B. Collyer, 1812.

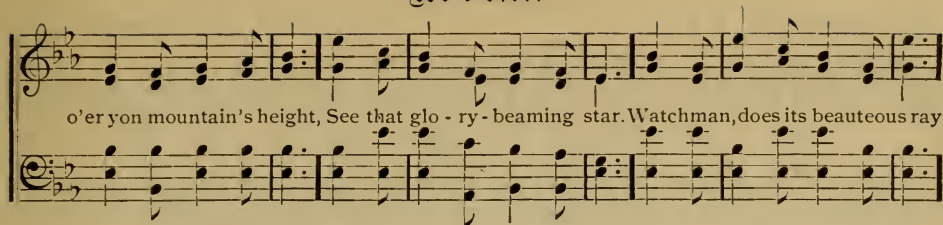
## 22 WATCHMAN, TELL US. 7s. D.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.

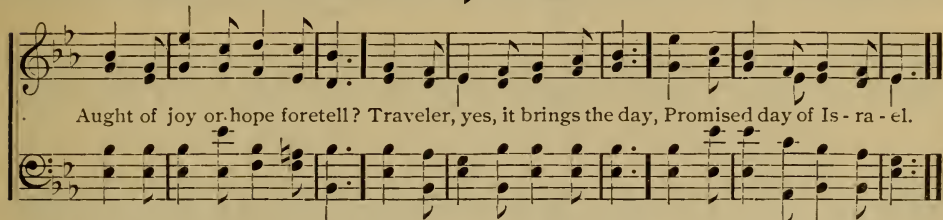
1 Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are; Traveler,



## Advent.



o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beaming star. Watchman, does its beauteous ray



Aught of joy or hope foretell? Traveler, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.

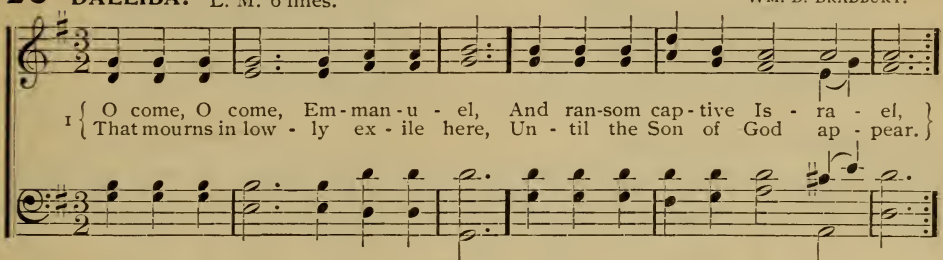
2 Watchman, tell us of the night;  
Higher yet that star ascends;  
Traveler, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth its course portends;  
Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Traveler, ages are its own;  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn;  
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn;  
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,  
Hie thee to thy quiet home;  
Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,  
Lo, the Son of God is come.

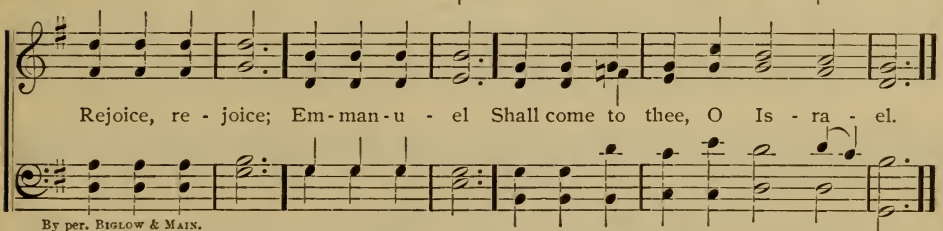
John Bowring, 1825.

### 23 DALLIBA. L. M. 6 lines.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 { O come, O come, Em-man-u - el, And ran-som cap-tive Is - ra - el, }  
That mourns in low - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. }



Rejoice, re - joice; Em-man-u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el.

By per. BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 O come, Thou rod of Jesse, free  
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;  
From depths of hell thy people save,  
And give them victory o'er the grave.  
—REF.

4 O come, Thou key of David, come  
And open wide our heavenly home;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery.—REF.

3 O come, Thou dayspring, come and  
Our spirits by thine advent here; [cheer  
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
And death's dark shadows put to flight.  
—REF.

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,  
Who to the tribes, on Sinai's height  
In ancient times, didst give the law,  
In cloud and majesty and awe.—REF.

Latin Hymn, 12th century.

# Advent.

24 BARKLEY. 8s & 7s.

Arr. by SCHWING. Melody by S. A. HILL.

1 Light of those whose drear - y dwell - ing Bor - ders on the shades of death,  
Rise on us, Thy - self re - veal - ing, Rise and chase the clouds be - neath.

- 2 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator,  
In our deepest darkness rise;  
Scatter all the night of nature,  
Pour the day upon our eyes.
- 3 Still we wait for thine appearing;  
Life and joy thy beams impart,

- Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
Every poor, benighted heart.
- 4 By thine all-sufficient merit  
Every burdened soul release;  
Every weary, wandering spirit  
Guide into thy perfect peace.

Chas. Wesley, 1744.

25

- 1 CROWN his head with endless blessing,  
Who, in God the Father's name,  
With compassion never ceasing  
Comes salvation to proclaim.
- 2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore Thee,  
Thee, our Saviour, Thee, our God;  
From his throne his beams of glory  
Shine through all the world abroad.

- 3 Jesus, Thee our Saviour hailing,  
Thee, our God, in praise we own;  
Highest honors, never failing,  
Rise eternal round thy throne.
- 4 Now, ye saints, his power confessing,  
In your grateful strains adore;  
For his mercy, never ceasing,  
Flows and flows for evermore.

Wm. Goode.

26 COOKE. 8s & 7s. 4 lines.

Arr. by SCHWING. Melody by HAVERGAL.

1 Hark, a thrill - ing voice pro - claim - ing, Sounds a - loud the com - ing light;  
From the heav - ens, bright - ly gleam - ing, Christ shall chase a - way the night.

- 2 Souls, immersed in sin and torpid,  
Wounded by its venom'd stings,  
Now shall rise; for lo, the day-star  
Comes with healing in his wings.
- 3 From on high the Lamb, commissioned  
To remove our guilt, appears;  
Let us all, to gain his pardon,  
Pray with penitential tears—

- 4 That, when at his second advent,  
Clouds of glory mark his path,  
And the world in fiery deluge  
Sinks beneath his dreadful wrath,
- 5 We may not for sins be driven  
Exiles into endless doom,  
But, beneath his strong protection  
Sheltered, reach eternal home.

Ambrose.—Translated by E. E. Higbee.



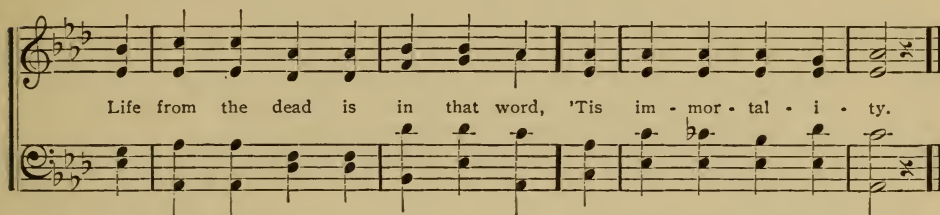
# Advent.

27 GORTON. S. M.

L. BEETHOVEN, 1770—1827.



1 "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be;



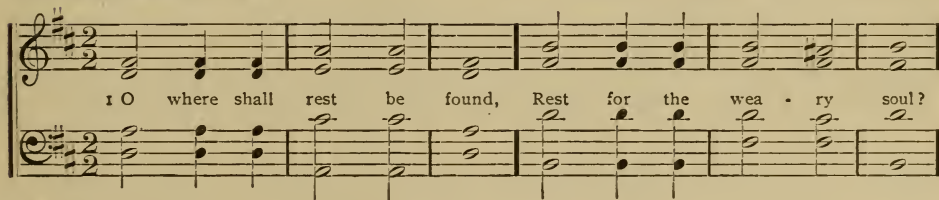
Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.

- 2 Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near  
At times to faith's foreseeing eye  
Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 My thirsty spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.
- 5 I hear at morn and even,  
At noon and midnight hour,

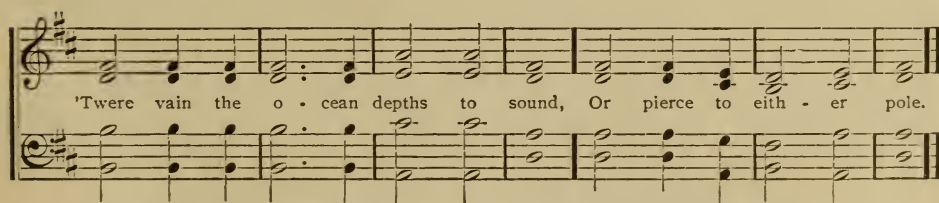
- The choral harmonies of heaven  
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.
- 6 "Forever with the Lord!"  
Father, if 'tis thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word  
E'en here to me fulfil.
  - 7 So, when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.
  - 8 Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
"Forever with the Lord!"
- James Montgomery, 1835.

28 SHAWMUT. S. M.

Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792—1872.



1 O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?



'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole.

- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love.

- 4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!
  - 5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banished from thy face,  
And evermore undone.
- James Montgomery, 1819

# Advent.

29 HENLEY. IIS & IOS.

LOWELL MASON, 1854.

1 Come un-to Me when shadows darkly gath-er, When the sad heart is wea-ry and distressed,

Seek-ing for com-fort from your heavenly Father, Come un-to Me, and I will give you rest.

Per. O. Ditson & Co.

- 2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,  
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;  
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,  
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
- 3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,  
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;  
Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,  
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

Mrs. C. H. Esling, 1839.

30 OLD 124th. IIS & IOS.

Arr. by SCHWING. German Melody.

1 We need Thee, Sav-iour, when dear eyes are clos-ing, When on the cheek the shadow li-eth strong,

When the soft lines are set in that re-pos-ing That never mother cradled with a song.

- 2 Then most we need the gentle human feeling  
That throbs with all our sorrows and our fears,  
And that great love divine its light revealing  
In short bright flashes through a mist of tears.
- 3 Then most we need the voice that while it weepeth  
Yet hath a solemn undertone that saith:  
"Weep not; thy darling is not dead, but sleepeth;  
Only believe, for I have conquered death."

## Advent.

- 4 'Then most we need the thoughts of resurrection,  
Not the life here, 'mid pain and sin and woe,  
But ever in the fulness of perfection  
To walk with Him in robes as white as snow.
- 5 Didst Thou not enter in when that cold sleeper  
Lay still, with pulseless heart and leaden eyes,  
Put calmly forth each loud tumultuous weeper,  
And take her by the hand and bid her rise?
- 6 Come to us, Saviour, in our lone dejection,  
Speak calmly to our wild and helpless grief,  
Bring us the hopes and thoughts of resurrection,  
Bring us the comfort of a true belief.
- 7 Come, with that human voice that breaks in weeping,  
Come, with that awful tenderness divine,  
Come, tell us that they are not dead but sleeping,  
But gone before to Thee, for they are thine.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

31

WARD. L. M.

LOWELL MASON. ARR.

1 The Lord will come, the earth shall quake, The hills their fix - ed seat for - sake;

And, withering from the vault of night, The stars with - draw their fee - ble light.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 The Lord will come; but not the same<br/>As once in lowly form He came,<br/>A silent Lamb to slaughter led,<br/>The bruised, the suff'ring and the dead.</p> <p>3 The Lord will come, a dreadful form,<br/>With wreath of flame and robe of storm,<br/>On cherub wings and wings of wind,<br/>Appointed Judge of human kind.</p> | <p>4 Can this be He who wont to stray<br/>A pilgrim on the world's highway,<br/>By power oppressed and mocked by<br/>pride?</p> <p>O God, is this the crucified?</p> <p>5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain,<br/>Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;<br/>But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,<br/>Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come."</p> |
|---|---|

Reginald Heber, 1811.

32

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 HE reigns, the Lord, the Saviour,<br/>reigns;<br/>Praise Him in evangelic strains;<br/>Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,<br/>And distant islands join their voice.</p> <p>2 Deep are his counsels and unknown,<br/>But grace and truth support his throne;<br/>Though gloomy clouds his way surround,<br/>Justice is their eternal ground.</p> | <p>3 In robes of judgment, lo, He comes,<br/>Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the<br/>tombs;<br/>Before Him burns devouring fire,<br/>The mountains melt, the seas retire.</p> <p>4 His enemies, with sore dismay,<br/>Fly from the sight and shun the day;<br/>Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,<br/>And sing, for your redemption's nigh.</p> |
|---|--|

Isaac Watts.



# Advent.

## 33 WINCHESTER. L. M.

GERMAN, 1690.

I Je - sus, thy Church with long - ing eyes For thine ex - pect - ed com - ing waits;

When will the prom-ised light a - rise, And glo - ry beam from Zi - on's gates?

2 O come, and reign o'er every land;  
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,  
All nations bow to thy command,  
And grace revive a dying world.

3 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer  
To wait for the appointed hour,  
And fit us by thy grace to share  
The triumphs of thy conquering power.  
Wm. H. Bathurst.

## 34

1 WHEN shades of night around us close,  
And weary limbs in sleep repose,  
The faithful soul awake may be,  
And longing sigh, O Lord, for Thee.

2 Thou true desirè of nations, hear;  
Thou Word of God, Thou Saviour dear,

In pity heed our humble cries,  
And bid at length the fallen rise.

3 O come, Redeemer, come and free  
Thine own from guilt and misery;  
The gates of heaven again unfold,  
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.

## 35 ALPHEGE. 7s & 6s.

REV. H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1806—1876.

1. Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short-lived care;

The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life is there.

## Advent.

2 O happy retribution!  
Short toil, eternal rest,  
For mortals and for sinners,  
A mansion with the blest.

3 And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown.

4 And now we watch and struggle,  
And now we live in hope,  
And Zion in her anguish  
With Babylon must cope.

5 But He whom now we trust in  
Shall then be seen and known,  
And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own.

6 The morning shall awaken,  
The shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day.

7 There God, our King and portion,  
In fulness of his grace,  
Shall we behold forever  
And worship face to face.

Bernard of Morlaix, 1150;  
Tr. Jno. M. Neale.

36 EWING. 7s & 6s. 8 lines.

ALEXANDER EWING.

I Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be - neath thy con - tem -

pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, O I know not What

joys a - wait us there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel  
And all the martyr throng;  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

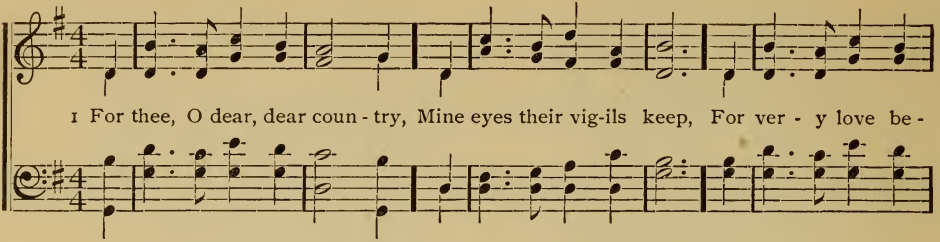
3 There is the throne of David;  
And there, from care released,  
The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of them that feast;  
And they who with their leader  
Have conquered in the fight  
Forever and forever  
Are clad in robes of white.

Bernard of Morlaix, 1150.  
Tr. Jno. M. Neale.

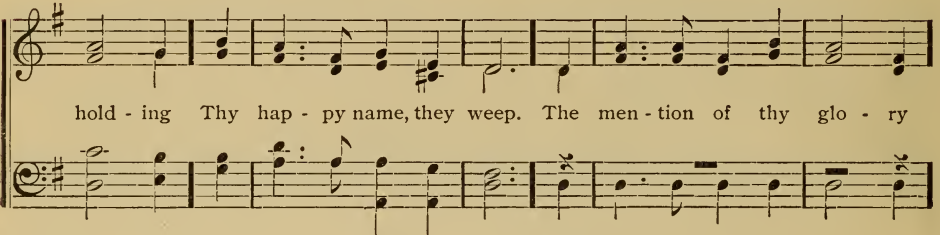
# Advent.

37 GERHARDT. 7s & 6s.

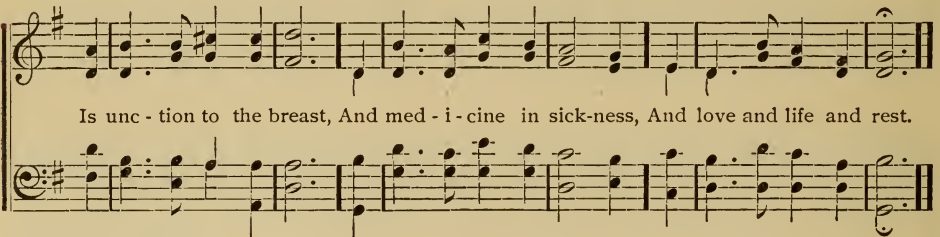
J. P. HOLBROOK.



1 For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep, For ver - y love be -



hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep. The men - tion of thy glo - ry



Is unc - tion to the breast, And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love and life and rest.

Per. Mrs. J. P. HOLBROOK.

- 2 O one, O only mansion,  
O Paradise of joy,  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles have no alloy;  
The Lamb is all thy splendor,  
The crucified thy praise;  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise.
- 3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays;

Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced;  
The saints build up its fabric,  
The corner-stone is Christ.

- 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean,  
Thou hast no time, bright day,  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrim's far away;  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise thy holy tower;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower.

Bernard of Morlaix, 1150.  
Tr. J. M. Neale.

38

- 1 THE world is very evil,  
The times are waxing late,  
Be sober and keep vigil,  
The Judge is at the gate,  
The Judge who comes in mercy,  
The Judge who comes with might,  
Who comes to end the evil,  
Who comes to crown the right.

- 2 Arise, arise, good Christian,  
Let right to wrong succeed;  
Let penitential sorrow  
To heavenly gladness lead,  
To light that has no evening,  
That knows no moon nor sun,  
The light so new and golden,  
The light that is but one.

## Advent.

3 O home of fadeless splendor,  
Of flowers that fear no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children  
Who here as exiles mourn;  
'Midst power that knows no limit,  
Where wisdom has no bound,  
The beatific vision  
Shall glad the saints around.

4 O happy, holy portion,  
Refection for the blest,  
True vision of true beauty,  
True cure of the distrest;

Strive, man, to win that glory,  
Toil, man, to gain that light,  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight.

5 O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect,  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect;  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest,  
Who art, with God the Father  
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Morlaix. 1150.  
Tr. Jno. M. Neal, 1851.

### 39 SKYLES. S. M.

Arr. by SCHWING. CHORAL.

1 Come, king - dom of our God, Sweet reign of light and love;

Shed peace and hope and joy a - broad, And wis - dom from a - bove.

2 Over our spirits first  
Extend thy healing reign;  
There raise and quench the sacred thirst  
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God,  
And make the broad earth thine;

Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod  
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest  
With fruit from life's glad tree,  
And in its shade like brothers rest,  
Sons of one family.

John Johns, 1837.

### 40

1 O SAVIOUR of our race,  
Welcome indeed Thou art,  
Blessed Redeemer, fount of grace,  
To this my longing heart.

2 Light of the world, abide  
Through faith within my heart;  
Leave me to seek no other guide,  
Nor e'er from Thee depart.

3 Thou art the life, O Lord,  
Sole light of life Thou art;  
Let not thy glorious rays be poured  
In vain on my dark heart.

4 Star of the east, arise,  
Drive all my clouds away,  
Guide me till earth's dim twilight dies  
Into the perfect day.

Catharine Winkworth.



# Advent.

## 41 AHIRA. S. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.

1 Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil-lows take;

Loud to the praise of love di-vine Bid ev-'ry string a-wake.

Per. O. Ditson & Co.

- 2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine;  
Nor present things nor things to come  
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at his control;

His loving kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.

- 5 Wait till the shadows flee,  
Wait thine appointed hour,  
Wait till the bridegroom of thy soul  
Reveal his love with power.
- 6 The time of love will come,  
When thou shalt clearly see,  
Not only that He shed his blood,  
But that it flowed for thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1772.

## 42 OZREM. S. M.

I. B. WOODBURY, 1819—1859.

1 The Church has wait-ed long Her ab-sent Lord to see,

And still in lone-li-ness she waits, A friend-less stran-ger she.

Per. O. Ditson & Co.



## Advent.

- 2 How long, O Lord our God,  
 Holy and true and good, [Church,  
 Wilt Thou not judge thy suffering  
 Her sighs and tears and blood ?
- 3 Saint after saint on earth  
 Has lived and loved and died;  
 And as they left us one by one,  
 We laid them side by side.
- 4 We laid them down to sleep,  
 But not in hope forlorn;

- We laid them but to ripen there,  
 Till the last glorious morn.
- 5 We long to hear thy voice,  
 To see Thee face to face,  
 To share thy crown and glory then,  
 As now we share thy grace.
- 6 Come, Lord, and wipe away  
 The curse, the sin, the stain,  
 And make this blighted world of ours  
 Thine own fair world again.

H. Bonar, 1856.

### 43

- 1 THE Son of Man shall come  
 With angel hosts around,  
 'Mid darkening sun and falling stars,  
 And trumpet's solemn sound.
- 2 Awake, ye slumbering souls,  
 It is no time for rest;  
 He comes, as comes the lightning flash,  
 Shining from east to west.
- 3 Thy servants, Lord, prepare  
 For that tremendous day;

- Fill every heart with watchful care,  
 And stir us up to pray.
- 4 Help us to wait the hour  
 In toil and holy fear,  
 When, manifested with thy saints,  
 Thou shalt again appear.
- 5 Then, when the wailing earth  
 Thy sign in heaven shall see,  
 Thou shalt send forth thine angel band  
 To gather us to Thee.

H. W. Beadon.

### 44 ANTIOCH. C. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1836. FROM HANDEL.

I Joy to the world, the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King;

Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture

And

sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.

And

heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

- 2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,  
 Let men their songs employ; [ plains  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and  
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow  
 Nor thorns infest the ground;

- He comes to make his blessings flow  
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
 And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of his righteousness  
 And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

# Advent.

## 45 VANHALL'S HYMN. L. M.

VANHALL.

1 Hail, Jesus, Israel's hope and light, Prophets and priests prepar'd thy way; Thy people thro' the

breaking night, With waiting joy fore-saw thy day, With wait-ing joy fore - saw thy day.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 By Jacob's star the Gentiles found<br>Light on their mystic longings poured;<br>Wise men from dismal regions round<br>Bowed at thy manger and adored.        | 4 The vales, where darkness lingers last,<br>Now kindle in prophetic light;<br>The morning breaks, for ever past<br>The fearful reign of ancient night.                  |
| 3 Thine advent, Lord, revives the world,<br>Thy life shall waiting nation's know;<br>The banner of thy truth unfurled<br>Shall glorious on the mountains glow. | 5 Hail, glorious advent, heavenly birth!<br>Shout, saints, in triumph Christ appears;<br>Good-will to men and peace on earth<br>Shall reign throughout the golden years. |

## 46

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry<br>Announces that the Lord is nigh;<br>Awake and hearken, for he brings<br>Glad tidings of the King of kings. | And make within a place of rest,<br>Meet home for such a royal guest.  |
| 2 Earth, air and sea with joy elate<br>For their Creator's advent wait;<br>The very elements rejoice,<br>And welcome Him with cheerful voice.      | 4 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,<br>Our refuge and our great reward;<br>Without thine aid, like withering grass,<br>Man into nothingness must pass.     |
| 3 We too will greet our coming God,<br>And cleanse our hearts and smoothe the road,  | 5 To heal the sick stretch forth thine hand,<br>And bid the fallen sinner stand;<br>Reveal thy face and joy restore,<br>And make earth Paradise once more. |

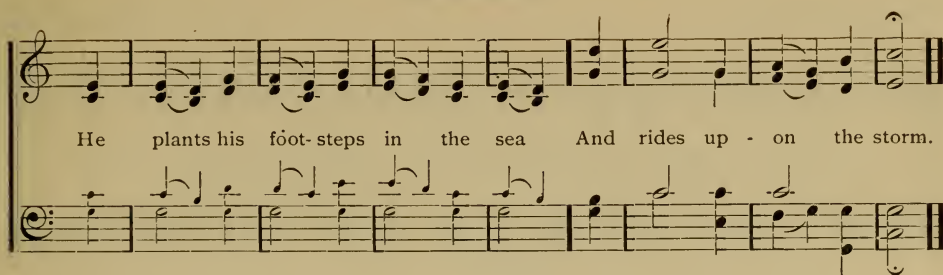
Latin Hymn.—Tr. by J. Chandler.

## 47 COVENTRY. C. M.

ENGLISH MELODY.

1 God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per-form;

## Advent.



He plants his foot-steps in the sea And rides up - on the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for his grace;

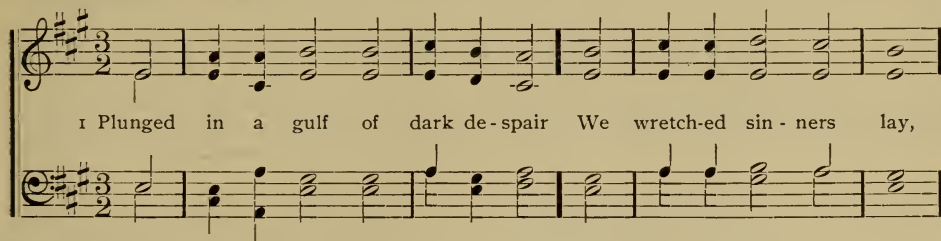
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

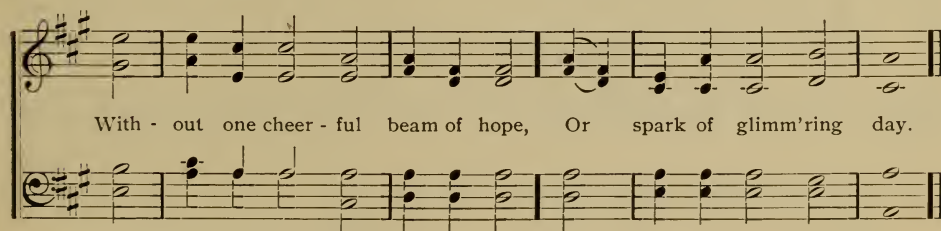
William Cowper, 1772.

## 48 AZMON. C. M.

LOWELL MASON. Arr.



I Plunged in a gulf of dark de-spair We wretch-ed sin - ners lay,



With - out one cheer - ful beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.

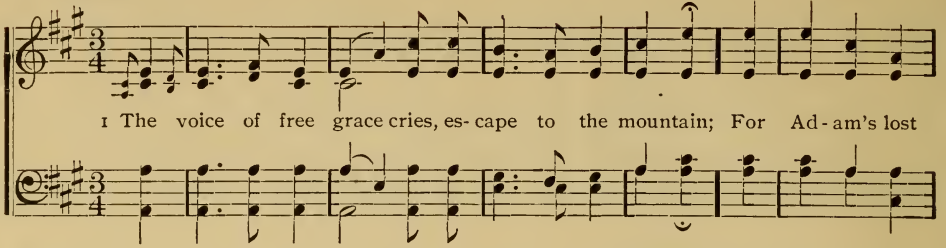
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and O amazing love!  
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste He fled;  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

# Advent.

49 SCOTLAND. 12S.

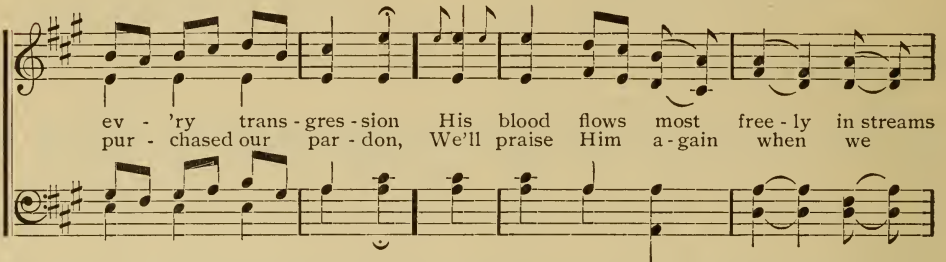
DR. THOS. CLARKE, 1775—1842.



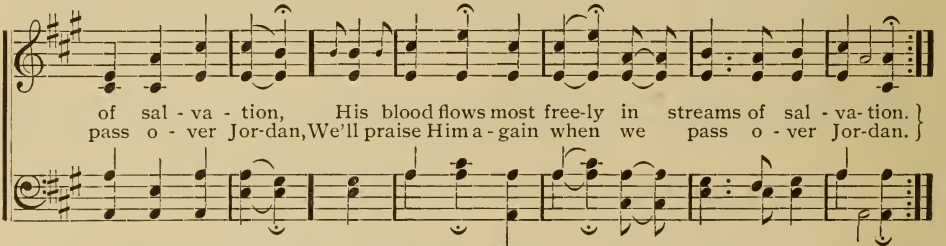
i The voice of free grace cries, es- cape to the mountain; For Ad- am's lost



race Christ hath o- pened a fountain; { For sin and un - clean - ness and  
Hal- le - lu - jah to the Lamb who hath



ev - 'ry trans - gres - sion His blood flows most free - ly in streams  
pur - chased our par - don, We'll praise Him a - gain when we



of sal - va - tion, His blood flows most free - ly in streams of sal - va - tion. }  
pass o - ver Jor - dan, We'll praise Him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan. }

2 Ye souls that are wounded, O flee to the Saviour,  
He calls you in mercy, 'tis infinite favor;  
Your sins are increasing, escape to the mountain, [the fountain.  
His blood can remove them, it flows from Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

3 O Jesus, ride onward, triumphantly glorious, [than victorious;  
O'er sin, death and hell Thou art more  
Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,

While angels and men raise the shout of salvation.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;  
With harps in our hands we'll praise Him the more;  
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,  
And sing of salvation forever and ever.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

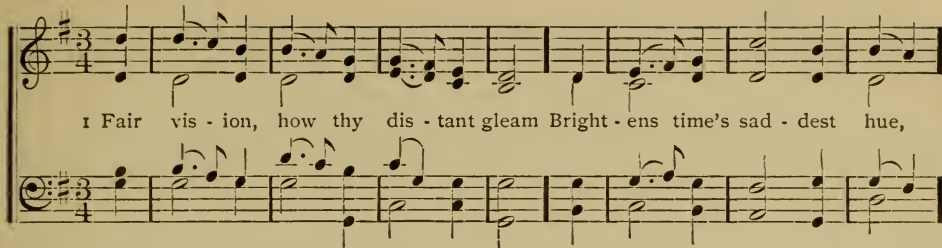
R. Burdsall.



# Advent.

50 JAZER. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



2 With thee in view, how poor appear  
The world's most winning smiles!  
Vain is the tempter's subtlest snare,  
And vain hell's varied wiles

4 Come, crown and throne, come, robe  
and palm,  
Burst forth, glad stream of peace;  
Come, holy city of the Lamb,  
Rise, sun of righteousness.

3 Then welcome toil and care and pain,  
And welcome sorrow too;  
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,  
With such a prize in view.

5 When shall the clouds that veil thy rays  
Forever be withdrawn?  
Why dost thou tarry, day of days?  
When shall thy gladness dawn?

Horatius Bonar.

51

1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song  
To our incarnate Lord;  
Let every heart and every tongue  
Adore the eternal Word.

3 Then shone almighty power and love,  
In all their glorious forms,  
When Jesus left his throne above,  
To dwell with sinful worms.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign power,  
By whom the worlds were made—  
O happy morn, illustrious hour—  
Was once in flesh arrayed.

4 Adoring angels tuned their songs  
To hail the joyful day;  
With rapture then let mortal tongues  
Their grateful worship pay.

Annie Steel.

52

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour  
The Saviour promised long; [comes,  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eyeballs of the blind  
To pour celestial day.

2 On Him the Spirit largely poured  
Exerts his sacred fire;  
Wisdom and might and zeal and love  
His holy breast inspire.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure;  
And with the treasures of his grace  
T' enrich the humble poor.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heav'n's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.



# Advent.

53 MERIBAH. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1839.

1 When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransom'd people home, Shall I among them stand ?

Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am a-fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand ?

- 2 I love to meet thy people now,  
Before thy feet with them to bow,  
Though vilest of them all;  
But can I bear the piercing thought,  
What if my name should be left out,  
When Thou for them shalt call ?
- 3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,  
Be Thou my only hiding-place,  
In this the accepted day;

Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,  
To still my unbelieving fear,  
Nor let me fall, I pray.

- 4 Among thy saints let me be found,  
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall  
To see thy smiling face; [sound,  
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mansions  
With shouts of sovereign grace. [ring  
Countess of Huntingdon, 1772.

54 TAYLOR. 8s & 11s.

HENRY SCHWING.

1 Ho - san-na to the liv - ing Lord, Ho-san-na to th'in-car - nate Word, To Christ, Cre-a - tor,  
Saviour, King, Let earth, let heav'n hosan-na sing, Ho-san - na, Lord, ho-san - na in the high - est.

- 2 "Hosanna, Lord," thine angels cry;  
"Hosanna, Lord," thy saints reply;  
Above, beneath us and around,  
The dead and living swell the sound,  
Hosanna, Lord, hosanna in the highest.
- 3 O Saviour, with protecting care  
Return to this, thy house of prayer,  
Assembled in thy sacred name,  
Where we thy parting promise claim,  
Hosanna, Lord, hosanna in the highest.

- 4 But chiefest in our cleansed breast,  
Eternal, bid thy Spirit rest,  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure, and worthy Thee,  
Hosanna, Lord, hosanna in the highest.
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,  
When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again,  
Hosanna, Lord, hosanna in the highest.

# Advent.

55 WALTER. C. M.

Arr. by SCHWING. From G. F. HANDEL.

1 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me,  
When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace and thee?

- 2 There happier bowers than Eden's  
Nor sin nor sorrow know; [bloom,  
Blest seats, through rude and stormy  
I onward press to you. [scenes
- 4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there  
Around my Saviour stand,  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.
- 3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,  
Or feel at death dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

Latin Hymn, 8th century.

56 PARADISE. P. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

1 O Par-a-dise, O Par-a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the hap-py land, Where they that lov'd are blest?

## REFRAIN.

Where loy-al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

- 2 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold?—REF.
- 3 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
'Tis weary waiting here;  
I long to be where Jesus is,  
To feel, to see Him near;—REF.
- 4 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I want to sin no more;
- I want to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore;—REF.
- 5 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
Is destining for me;—REF.
- 6 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I feel 'twill not be long;  
Patience! I almost think I hear  
Faint fragments of thy song;—REF.

F. W. Faber, 1849.

# Advent.

## 57 ELVEY. 7s. 8 lines.

SIR GEORGE ELVEY.

1 Hark, the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as mighty thun - ders roar, Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore ;

“ Hal - le - lu - jah ! for the Lord God Om - nip - o - tent shall reign ! ” Hal - le - lu - jah ! let the word Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound  
From the centre of the skies  
Wakes above, beneath, around  
All creation's harmonies.  
See Jehovah's banners furl'd, [done,  
Sheathed his sword, He speaks, 'tis  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway;  
He shall reign, when like a scroll  
Yonder heavens have passed away;  
Then the end; beneath his rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall;  
Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
God in Christ is all in all.

James Montgomery, 1819.

## 58 MUNICH. 7s & 6s. D.

From MENDELSSOHN.

1 { Re - joice, all ye be - liev - ers, And let your lights appear; } The bridegroom is a - ris - ing, { The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near; }

And soon He draweth nigh; Up! pray and watch and wres - tle, At midnight comes the cry.

2 The watchers on the mountain  
Proclaim the bridegroom near;  
Go meet Him, as He cometh,  
With hallelujahs clear;  
The marriage feast is waiting,  
The gates wide open stand;  
Up! up! ye heirs of glory,  
The bridegroom is at hand.

3 Ye saints, who here in patience  
Your cross and sufferings bore,  
Shall live and reign forever,  
Where sorrow is no more;

Around the throne of glory  
The Lamb ye shall behold,  
In triumph cast before Him  
Your diadems of gold.

4 Our hope and expectation,  
O Jesus, now appear;  
Arise, Thou sun so longed for,  
O'er this benighted sphere;  
With hearts and hands uplifted  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of earth's redemption,  
That brings us unto Thee.

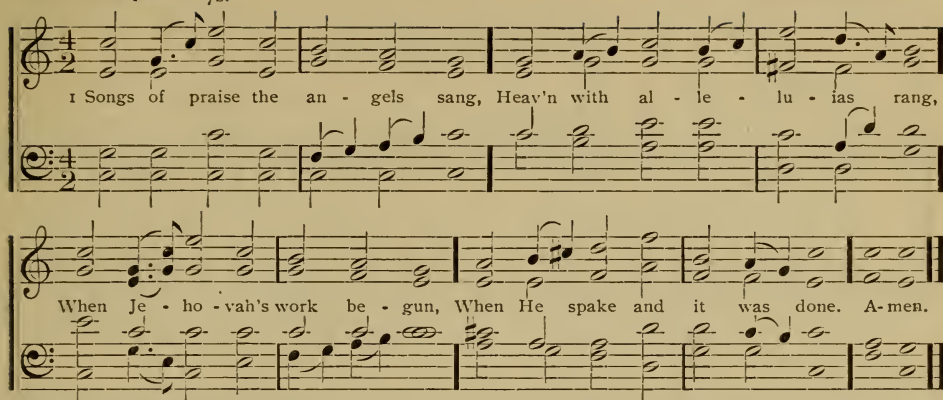
Laurentius Laurenti, 1709.



# Advent.

## 59 CLARION. 7s.

E. F. RIMBAULT.



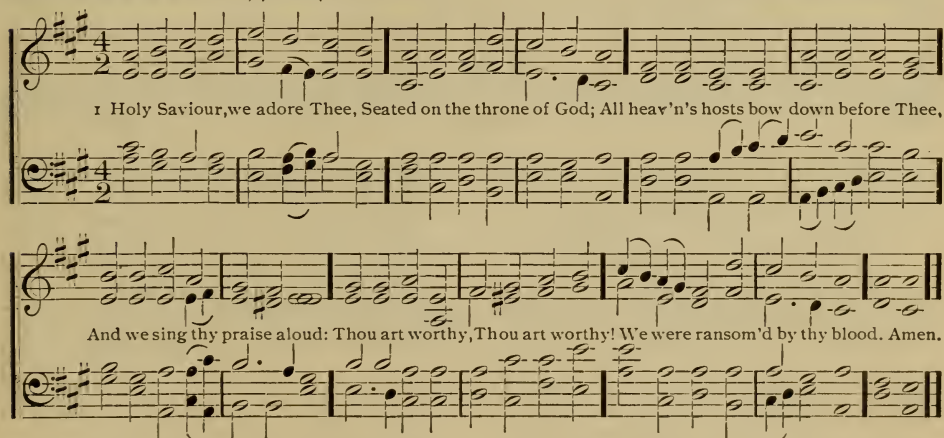
1 Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang,  
When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done. A-men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Songs of praise awoke the morn<br/>When the Prince of Peace was born;<br/>Songs of praise arose when He<br/>Captive led captivity.</p> <p>3 Heaven and earth must pass away,<br/>Songs of praise shall crown that day;<br/>God will make new heavens and earth, 6<br/>Songs of praise shall hail their birth.</p> <p>4 And shall man alone be dumb<br/>Till that glorious kingdom come?</p> | <p>No; the Church delights to raise<br/>Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.</p> <p>5 Saints below with heart and voice<br/>Still in songs of praise rejoice,<br/>Learning here, by faith and love<br/>Songs of praise to sing above.</p> <p>Borne upon their latest breath,<br/>Songs of praise shall conquer death;<br/>Then, amidst eternal joy,<br/>Songs of praise their powers employ.</p> |
|--|---|

J. Montgomery.

## 60 SALZBURG. 8s, 7s & 4s.

M. HAYDN.



1 Holy Saviour, we adore Thee, Seated on the throne of God; All heav'n's hosts bow down before Thee,  
And we sing thy praise aloud: Thou art worthy, Thou art worthy! We were ransom'd by thy blood. Amen.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Saviour, though the world despised Thee,<br/>Though Thou here wast crucified,<br/>Yet the Father's glory raised Thee,<br/>Lord of all creation wide;<br/>Thou art worthy!<br/>We shall live, for Thou hast died.</p> <p>3 And though here on earth rejected,<br/>'Tis but fellowship with Thee;<br/>What besides could be expected</p> | <p>Than like Thee, our Lord, to be?<br/>Thou art worthy!<br/>Thou from earth hast set us free.</p> <p>4 Haste the day of thy returning,<br/>With thy ransomed Church to reign;<br/>Then shall end our days of mourning,<br/>We shall sing with rapture then:<br/>Thou art worthy!<br/>Come, Lord Jesus, come. Amen.</p> |
|---|---|

# Christmas.

61 MENDELSSOHN. 7s. D.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1809—1847.

1 Hark, the her-ald angels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King, Peace on earth and mercy mild,

God and sinners reconciled. { Joy-ful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumphs of the skies; } With th'angelic host proclaim,

Christ is born in Beth-le-hem, With th'an-gel-ic host proclaim, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail th'incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as man with men to dwell,  
Jesus, our Immanuel.

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,  
Hail the sun of righteousness;  
Risen with healing in his wings,  
Light and life to all He brings;  
Mild He lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

C. Wesley, 1739.

62 ST. AGNES. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1 Calm on the list-'ning ear of night, Come heav'n's mel-o-dious strains,



# Christmas.

Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es far Her sil - ver man - tled plains.

2 Celestial choirs from courts above  
Shed sacred glories there,  
And angels with their sparkling lyres  
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply,  
And greet, from all their holy heights,  
The dayspring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm,  
And Sharon waves in solemn praise  
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God," the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring;  
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's eternal King."

E. H. Sears, 1838.

## 63 CAROL. C. M. D.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, 1861.

1 It came up - on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From an - gels bending

near the earth To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good-will to men,

From heav'n's all-gracious King;" The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the an-gels sing.

Per. RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled,  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world;  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow,

Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing;  
O rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,  
By prophets seen of old,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Shall come the time foretold,  
When the new heaven and earth shall  
The Prince of Peace their King, [own  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears, 1859.

# Christmas.

64 REMSEN. C. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

I Je - sus, I love thy charm-ing name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear;

Fain would I sound it out - so loud That earth and heav'n might hear.

Per. Mrs. J. P. HOLBROOK.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust;  
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish  
In Thee doth richly meet;  
Not to mine eyes is life so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
And sheds its fragrance there;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,  
With my last laboring breath; [arms,  
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine  
The antidote of death.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

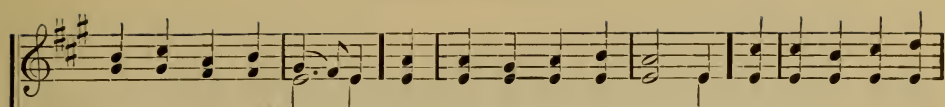
65 ADESTE FIDELES. P. M.

M. PORTOGALLO, ab. 1790. Arr. by EDW. J. HOPKINS.

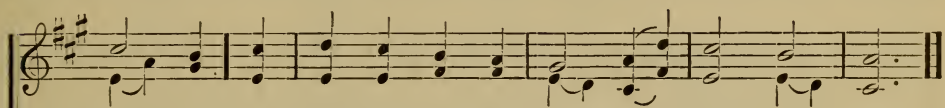
I O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant, To

Beth - le - hem hast - en now with glad ac - cord; Lo, in a man - ger

# Christmas.



Lies the King of an - gels; O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -



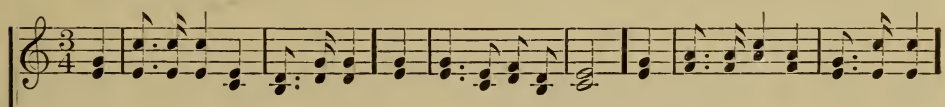
dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.

- 2 God of God Almighty, light of light eternal, [womb abhorred, Thou hast not, O Christ, the Virgin's Very God of very God, begotten not created; O come, let us adore Him, etc.
- 3 Shout alleluia, all ye choirs of angels, Rejoice, heavenly citizens with glad accord,
- 4 Here, Lord, we would greet Thee, born this happy morning, O Jesus, forever be thy name adored, Word of the Father, now for us incarnate; O come, let us adore Him, etc.

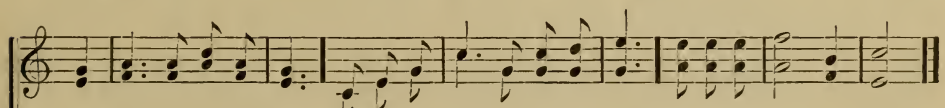
Latin Hymn, 15th century.

## 66 ZERAH. C. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1837.



1 To us a child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n; Him shall the tribes of earth obey,



Him all the hosts of heav'n; Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.

- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace, Forevermore adored, The wonderful, the counselor, The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power increasing still shall spread, His reign no end shall know; Justice shall guard his throne above, And peace abound below.

John Morrison, 178L



# Christmas.

67 GLAD TIDINGS. 105 & 115.

CHARLES AVISON.

CHORUS.

Shout the glad tidings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing; Je - ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-si-ah is King.

1 Zi - on, the marvellous sto - ry be telling, The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth;

*Repeat 1st Chorus.*

The brightest arch-an-gel in glory ex-cell-ing, He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns up-on earth.

*Chorus after last verse.*

Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing; Je - ru - sa - lem

triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King.

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation  
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round,  
How free to the faithful He offers sal-  
vation,  
How his people with joy everlasting  
are crowned.  
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully  
bringing,  
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna  
arise;  
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing,  
One chorus resound through the earth  
and the skies.  
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1826



- 1 HARK, the sound of angel voices,  
Over Bethlehem's starlit plain;  
Hark, the heavenly host rejoices,  
Jesus comes to earth to reign.
- 2 See celestial radiance beaming,  
Lighting up the midnight sky;  
'Tis the promised day-star gleaming,  
'Tis the dayspring from on high.

- 3 Westward, all along the ages,  
Trace its pathway clear and bright,  
Star of hope to eastern sages,  
Radiant now with gospel light.
- 4 Angels from the realms of glory  
Peace on earth delight to sing;  
Christian, tell the wondrous story,  
Go proclaim the Saviour King.

## 69 EDNA. 8s &amp; 7s.

HENRY SCHWING.

1 Hark, what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet - ly sounding thro' the skies?

Lo, th' angel - ic host re - joi - ces, Heav'nly al - le - lu - ias rise. A-men.

- 2 Listen to the wondrous story  
Which they chant in hymns of joy:  
"Glory in the highest, glory,  
Glory be to God most high!"
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found;  
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

- 4 "Christ is born, the great anointed,  
Heaven and earth his praises sing;  
O receive whom God appointed  
For your Prophet, Priest and King.
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;  
Learn his name and taste his joy,  
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,  
Glory be to God most high!"

John Cawood, 1825.

## 70 WELLESLEY. 8s &amp; 7s.

LIZZIE TOURGEE.

1 Hail, Thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set thy peo - ple free;

From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee.

Per. Mrs. L. T. ESTABROOK.

- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the earth Thou art;  
Long desired of every nation,  
Joy of every waiting heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,  
Born a child, yet God our King,

- Born to reign in us forever,  
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone;  
By thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Chas. Wesley, 1744.

# Christmas.

## 71 DEDHAM. C. M.

W. GARDINER, 1766—1853.

1 Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Ye tribes of ev - 'ry tongue;

His rich dis - play of grace de - mands A new and no - bler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,  
God's own almighty Son;  
His power the sinking world sustains,  
And grace surrounds his throne.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise  
The islands of the sea;  
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise.  
Prepare the Lord his way.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,  
Joy through the earth be seen;  
Let cities shine in bright array,  
And fields in cheerful green.

5 Behold He comes, He comes to bless  
The nations as their God,  
To show the world his righteousness,  
And send his truth abroad.

Isaac Watts.

## 72 NOTTINGHAM. C. M.

J. CLARK, 1770—1836.

1 O Thou who by a star didst guide The wise men on their way.

Un - til it came and stood be - side The place where Je - sus lay;

2 Although by stars Thou dost not lead  
Thy servants now below,  
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,  
Will show them how to go.

That blessed are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see the Lord.

3 As yet we know Thee but in part;  
But still we trust thy word,

4 O Saviour, give us then thy grace,  
To make us pure in heart,  
That we may see Thee face to face  
Hereafter, as Thou art.

John Mason Neale, 1850.

# Christmas.

73 LENOX. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON, 1748—1820.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound,

The year of ju-bi-lee is come, The year of ju-bi-lee is come, Return, ye ransom'd sin-ners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
The sin-aton-ing Lamb;  
Redemption by his blood  
Through all the lands proclaim;  
The year of jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of pardoning grace;  
Ye happy souls, draw near,

Behold your Saviour's face;  
The year of jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home,  
4 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Has full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits, rest,  
Ye mourning souls, be glad;  
The year of jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley, 1750.

74 WALSAL. C. M.

HENRY PURCELL, 1658—1695.

1 O ver - y God of ver - y God, And ver - y light of light,

Whose feet this earth's dark val - ley trod, That so it might be bright;

2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,  
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;  
Cold is the night, and O we long  
That Thou, our sun, wouldst rise.

3 And even now, though dull and grey,  
The east is bright'ning fast,  
And kindling to the perfect day  
That never shall be past

4 O guide us till our path is done  
And we have reached the shore,  
Where Thou, our everlasting sun,  
Art shining evermore.

5 We wait in faith, and turn our face  
To where the daylight springs,  
Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,  
With healing in thy wings.



# Christmas.

75 WESLEY. 115 & 105.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1 Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing, Joy to the  
lands that in dark-ness have lain; Hushed be the ac-cents of  
sor-row and mourn-ing, Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.

- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,  
Long by the prophets of Israel fore-  
told;  
Hail to the millions from bondage re-  
turning,  
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision  
behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are  
springing,  
Streams ever copious are gliding  
along;
- Loud from the mountain-tops echoes  
are ringing;  
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in  
song.
- 4 See from all lands, from the isles of the  
ocean,  
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;  
Fallen are the engines of war and com-  
motion,  
Shouts of salvation are rending the  
sky.

Thomas Hastings, 1830.

76

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of  
the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us  
thine aid;  
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is  
laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are  
shining,  
Low lies his head with the beasts of  
the stall;  
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,  
Maker and monarch and Saviour of  
all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him in costly de-  
votion  
Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
- Gems of the mountain and pearls of the  
ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest or gold from  
the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold would his favor se-  
cure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the  
poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the  
morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us  
thine aid;  
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is  
laid.

Reginald Heber, 1811.



# Christmas.

77 BOUSH. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

Arr. by SCHWING. Melody by C. MEINEKE.

1 To the name of our sal - va - tion Honor, worship, thanks, we pay, Which for ma - ny a gen - er - a - tion

Hid in God's fore - knowledge lay, But with ho - ly ex - ul - ta - tion We may sing a - loud to - day.

2 Jesus is the name we treasure,  
Name beyond what words can tell,  
Name of gladness, name of pleasure,  
Ear and heart delighting well,  
Name of sweetness passing measure,  
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'Tis the name for adoration,  
'Tis the name of victory;  
'Tis the name for mediation  
In this vale of misery;  
'Tis the name for veneration  
By the citizens on high.

4 Jesus is the name exalted  
Over every other name;  
In this name when'er assaulted  
We can put our foes to shame;  
Strength to them who else had halted,  
Eyes to blind and feet to lame.

5 Jesus, we thy name adoring,  
Long to see Thee as Thou art,  
Of thy clemency imploring,  
So to write it in our heart,  
That hereafter, upwards soaring,  
We with angels may have part.  
Latin Hymn, 15th century. Tr. by J. M. Neale.

78 HEIDELBERG. C. M.

Arr. by SCHWING.

1 High let us swell our tune - ful notes, And join th' an - gel - ic throng;

The an - gels no such love have known As we, to wake their song.

2 Good-will to sinful man is shown,  
And peace on earth is given;  
For lo, th' incarnate Saviour comes  
With messages from heav'n.

3 Justice and grace with sweet accord  
His rising beams adorn;  
Let heaven and earth in concert join,  
The promised child is born.

4 Glory to God in highest strains  
By highest worlds is paid;  
Be glory then by us proclaimed  
And by our lives displayed.

5 When shall we reach those blissful realms,  
Where Christ exalted reigns,  
And learn of the celestial choir  
Their own immortal strains?

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

# Christmas.

79 ANGELICA. 8s, 7s & 4s.  
Voices in Unison.

W. B. GILBERT. By per.

1 An-gels, from the realms of glo-ry. Wing your flight o'er all the earth;

Ye who sang cre-a-tion's sto-ry, Now pro-claim Mes-si-ah's birth.

*p* Voices in Harmony. *cres.*  
Come and wor-ship, come and wor-ship, Worship Christ, the new-born King. A-men.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant light.  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In his temple shall appear.  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery, 1819.

80 NAILLE. S. M.

Arr. by SCHWING. Melody by Beethoven.

1 Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God;

The se-cret of the Lord is theirs, Their soul is Christ's a-bode.

## Christmas.

- 2 The Lord who left the heav'ns,  
Our life and peace to bring,  
To dwell in lowliness with men,  
Their pattern and their King,  
3 He to the lowly soul  
Doth still Himself impart,

- And for his dwelling and his throne  
Chooseth the pure in heart.  
4 Lord, we thy presence seek,  
May ours this blessing be;  
Give us a pure and lowly heart,  
A temple meet for thee.

John Keble, 1819.

### 81 LEIGHTON. S. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.

1 Ye saints, pro-claim a-broad The hon - ors of your King; To  
Je - sus, your in - car - nate God, Your songs of prais-es sing.

Per. O. DITSON & Co.

- 2 Not angels round the throne  
Of majesty above  
Are half so much obliged as we,  
To our Immanuel's love.  
3 They never sank so low,  
They are not raised so high,  
They never knew such depths of woe,  
Such heights of majesty.

- 4 The Saviour did not join  
Their nature to his own;  
For them He shed no blood divine,  
Nor breathed a single groan.  
5 May we with angels vie  
The Saviour to adore;  
Our debts are greater far than theirs,  
O be our praises more.

J. Ryland.

### 82

- 1 GLORY to Thee, O Lord,  
Who from this world of sin,  
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword  
Those precious ones didst win.  
2 Baptized in their own blood,  
Earth's untried perils o'er,  
They passed unconsciously the flood  
And safely gained the shore.  
3 Glory to thee for all  
The ransomed infant band,

- Who since that hour have heard thy  
And reached the quiet land. [call  
4 O that our hearts within,  
Like theirs, were pure and bright!  
O that as free from deeds of sin  
We shrank not from thy sight!  
5 Lord, help us every hour  
Thy cleansing grace to claim,  
In life to glorify thy power,  
In death to praise thy name.

Emma Tohe.

### 83

- 1 FATHER, our hearts we lift  
Up to thy gracious throne,  
And thank Thee for the precious gift  
Of thine incarnate Son.  
2 Jesus, the holy child,  
Doth by his birth declare  
That God and man are reconciled,  
And one in him we are.

- 3 A peace on earth He brings,  
Which nevermore shall end;  
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,  
Declares Himself our friend.  
4 O may we all receive  
The new-born Prince of Peace,  
And meekly in his spirit live,  
And in his love increase.

Charles Wesley, 1745.



# Christmas.

84 HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1 When Jor-dan hushed his wa-ters still And si-lence slept on Zi-on's hill,

When Beth-lehem's shepherds thro' the night Watched o'er their flocks by star-ry light,

2 Hark, from the midnight hills around  
A voice of more than mortal sound  
In distant alleluias stole  
Wild murm'ring o'er the raptured  
soul.

3 Then swift to every startled eye  
New streams of glory light the sky;  
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour  
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

4 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,  
The glorious hosts of Zion came;

High heaven with songs of triumph rang,  
While loud they struck their harps and  
sang.

5 He comes to cheer the trembling heart,  
Bid Satan and his wiles depart;  
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,  
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.

6 O Zion, lift thy raptured eye,  
The long expected hour is nigh;  
Sing praises, with the angel host,  
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Campbell, 1820.

## 85

1 NOT by the martyr's death alone  
The martyr's crown in heaven is won;  
There is a triumph set on high  
For bloodless fields of victory.

2 What though he was not called to feel  
The cross or flame or torturing wheel,  
Yet daily to the world he died,  
His flesh through grace he crucified.

3 What though nor chains nor scourges sore  
Nor cruel beasts his members tore,

Enough if perfect love arise  
To Christ a grateful sacrifice.

4 When self-control the flesh subdues,  
And faith the wayward soul imbues,  
Love, with her torchlight from the skies,  
Shall fire the holy sacrifice.

5 Lord, grant us so to Thee to turn,  
That we to die through life may learn;  
And when this fleeting life is o'er  
May live with Thee forevermore.

Latin Hymn. Translation compiled.

## 86

1 O THOU who gav'st thy servant grace  
On Thee, the living rock, to rest,  
To look on thine unveiled face,  
And lean on thy protecting breast,

2 Grant us, O King of mercy, still  
To feel thy presence from above,

And in thy word and in thy will  
To hear thy voice and know thy love;

3 And when the toils of life are done  
And nature waits thy just decree,  
To find our rest beneath thy throne  
And look in certain hope to Thee

Reginald Heber.



# Christmas.

87 STELLA. L. M. D.

JAMES MILLAR, 1754.

1 { When marshaled on the night-ly plain, The glit-t'ring host be-stud the sky, . . . . . }  
 One star a-lone of all the train Can fix the sin-ner's (Omit. . .) wand'ring eye. }

D.C.—But one a-lone the Saviour speaks, It is the star of (Omit. . .) Beth-le-hem. D.C.

Hark, hark, to God the cho-rus breaks, From ev-'ry host, from ev-'ry gem;

- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode;  
 The storm was loud, the night was dark;  
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
 The wind that tossed my foundering  
 bark.  
 Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
 When suddenly a star arose,  
 It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It was my guide, my light, my all,  
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;  
 And through the storm and danger's  
 thrall  
 It led me to the port of peace.  
 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in nights diadem,  
 Forever and forevermore,  
 The star, the star of Bethlehem.

Henry Kirke White, 1806.

88 PARK STREET. L. M.

F. M. A. VENUA, 1783.

1 O Christ, Redeemer of our race, Thou brightness of the Fa-ther's face, Of Him and

with Him ev-er one, Ere times and seasons had be-gun, Ere times and seasons had be-gun,

- 2 Thou that art very light of light,  
 Unfailing hope in sin's dark night,  
 Hear Thou the prayers thy people pray  
 The wide world o'er this blessed day.
- 3 Remember, Thou who all didst make,  
 How, for thy fallen creatures' sake,  
 Thou, in the holy Virgin's womb,  
 Didst our humanity assume.
- 4 To-day, as year by year its light  
 Sheds o'er the world a radiance bright,
- One precious truth is echoed on,  
 'Tis Thou hast saved us, Thou alone.
- 5 Thou from the Father's throne didst come  
 To call his banished children home;  
 And heaven and earth and sea and shore  
 His love who sent Thee here adore.
- 6 And gladsome too are we to-day,  
 Whose guilt thy blood has washed away;  
 Redeemed, the new-made song we sing,  
 It is the birthday of our King.

Latin Hymn, 6th century.  
 H. W. Baker & E. Caswall.

# New Year.

89 NEW YEAR'S HYMN. P. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1770.

1 Come, let us a-new our journey pur-sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand

still till the Mas-ter ap-pear. His a-dor-a-ble will let us glad-ly ful-fil,

And our tal-ents im-prove By the patience of hope and the la-bor of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time as a 3 O that each in the day of his coming  
 stream  
 Glides swiftly away, "I have fought my way thro';  
 And the fugitive moment refuses to I have finished the work Thou didst  
 stay. give me to do!"  
 The arrow is flown, the moment is O that each from his Lord may receive  
 gone; the glad word,  
 The millennial year "Well and faithfully done,  
 Rushes on to our view and eternity's Enter into my joy and sit down on  
 here. my throne!"

Charles Wesley, 1749.

90 SOUTHMINSTER. 7s.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1623.

1 For thy mer-cy and thy grace, Faith-ful thro' an-oth-er year,

## New Year.

Hear our song of thank - ful - ness, Fa - ther and Re - deem - er hear.

2 In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay,  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living way.

3 Who of us death's awful road  
In the coming year shall tread?  
With thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort Thou his dying head.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
Keep us evermore thine own;  
Help, O help us to endure,  
Fit us for thy promised crown.

5 So within thy palace gate  
We shall praise on golden strings,  
Thee, the only potentate,  
Lord of lords and King of kings.

Henry Downton, 1848.

## 91 MAIDSTONE. 7s. D.

WALTER B. GILBERT, 1862. By per.

1 { Thou who roll'st the year a - round, Crown'd with mer - cies large and free, }  
Rich thy gifts to us a - bound, Warm our praise shall rise to Thee. }

Kind - ly to our wor - ship bow, While our grate - ful thanks we tell,

That sus - tain'd by Thee, we now Bid the part - ing year—fare - well.

2 All its numbered days are sped,  
All its busy scenes are o'er,  
All its joys forever fled,  
All its sorrows felt no more.  
Mingled with th' eternal past,  
Its remembrance shall decay,  
Yet to be revived at last  
At the solemn judgment-day.

3 All our follies, Lord, forgive,  
Cleanse us from each guilty stain;  
Let thy grace within us live,  
That we spend not years in vain.  
Then, when life's last eve shall come,  
Happy spirits, may we fly  
To our everlasting home,  
To our Father's house on high.

Ray Palmer, 1839.



# 92 TRURO. L. M.

## New Year.

CHARLES BURNEY, 1760.

1 Great God, we sing that might-y hand By which sup - port - ed still we stand;

The op'-ning year thy mer - cy shows, Let mer - cy crown it till it close.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,<br>Still we are guarded by our God,<br>By his incessant bounty fed,<br>By his unerring counsel led.            | 4 In scenes exalted or depressed<br>Be Thou our joy and Thou our rest;<br>Thy goodness all our hope shall raise,<br>Adored through all our changing days.        |
| 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;<br>The future, all to us unknown,<br>We to thy guardian care commit,<br>And peaceful leave before thy feet. | 5 When death shall interrupt these songs<br>And seal in silence mortal tongues,<br>Our helper, God, in whom we trust,<br>In better worlds our souls shall boast. |

Philip Doddridge.

# 93 CREATION. L. M. D.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1798.

1 E - ter - nal source of ev - 'ry joy, Well may thy praise our lips em - ploy,

While in thy tem - ple we ap - pear, To hail Thee sov'reign of the year.



## New Year.

Wide as the wheels of na - ture roll, Thy hand sup-ports and guides the whole ;

The sun is taught by Thee to rise, And dark-ness when to veil the skies.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 The flowery spring at thy command<br/>Perfumes the air, adorns the land;<br/>The summer rays with vigor shine,<br/>To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.<br/>Thy hand in autumn richly pours<br/>Through all our coasts redundant stores;<br/>And winters, softened by thy care,<br/>No more the face of horror wear.</p> | <p>3 Seasons and months and weeks and days<br/>Demand successive songs of praise;<br/>And be the grateful homage paid<br/>With morning light and evening shade.<br/>Here in thy house let incense rise,<br/>And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,<br/>Till to those lofty heights we soar,<br/>Where days and years revolve no more.<br/>Philip Doddridge.</p> |
|--|--|

## 94 BYEFIELD. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1 Thy blood, O Christ, hath made our peace; Not on - ly that, where - by

The ground of Cal - va - ry was stain'd, When Thou wert hung on high;

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Not only that, which in thine hour<br/>Of fear and agony<br/>Distilled upon thy trembling frame,<br/>In dark Gethsemane;</p> <p>3 But that shed from Thee, when at first<br/>In childhood Thou didst deign<br/>Thus to endure for sinful man<br/>The legal rite of pain.</p> | <p>4 And as with suffering and with Thee<br/>Our yearly course begins,<br/>So teach us to renounce the flesh<br/>And put away our sins,</p> <p>5 That in the Israel of thy Church<br/>We may not lose our part,<br/>In spirit and in body pure,<br/>And circumcised in heart.</p> |
|---|---|

# New Year.

## 95 DOVER. S. M.

AARON WILLIAMS' COLL. 1731-1776.



1 The an - cient law de - parts And all its ter - rors cease,



For Je - sus makes with joy - ful hearts A cov - e - nant of peace.

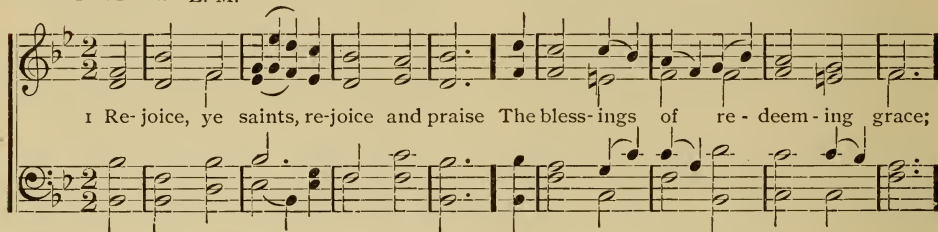
2 The light of light divine,  
True brightness undefiled,  
He bears for us the shame of sin,  
A holy, spotless child.

3 To-day the name is thine  
At which we bend the knee;  
They call Thee Jesus, child divine,  
Our Jesus deign to be.

Latin Hymn. Hymns A. & M.

## 96 GILGAL. L. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.



1 Re-joice, ye saints, re-joyce and praise The bless-ings of re-deem-ing grace;



Je-sus, your ev - er - last - ing tower, Stands firm a - gainst the tempest's power.

2 He is a refuge ever nigh,  
His love endures as mountains high;  
His name's a rock which winds above  
And waves below can never move.

3 While all things change, He changes not;  
He ne'er forgets, though oft forgot;

His love will ever be the same,  
His word enduring as his name.

4 Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice and praise  
The blessings of his wondrous grace;  
Jesus, your everlasting tower, [power.  
Can bear unmoved the tempest's

## 97

1 NO change of time shall ever shock  
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee,  
For Thou hast always been my rock,  
A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliverer art, O God,  
My trust is in thy mighty power;

Thou art my shield from foes abroad,  
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To Thee will I address my prayer,  
To whom all praise we justly owe;  
So shall I by thy watchful care  
Be guarded safe from every foe.

Tate and Brady, 1767. (?)

# Epiphany.

98 WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.

1 Hail to the Lord's a-noint-ed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time appoint-ed,  
His reign on earth begun! He comes to break oppres-sion, To set the cap-tive free,  
And rule in e - qui - ty.

- 2 Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing;  
For he shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar.
- 3 For Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend,  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.

- The heavenly dew shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish  
And shake like Lebanon.
- 4 O'er every foe victorious,  
He on his throne shall rest,  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blessed.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand forever,  
His great, best name of love.

James Montgomery, 1822.

99 ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.

CÆSAR H. A. MALAN, 1830.

1 { God of mer - cy, God of grace, Show the bright - ness of thy face; }  
{ Shine up - on us, Sav - iour, shine, Fill thy Church with light di - vine, }  
And thy sav - ing health ex - tend Un - to earth's re - mot - est end.

- 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,  
Let thy love on all be poured,  
Let the nations shout and sing  
Glory to their Saviour King,  
At thy feet their tribute pay  
And thy holy will obey.

- 3 Let the people praise thee, Lord;  
Earth shall then her fruits afford,  
God to man his blessings give,  
Man to God devoted live,  
All below and all above,  
One in joy and light and love.

H. F. Lyte.



# Epiphany.—Missions.

100 HALLE. 7s. 6 lines.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1798.

1 { As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold, }  
 { As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright, }

So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped  
 To that lowly manger-bed,  
 There to bend the knee before  
 Him whom heaven and earth adore,  
 So may we with willing feet  
 Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare  
 At that manger rude and bare,  
 So may we with holy joy,  
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
 All our costliest treasures bring,  
 Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day  
 Keep us in the narrow way;  
 And when earthly things are past,  
 Bring our ransomed souls at last  
 Where they need no star to guide,  
 Where no clouds thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright  
 Need they no created light;  
 Thou its light, its joy, its crown,  
 Thou its sun which goes not down;  
 There forever may we sing  
 Alleluias to our King.

Wm. Chatterton Dix, 1860.

101

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
 Christ, the true, the only light;  
 Sun of righteousness, arise,  
 Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
 Dayspring from on high draw near,  
 Day-star in our hearts appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
 Unaccompanied by Thee;  
 Joyless is the day's return,

Till thy mercy's beams we see;  
 Lord, thine inward light impart,  
 Cheering each benighted heart.

3 Visit every soul of thine,  
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
 Fill with radiance divine,  
 Scatter all our unbelief;  
 More and more Thyself display,  
 Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

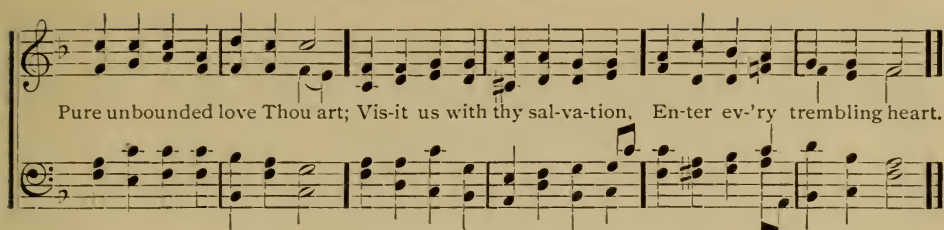
102 OTTO. 8s & 7s. D.

H. B. OLIPHANT.

1 { Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven to earth come down, } Je-sus, Thou art all compassion,  
 { Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown; }



# Epiphany.—Missions.



Pure unbounded love Thou art; Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trembl'ng heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast,  
Let us all in Thee inherit,  
Let us find the promised rest;  
Take away our power of sinning,  
Alpha and Omega be,  
End of faith, as its beginning,  
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy life receive,  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Nevermore thy temples leave;

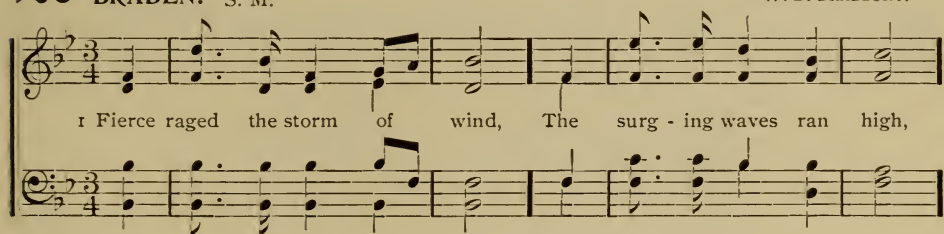
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as thy hosts above,  
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, thy new creation,  
Pure and sinless let us be;  
Let us see thy great salvation  
Perfectly restored in Thee,  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

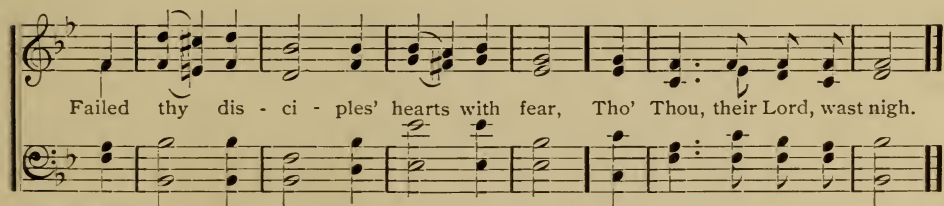
Charles Wesley, 1746.

## 103 BRADEN. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1 Fierce raged the storm of wind, The surg-ing waves ran high,



Failed thy dis-ci-ples' hearts with fear, Tho' Thou, their Lord, wast nigh.

BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 But at the stern rebuke  
Of thine almighty word,  
The wind was hushed, the billows ceased,  
And owned Thee God and Lord.

3 So, now, when depths of sin  
Our souls with terror fill,  
Arise and be our helper, Lord,  
And speak thy "Peace, be still."

4 When death's dark sea we cross,  
Be with us in thy power,  
Nor let the water-floods prevail  
In that dread trial hour.

5 And when amid the signs  
Which speak thine advent near,  
The roaring of the sea and waves  
Fills faithless hearts with fear,

6 May we all undismayed  
Thy raging tempest see,  
Lift up our heads and hail with joy  
Thy great epiphany.

7 All praise to Thee, of old  
By sign and wonder known;  
All praise to Thee, to be revealed  
Upon the judgment-throne.

Hyde W. Beadon.

# Epiphany.—Missions.

104 HOPKINS. 10S.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS.

1 O Lord of health and life, what tongue can tell How at thy word were loosed the bands of hell, How thy pure touch re-moved the lep-rous stain, And the pol-lu-ted flesh grew clean a-gain?

- 2 O wash our hearts, restore the contrite soul,  
Stretch forth thy healing hand and make us whole;  
O bend our stubborn knees to kneel to Thee;  
Speak but the word, and we once more are free.
- 3 Yea, Lord, we claim the promise of thy love,  
Thy love which can all guilt, all pain remove;  
Nigh to our souls thy great salvation bring,  
Then sickness hath no pang and death no sting.
- 4 We hail this pledge in all thy deeds of grace;  
As once disease and sorrow fled thy face,  
So, when that face again unveiled we see,  
Sickness and tears and death no more shall be.
- 5 Then grant us strength to pray "Thy kingdom come,"  
When we shall know Thee in thy Father's home,  
And at thy great epiphany adore  
The co-eternal Godhead evermore.

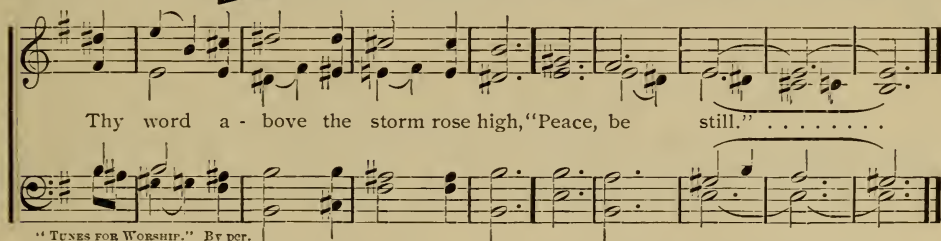
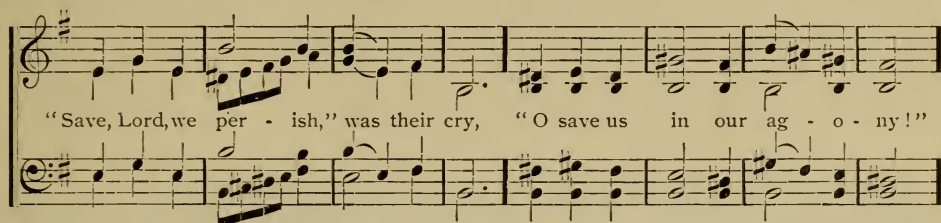
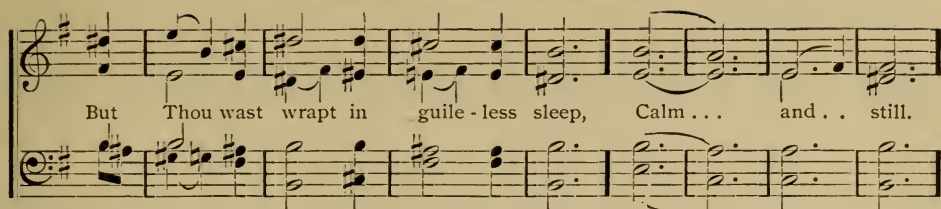
Greville Phillimore.

105 TEMPESTAS SEDATA. 8s & 3s.

HENRY SCHWING.

1 Fierce raged the tem-pest o'er the deep, Watch did thine anx-i-ous ser-vants keep,

# Epiphany.—Missions.



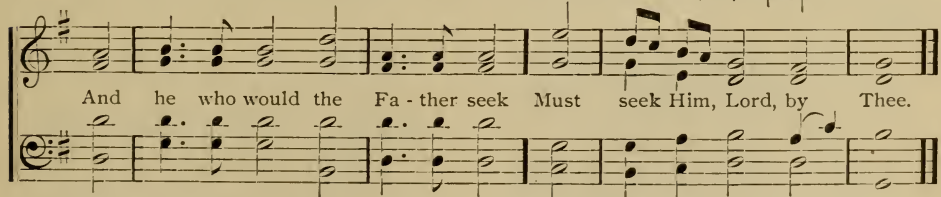
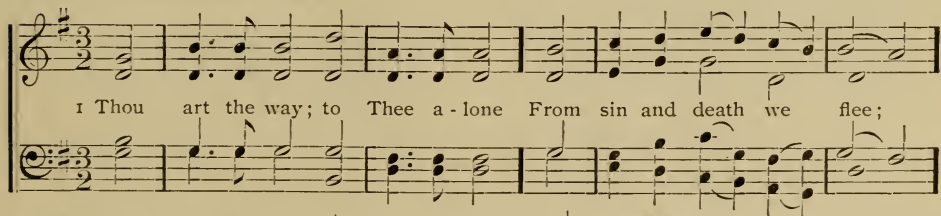
2 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep  
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;  
The sullen billows ceased to leap  
At thy will.

So, when our life is clouded o'er,  
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,  
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,  
"Peace, be still."

Godfrey Thring.

## 106 WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. DUTTON.



2 Thou art the truth; thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind  
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life; the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conquering arm;

And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

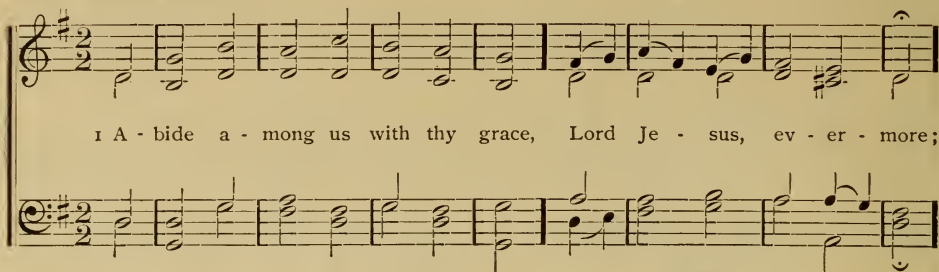
4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life;  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane.

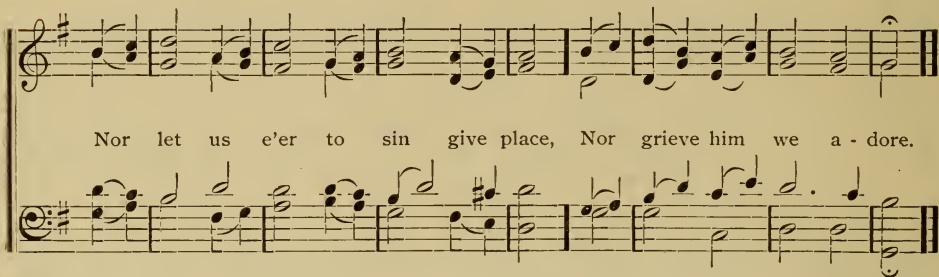
# Epiphany.—Missions.

107 MEDFIELD. C. M.

W. MATHER.



I A - bide a - mong us with thy grace, Lord Je - sus, ev - er - more;



Nor let us e'er to sin give place, Nor grieve him we a - dore.

2 Abide among us with thy word,  
Redeemer whom we love;  
Thy help and mercy here afford,  
And life with Thee above.

3 Abide among us with thy ray,  
O light that lighten'st all;  
And let thy truth preserve our way,  
Nor suffer us to fall.

4 Abide with us to bless us still,  
O bounteous Lord of peace;

With grace and power our souls fulfil,  
Our faith and love increase.

5 Abide among us as our shield,  
O Captain of thy host,  
That to the world we may not yield  
Nor e'er forsake our post.

6 Abide with us in faithful love,  
Our God and Saviour be;  
Thy help at need O let us prove,  
And keep us true to Thee.

J. Stegmann.  
Tr. by Catharine Winkworth.

108

1 O JESUS, King most wonderful,  
Thou conqueror renowned,  
Spirit of grace ineffable,  
In whom all joys are found,

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,  
Then truth begins to shine,  
Then earthly vanities depart,  
Then wakens love divine.

3 O Jesus, light of all below,  
Thou fount of living fire,

Surpassing all the joys we know  
And all we can desire,

4 May every heart confess thy name  
And ever Thee adore,  
And seeking Thee, itself inflame  
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues forever bless,  
Thee may we love alone,  
And ever in our lives express  
The image of thine own.

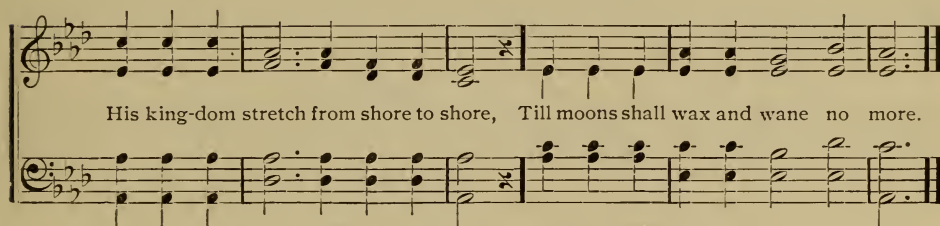
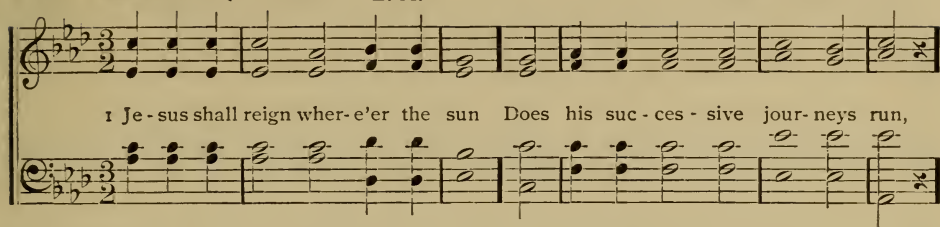
Bernard of Clairvaux



# Epiphany.—Missions.

## 109 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

H. C. ZEUNER. 1795—1857.



- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown his head;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
- 5 Where He displays his healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more;  
In Him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King,  
Angels descend with songs again  
And earth repeat the loud amen.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

## 110

- 1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come  
We walk through deserts dark as night;  
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,  
Faith is our guide and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies;  
She makes the pearly gates appear;  
Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,  
Though lions roar and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abram, by divine command,  
Left his own house to walk with God;  
His faith beheld the promised land,  
And fired his zeal along the road.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

## 111

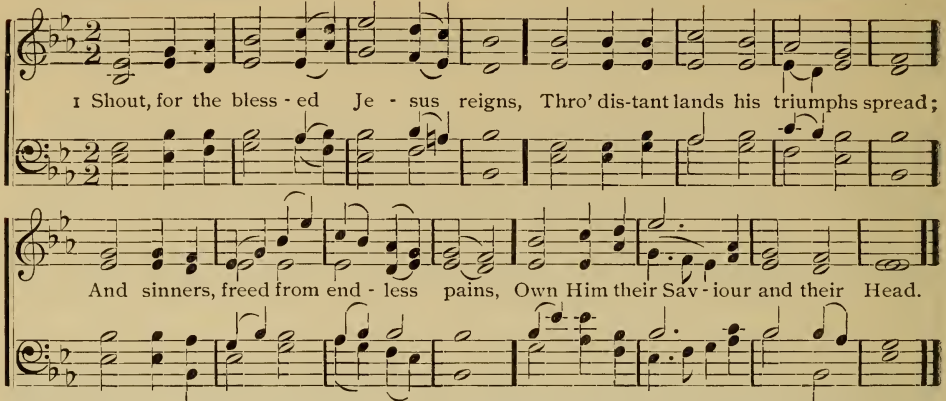
- 1 GOD in his earthly temples lays  
Foundations for his heavenly praise;  
He likes the tents of Jacob well,  
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house  
That pays its night and morning vows,  
But makes a more delightful stay  
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were described of old!  
What wonders are of Zion told!
- 4 Thou city of our God below,  
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 5 Egypt and Tyre and Greek and Jew  
Shall there begin their lives anew;  
Angels and men shall join to sing  
The hill where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account  
Of natives in his holy mount,  
'Twill be an honor to appear  
As one new-born and nourished there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

# Epiphany.—Missions.

112 DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON, 1790.



1 Shout, for the bless-ed Je-sus reigns, Thro' dis-tant lands his triumphs spread;  
And sinners, freed from end-less pains, Own Him their Sav-iour and their Head.

- 2 He calls his chosen from afar,  
They all at Zion's gates arrive;  
Those who were dead in sin before  
By sovereign grace are made alive.
- 3 Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,  
Nations remote their offerings bring,  
And unconstrained their homage pay  
To their exalted God and King.
- 4 O may his holy Church increase,  
His word and Spirit still prevail,  
While angels celebrate his praise,  
And saints his growing glories hail.
- 5 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,  
From all below and all above;  
In lofty songs exalt his name,  
In songs as lasting as his love.

Benj. Beddome.

113

- 1 O CHRIST, our true and only light,  
Illumine those who sit in night;  
Let those afar now hear thy voice,  
And in thy fold with us rejoice.
- 2 And all who else have strayed from Thee  
O gently seek; thy healing be  
To every wounded conscience given,  
And let them also share thy heaven.
- 3 O make the deaf to hear thy word,  
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
- Who dare not yet the faith avow,  
Though secretly they hold it now.
- 4 Shine on the darkened and the cold,  
Recall the wanderers from thy fold;  
Unite those now who walk apart,  
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.
- 5 So they with us may evermore  
Such grace with wondering thanksadore,  
And endless praise to Thee be given  
By all thy Church in earth and heaven.

Catharine Winkworth.

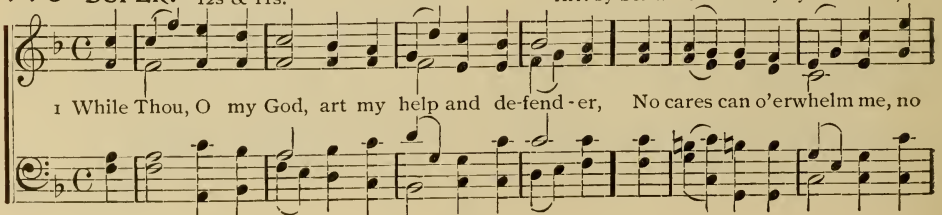
114

- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high, 3 Amid the roaring of the sea  
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;  
Out of the depths to Thee I call,  
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform, 4 Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,  
And guide and guard me thro' the storm;  
Defend me from each threatening ill,  
Control the waves; say, "Peace, be still."

Wm. Cowper.

115 SUPER. 12S & 11S.

Arr. by SCHWING. Melody by T. CLARK,



1 While Thou, O my God, art my help and de-fend-er, No cares can o'erwhelm me, no

# Epiphany. -Missions.

ter-rors ap-pal; The wiles and the snares of this world will but render More live-ly my

hope in my God and my all, More live-ly my hope in my God and my all.

"TUNES FOR WORSHIP." By per.

- 2 Yes, Thou art my refuge in sorrow and danger,  
My strength when I suffer, my hope when I fall,  
My comfort and joy in this land of the stranger,  
My treasure, my glory, my God and my all.
- 3 To Thee, dearest Lord, will I turn without ceasing,  
Though grief may oppress me or sorrow befall,  
And love Thee, till death, my blest spirit releasing,  
Secures to me Jesus, my God and my all.
- 4 And when Thou demandest the life Thou hast given,  
With joy will I answer thy merciful call,  
And quit Thee on earth, but to find Thee in heaven,  
My portion forever, my God and my all.

W. Young.

## 116 CHOPIN. C. M.

J. B. WOODBURY.

I Hosanna to the royal Son Of David's an-cient line! His natures two, his person one,

Mys-te-rious and di-vine, Mys-te-rious and di-vine. A-men.

Per. O. DITSON & Co.

- 2 The root of David, here we find.  
And offspring is the same;  
Eternity and time are joined  
In our Immanuel's name.
- 3 Blest He that comes to wretched men  
With peaceful news from heaven;
- Hosannas of the highest strain  
To Christ the Lord be given.
- 4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take  
Th' hosanna on their tongues, [break  
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and  
Their silence into songs.

Isaac Watts.



# Epiphany.—Missions.

117 ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR, 1735.

1 Sal - va - tion, O the joy - ful sound! 'Tis

pleas - ure to our ears, A sov - 'reign balm for

ev - - 'ry wound, A cor - - dial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise by grace divine  
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation, let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

118

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad  
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease,  
'Tis music to my ravished ears,  
'Tis life and health and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;

His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for me.

- 5 He speaks and, listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mourning, broken hearts rejoice,  
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear Him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 7 Look unto Him, ye nations; own  
Your God, ye fallen race;  
Look, and be saved through faith alone,  
Be justified by grace.

Charles Wesley.



# Epiphany.—Missions.

119 STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.

1 Lord of the hearts of men, Thou hast vouch-safed to bless

From age to age thy cho-sen saints With fruits of ho - li - ness.

2 Here faith and hope and love  
Reign in sweet bond allied;  
There, when this little day is o'er,  
Shall love alone abide.

3 O love, O truth, O light,  
Light never to decay,  
O rest from thousand labors past,  
O endless Sabbath-day!

4 Here amid cares and tears,  
Bearing the seed we come;  
There with rejoicing hearts we bring  
Our harvest burdens home.

5 Give, mighty Lord divine,  
The fruits Thyself dost love;  
Soon shalt Thou from thy judgment-seat  
Crown thine own gifts above.

Latin Hymn. Tr. Jas. R. Woodford.

120

1 NOT by thy mighty hand,  
Thy wondrous works alone,  
But by the marvels of thy word  
Thy glory, Lord, is known.

2 Forth from the eternal gates,  
Thine everlasting home,  
To sow the seed of truth below,  
Thou didst vouchsafe to come.

3 And still from age to age  
Thou, gracious Lord, hast been  
The bearer forth of goodly seed,  
The sower still unseen.

4 And Thou wilt come again,  
And heaven beneath Thee bow,  
To reap the harvest Thou hast sown,  
Sower and reaper Thou.

5 Watch, Lord, thy harvest-field  
With thine unsleeping eye;  
The children of the kingdom keep  
To thine epiphany;

6 That when in thy great day  
The tares shall severed be,  
We may be gathered by thy grace  
With all thy saints to Thee.

J. R. Woodford..

121

1 TEACH me, my God and King,  
Thy will in all to see;  
And what I do in any thing,  
To do it as for Thee;

2 To scorn the senses sway,  
While still to Thee I tend,  
In all I do be Thou the way,  
In all be Thou the end.

3 All may of Thee partake;  
Nothing so small can be,  
But draws, when acted for thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws,  
E'en servile labors shine;  
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,  
The meanest work divine.

George Herbert..

# Epiphany.—Missions.

122 MOORE. S. M.

J. H. LUTZEL.

I All praise to Thee, O Lord, Who by thy might - y power

Didst man - i - fest thy glo - ry forth In Ca - na's mar - riage hour.

"TUNES FOR WORSHIP." By per.

- 2 Thou speakest, it is done,  
Obedient to thy word  
The water reddening into wine  
Proclaims the present Lord.
- 3 Blest were the eyes which saw  
That wondrous mystery,  
The great beginning of thy works,  
That kindled faith in Thee.
- 4 And blessed they who know  
Thine unseen presence true,  
When in the kingdom of thy grace  
Thou makest all things new.

- 5 For by thy loving hand  
Thy people still are fed;  
Thou art the cup of blessing, Lord,  
And Thou the heavenly bread.
- 6 O may that grace be ours,  
In Thee for aye to live,  
And drink of those refreshing streams  
Which Thou alone canst give.
- 7 So, led from strength to strength,  
Grant us, O Lord, to see  
The marriage supper of the Lamb,  
Thy great epiphany.

Hyde W. Beadon.

123 HAYDN. S. M.

F. J. HAYDN.

I Be - hold what won - drous grace The Fa - ther hath be - stowed

On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God!

- 2 'Tis no surprising thing  
That we should be unknown;  
The Jewish world knew not their King,  
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made;  
But, when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure,

- May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,  
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath the throne;  
My faith shall "Abba, Father," cry,  
And Thou the kindred own.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

# Epiphany.—Missions.

124 YOAKLEY. L. M. 6 lines.

WILLIAM YOAKLEY, 1820.

1 { Thou hid - den source of calm re - pose, Thou all - suf - fi - cient love di - vine, }  
My help and ref - uge from my foes, Se - cure I am, for Thou art mine;

Thou art my for - tress, strength and tow'r, My trust and por - tion ev - er - more.

2 Jesus, my all in all Thou art,  
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,  
The medicine of my broken heart,  
In storms my peace, in loss my gain,  
My strength beneath the tyrant's frown,  
In shame my glory and my crown,

3 In want my plentiful supply,  
In weakness my almighty power,  
In bonds my perfect liberty,  
My refuge in temptation's hour,  
My comfort 'midst all grief and thrall,  
My life in death, my all in all.

Charles Wesley.

125 DODDRIDGE. S. M.

GREGORIAN.

1 With - in the Fa - ther's house The Son hath found his home,

And to his tem - ple sud - den - ly The Lord of life hath come.

2 The doctors of the law  
Gaze on the wondrous child,  
And marvel at his gracious words  
Of wisdom undefiled.

3 Yet not to them is given  
The mighty truth to know,  
To lift the fleshly veil which hides  
Incarnate God below.

4 The secret of the Lord  
Escapes each human eye,

And faithful pondering hearts await  
The full epiphany.

5 Lord, visit Thou our souls,  
And teach us by thy grace  
Each dim revealing of Thyself  
With loving awe to trace;

6 Till from our darkened sight  
The cloud shall pass away,  
And on the cleansed soul shall burst  
The everlasting day.

James R. Woodford.



# Epiphany.—Missions.

126 NUNDA. L. M. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1 O Mas-ter, it is good to be High on the mountain here with Thee, } Who once re-  
 1 { Where stand revealed to mor-tal gaze Those glo-rious saints of oth-er days, } Th'et-er-nal

ceived on Horeb's height } Or caught the still small whisper, higher Than storm, than earthquake or than fire.  
 laws of truth and right, }

2 O Master, it is good to be The human lineaments that shine  
 With Thee and with thy faithful three, Irradiant with a light divine,  
 Here, where th'apostle's heart of rock, Till we too change from grace to grace,  
 Is nerved against temptation's shock, Gazing on that transfigured face.  
 Here, where the son of thunder learns  
 The thought that breathes and word that 4 O Master, it is good to be  
 burns, Here on the holy mount with Thee,  
 Here, where on eagles' wings we move When darkling in the depths of night,  
 With Him whose last best creed is love. When dazzled with excess of light,  
 We bow before the heavenly voice  
 That bids bewildered souls rejoice,  
 Though love wax cold and faith be dim,  
 "This is my Son, O hear ye Him."  
 A. P. Stanley.

127 ELTHAM. 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1 { Hasten, Lord, the glorious time When, beneath Messiah's sway, } Mightiest kings his pow'r shall own,  
 1 { Ev-ry na-tion, ev-ry clime, Shall the gospel's call o-bey. }

Heath-en tribes his name a-dore; Satan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall war and tumults cease,  
 Then be banished grief and pain;  
 Righteousness and joy and peace  
 Undisturbed shall ever reign.

Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,  
 Ever praise his glorious name,  
 All his mighty acts record,  
 All his wondrous love proclaim.

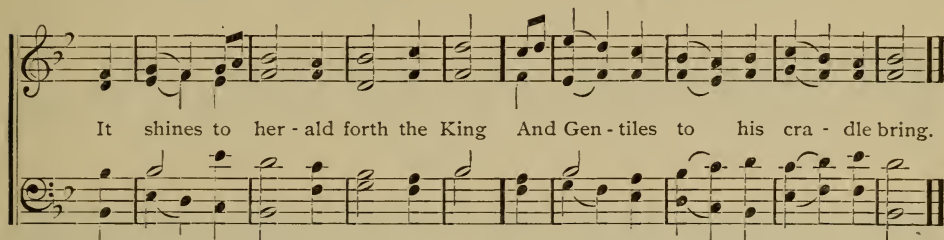
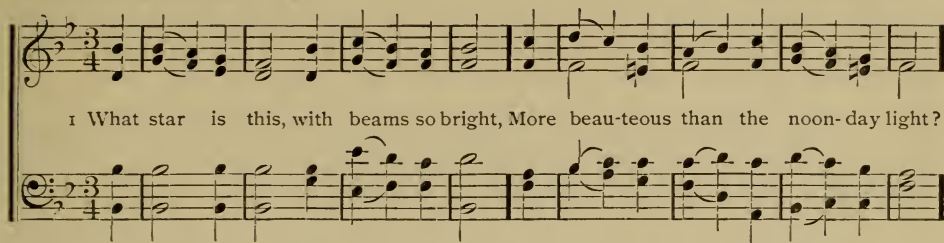
Harriet Auber, 1829



# Epiphany.—Missions.

128 WAREHAM. L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP, 1760.



- 2 And lo, the eastern sages stand,  
To read in heaven the Lord's command;  
Children of faith they come; they find  
The Prince and Saviour of mankind.
- 4 O heavenly Lord, O holy light,  
That shines through nature's wondering  
What marvels in thy love we trace, [night,  
What power divine, what glorious grace!
- 3 They bless the meek and holy child,  
An infant Lord and monarch high;  
Their riches at his feet they pour  
And with the heart their King adore.
- 5 And now, Thou bright and morning star,  
Arise again and shine afar  
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
Till utmost tribes their King adore.

Latin Hymn.

129

- 1 THROUGH Israel's coasts, in times of 3 And now Thou reignest, Lord, above,  
old,  
When Thou didst dwell with men below,  
By signs and wonders manifold  
Thou didst, O Lord, thy glory show.
- 2 But not alone thy mighty power  
Shone forth from every wondrous sign;  
Day unto day and hour to hour  
Spoke forth thy love and grace divine.
- 4 Thou who didst make the water wine,  
Our earthly with thy heavenly fill;  
Our scant obedience change to thine,  
Our passions to thy blessed will.

Henry Alford.

130

- 1 ON Tabor's top the Saviour stands,  
His altered face resplendent shines;  
And while he elevates his hands,  
Lo, glory marks its gentle lines.
- 2 Two heavenly forms descend to wait  
Upon their suffering Prince below;  
But while they worship at his feet,  
They talk of fast approaching woe.
- 3 Amid the lustre of the scene  
To Calvary He turns his eyes,  
And with submission, all serene,  
He marks the future tempest rise.
- 4 Then let us climb the mount of prayer,  
Where all his beaming glories shine,  
And gazing on his brightness there  
Our woes forget in joys divine.
- 5 O that on yonder heavenly hills,  
Where now the risen Saviour stands,  
And peace, like softest dew, distills,  
I too may elevate my hands.

# Epiphany.—Missions.

131 ROTHWELL. L. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR, 1743.

1 As - sem - bled at thy great com - mand, Be - fore thy face, dread

King, we stand; The voice that marshaled ev - 'ry star Has call'd thy

peo - ple from a - far, Has call'd thy peo - ple from a - far.

- 2 We meet through distant lands to spread Our counsels aid; to each impart  
The truth for which the martyrs bled, The single eye, the faithful heart.  
Along the line to either pole  
The thunder of thy praise to roll.
- 4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,  
Recall the wandering spirits home;  
From Zion's mount send forth the sound  
To spread the spacious earth around.

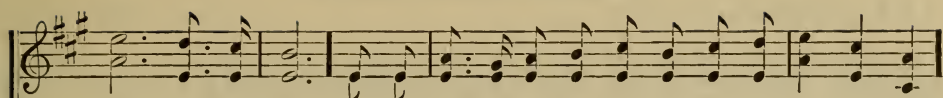
W. B. Collyer.

132 TELL IT OUT.

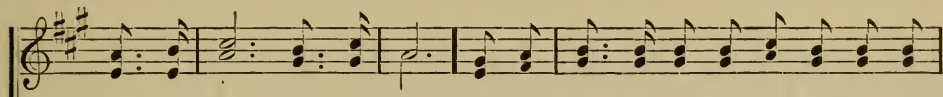
Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

1 Tell it out a - mong the na - tions that the Lord is King, Tell it

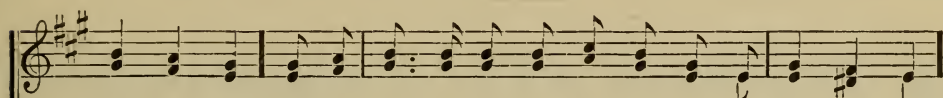
# Epiphany.—Missions.



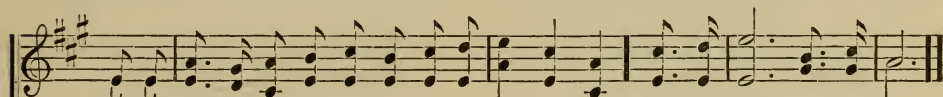
out, tell it out; Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, bid them shout and sing,



Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out with ad - o - ra - tion that He



shall in - crease, That the might - y King of glo - ry is the King of peace,



Tell it out with ju - bi - la - tion, let the song ne'er cease, Tell it out, tell it out.

Copyrighted, 1881, by IRA D. SANKEY. By per.

- 2 Tell it out among the people that the Saviour reigns,  
     Tell it out, tell it out;  
   Tell it out among the heathen, bid them break their chains,  
     Tell it out, tell it out;  
   Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives,  
   Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives,  
   Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save,  
     Tell it out, tell it out.
- 3 Tell it out among the people, Jesus reigns above,  
     Tell it out, tell it out;  
   Tell it out among the nations that his reign is love,  
     Tell it out, tell it out;  
   Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home,  
   Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam,  
   That the weary, heavy-laden, need no longer roam,  
     Tell it out, tell it out.

Frances R. Havergal.

# Epiphany.—Missions.

133 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON, 1824.

1 From Greenland's i-cy mountains, From India's cor-al strand, Where Af-ric's sun-ny  
fount-ains Roll down their gold-en sand, From many an an-cient riv-er, From  
many a palm-y plain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from er-ror's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strewn,  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation, O salvation,  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till like a sea of glory  
It spreads from pole to pole,  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber, 1819.

134

1 OUR country's voice is pleading,  
Ye men of God, arise;  
His providence is leading,  
The land before you lies;  
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,  
And promise clothes the soil;  
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,  
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go, where the waves are breaking,  
On California's shore,  
Christ's precious gospel taking,  
More rich than golden ore.

On Alleghany's mountains,  
Through all the western vale,  
Beside Missouri's fountains,  
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,  
Speed on from east to west,  
Till all his cross beholding,  
In Him are fully blest.  
Great author of salvation,  
Haste, haste the glorious day,  
When we, a ransomed nation,  
Thy sceptre shall obey.

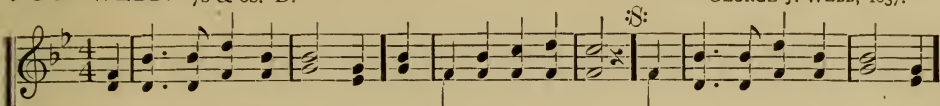
Mrs. M. F. Anderson, 1848.



# Epiphany.—Missions.

135 WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.

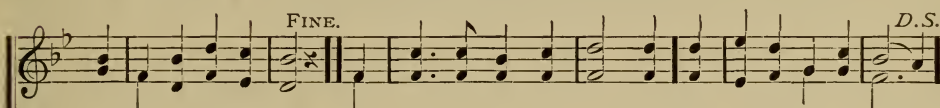
GEORGE J. WEBB, 1837.



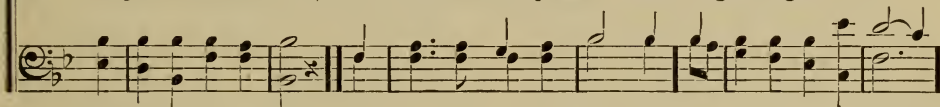
1 The morning light is break-ing, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are wak-ing



*D.S.*—Of na-tions in com-mo-tion,



To pen-i-ten-tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean Brings tidings from a-far



Prepar'd for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thine onward way,  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay;  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."  
Samuel F. Smith, 1831.

136

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,  
Ye soldiers of the cross,  
Lift high his royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss;  
From victory unto victory  
His army shall He lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The trumpet call obey,  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this his glorious day;  
Ye that are men, now serve Him  
Against unnumbered foes,  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Stand in his strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you,  
Ye dare not trust your own;  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls or danger  
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The strife will not be long;  
This day, the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song;  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, 1858.

# Epiphany.—Missions.

137 MISSION SONG. 8s & 7s. D.

P. P. VAN ARSDALE.

Hark, the voice of Je - sus call-ing, "Who will go and work to - day?"

Fields are white and har - vest wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"

D.S.—Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I; send me, send me?"

Per. BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 If you cannot cross the ocean  
And the heathen lands explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
You can help them at your door.  
If you cannot give your thousands,  
You can give the widow's mite;  
And the least you do for Jesus,  
Will be precious in his sight.

3 If you cannot be the watchman,  
Standing high on Zion's wall,  
Pointing out the path to heaven,  
Offering life and peace to all,

With your prayers and with your bounties  
You can do what Heaven demands;  
You can be like faithful Aaron,  
Holding up the prophet's hands.

4 While the souls of men are dying,  
And the Master calls for you,  
Let none hear you idly saying,  
"There is nothing I can do."  
Gladly take the task He gives you,  
Let his work your pleasure be;  
Answer quickly when He calleth,  
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

D. March.

138

1 CAST thy bread upon the waters,  
Thinking not 'tis thrown away;  
God Himself saith, thou shalt gather  
It again some future day.  
Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
Wildly though the billows roll;  
They but aid thee as thou toilest  
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

2 As the seed by billows floated  
To some distant island lone,  
So to human souls benighted  
That thou flingest may be borne.  
Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?  
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,  
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hanaford.

# Epiphany.—Missions.

139 MIDDLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

ENGLISH AIR.

FINE.

1 { Sav - iour, sprin - kle man - y na - tions, Fruit - ful let thy sor - rows be; }  
By thy pains and con - so - la - tions Draw the Gen - tiles un - to Thee. }

D.C.—Let them see Thee in thy glo - ry And thy mer - cy man - i - fold.

Of thy cross the won - drous sto - ry, Be it to the Gen - tiles told;

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,  
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;  
Human tears for Thee are flowing,  
Human hearts in Thee would rest;  
Thirsting as for dews of even,  
As the new-mown grass for rain,  
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,  
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,  
Stretched the hand and strained the  
For thy Spirit, new creating, [sight,  
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;  
Give the word, and of the preacher  
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,  
Till on earth by every creature  
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1851.

140 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

DR. THOS. HASTING, 1784—1872.

1 { O'er the gloom - y hills of dark - ness Look, my soul, be still and gaze; } Bless - ed  
See the prom - is - es ad - vanc - ing To a glo - rious day of grace; }

jubilee, Let thy glorious morning dawn, Blessed jubilee, Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,  
Let the rude barbarian see  
That divine and glorious conquest,  
Once obtained on Calvary;  
Let the gospel  
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;  
Now from eastern coast to western

May the morning chase the night;  
Let redemption,  
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,  
Win and conquer, never cease;  
May thy lasting, wide dominions  
Multiply and still increase;  
Sway thy scepter,  
Saviour, all the world around.

W. Williams, 1772



# Epiphany.—Missions.

141 ST. ALBAN'S. 6s & 5s. D.

From F. J. HAYDN.

1 Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers on-ward To their home on high.

Journeying o'er the des-ert, Glad-ly thus we pray, And with hearts u-ni-ted Take our heav'nward way.

REFRAIN.  
Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Waving wand'ers on-ward To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,  
At thy sacred feet  
Here with hearts rejoicing  
See thy children meet;  
Often have we left Thee,  
Often gone astray,  
Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
In the narrow way.—REF.

3 All our days direct us  
In the way we go,  
Lead us on victorious  
Over every foe;  
Bid thine angels shield us  
When the storm-clouds lower,  
Pardon Thou and save us  
In the last dread hour.—REF.

T. J. Potter.

142 LISBON. S. M.

DANIEL READ, 1785.

1 O Lord, our God, a-rise, The cause of truth main-tain, And wide o'er all the peopled world Ex-tend her bless-ed reign.

2 Thou Prince of life, arise,  
Nor let thy glory cease;  
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,  
And bless the earth with peace.

And o'er a dark and ruined world  
Let light and order spring.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,  
Expand thy quickening wing,

4 All on the earth, arise,  
To God the Saviour sing; [heaven,  
From shore to shore, from earth to  
Let echoing anthems ring.

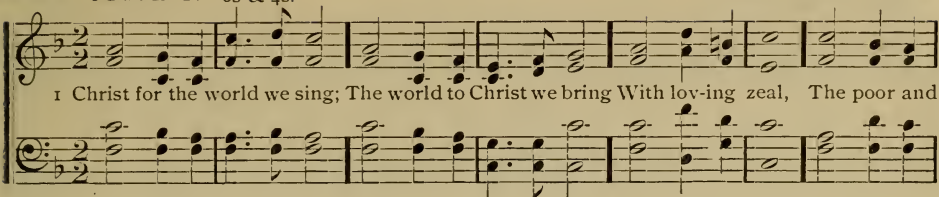
Ralph Wardlaw, 1803.



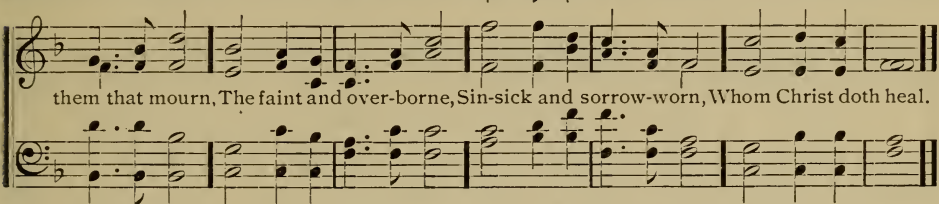
# Epiphany.—Missions.

143 CUTTING. 6s & 4s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1 Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring With lov-ing zeal, The poor and



them that mourn, The faint and over-borne, Sin-sick and sorrow-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring  
With fervent prayer,  
The wayward and the lost,  
By restless passions tossed,  
Redeemed at countless cost,  
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring  
With one accord,  
With us the work to share,

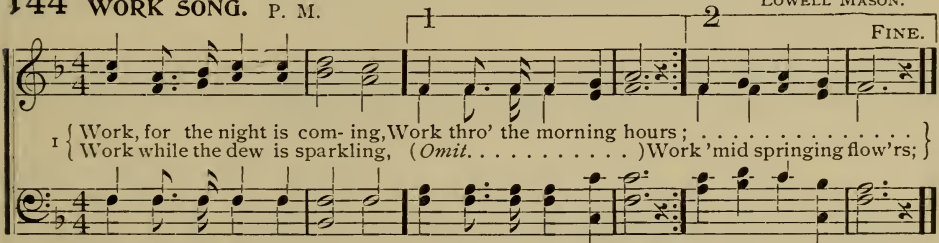
With us reproach to dare,  
With us the cross to bear,  
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring  
With joyful song;  
The new-born souls, whose days,  
Reclaimed from error's ways,  
Inspired with hope and praise,  
To Christ belong.

S. Wolcott.

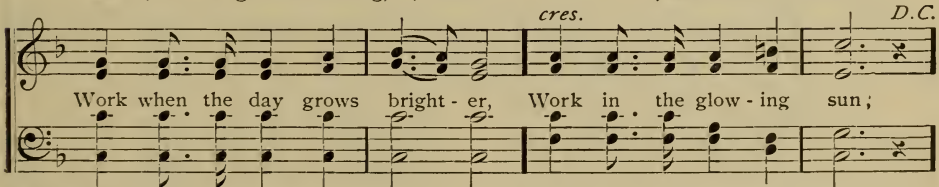
144 WORK SONG. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1 { Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours; . . . . . }  
{ Work while the dew is sparkling, (Omit. . . . . ) Work 'mid springing flow'rs; }

D.C.—Work, for the night is com-ing, (Omit. . . . . ) When man's work is done.



Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;

Per. O. Ditson & Co.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Walker.

# Epiphany.—Missions.

## 145 STONEFIELD. L. M.

S. STANLEY.

1 Arm of the Lord, a - wake, a - wake, Put on thy strength, the na - tions shake,

And let the world a - dor - ing see Tri - umphs of mer - cy wrought by Thee.

- 2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,  
"I am Jehovah, God alone;"  
Thy voice their idols shall confound  
And cast their altars to the ground.

- 3 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim  
In every land, of every name;  
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

Wm. Shrubsole, 1795.

## 146

- 1 ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,  
And spread thy glories all abroad;  
Let thine own arm salvation bring,  
And be Thou known the gracious  
God.

- Bring daring rebels to thy feet,  
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,  
Let humble mourners seek thy face,

- 3 O let the kingdoms of the world  
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;  
Let saints and angels praise thy name,  
Be Thou through heaven and earth  
adored.

Benj. Beddome.

## 147 DARLEY. L. M.

W. H. W. DARLEY.

1 Look from thy sphere of endless day, O God of mer - cy and of might; In pit - y look on

those who stray, Be - night - ed in this land of light, Be - night - ed in this land of light.

Per. O. Ditson & Co.

- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,  
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,  
How many of the sons of men  
Hear not the message sent from thee!
- 3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call  
The thoughtless young, the hardened  
A scattered, homeless flock, till all [old,  
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

- 4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,  
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,  
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,  
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene  
That makes us sadden as we gaze,  
Shall grow with living waters green  
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. Bryant

# Epiphany.—Missions.

148 ARTHUR. L. M.

HENRY SCHWING.

I Up - lift the ban - ner; let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide;

The sun shall light its shin - ing folds, The cross on which the Sav - iour died.

- 2 Uplift the banner; angels bend  
In anxious silence o'er the sign,  
And vainly seek to comprehend  
The wonder of the love divine.
- 4 Uplift the banner; let it float  
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;  
Our glory only in the cross,  
Our only hope the crucified.
- 3 Uplift the banner; heathen lands  
Shall see from far the glorious sight,  
And nations, gathering at the call,  
Their spirits kindle in its light.
- 5 Uplift the banner; wide and high,  
Seaward and skyward let it shine;  
Nor skill nor might nor merit ours,  
We conquer only in that sign.

George W. Doane.

149 ST. DROSTANE. L. M.

J. B. DYKES, 1859.

I Zi - on, a - wake, thy strength re - new, Put on thy robes of beau - teous hue,

And let th'admir - ing world be - hold The King's fair daugh - ter clothed in gold.

- 2 Church of our God, arise and shine,  
Bright with the beams of truth divine;  
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,  
Wide as the heathen nations are.
- 3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,  
And shall admire and love thee too;  
They come, like clouds across the sky,  
As doves that to their windows fly.

W. Shrubsole, 1796.

150

- 1 LORD of the harvest, bend thine ear,  
For Zion's heritage appear;  
O send forth lab'ers filled with zeal  
Swift to obey their Master's will.
- 3 Under the guidance of thy hand  
May Zion's sons to every land  
Go forth, to bless the dying race,  
As heralds of redeeming grace.
- 2 Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold  
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;  
Wide fields are opening to our view;  
The work is great, the lab'ers few.
- 4 Bid all their hearts with ardor glow  
The Saviour's dying love to show,  
And spread the gospel's joyful sound  
Far as the race of man is found.

Thos. Hastings.



# Epiphany.—Missions.

151 WILLOUGHBY. C. P. M.

CRANE.

1 When, Lord, to this our western land, Led by thy prov-i-den-tial hand, Our wand'ring fathers came,

Their ancient homes, their friends in youth, Sent forth the heralds of thy truth To keep them in thy name.

- 2 Then through our solitary coast,  
The desert features soon were lost,  
Thy temples there arose;  
Our shores, as culture made them fair,  
Were hallowed by thy rites, by prayer,  
And blossomed as the rose.
- 3 And O may we repay this debt  
To regions solitary yet  
Within our spreading land !
- There brethren from our common home  
Still westward, like our fathers, roam,  
Still guided by thy hand.
- 4 Saviour, we owe this debt of love;  
O shed thy Spirit from above,  
To move each Christian breast,  
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim  
And temples rise to fix thy name  
Through all our desert west.

152 STEELE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

F. T. S. DARLEY.

1 Gird thy sword on, mighty Saviour, Make the word of truth thy car,  
Prosper in thy course triumphant, (Omit.....) All success attend thy war; Gracious victor,

gracious victor, Bring thy trophies from afar, Gracious victor, gracious victor, Bring thy trophies from afar.

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

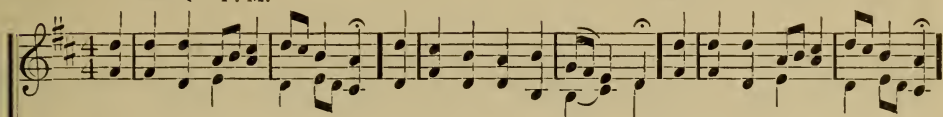
- 2 Majesty combined with meekness,  
Righteousness and peace unite  
To ensure thy blessed conquests,  
Take possession of thy right;  
Ride triumphant,  
Decked in robes of purest light.
- 3 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre,  
Blest are all that own thy reign,  
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants  
Rescued from its galling chain;  
Saints and angels,  
All who know Thee bless thy reign.



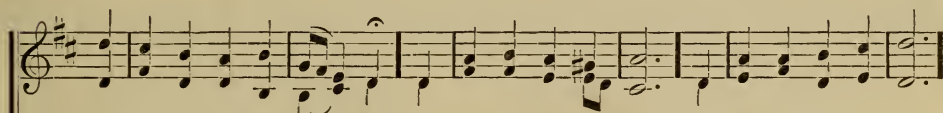
# Lent.

153 LUTHER. P. M.

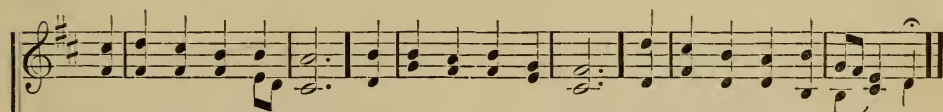
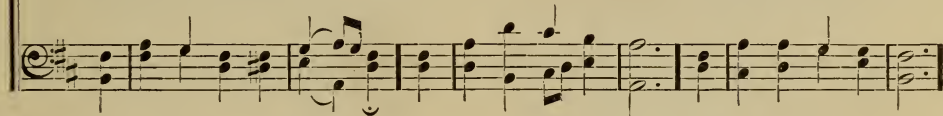
MARTIN LUTHER, 1483-1546.



1 A strong tow'r is the Lord our God, To shelter and defend us; Our shield his arm, our sword his rod,



Against our foes befriend us; That ancient enemy, His gathering power we see,



His terrors and his toils, Yet victory with its spoils, Not earth, but Heaven shall send us.



2 Though wrestling with the wrath of hell,  
No might of man avail us,  
Our captain is Immanuel,  
And angel comrades hail us;  
Still challenge ye his name,  
"Christ in the flesh who came,"  
"The Lord, the Lord of hosts,"  
Our cause his succor boasts,  
And God shall never fail us.

Nay, let them stand revealed,  
And darken all the field,  
We fear not, fall they must;  
The word, wherein we trust,  
Their triumph hath forbidden.

3 Though earth by peopling fiends be trod,  
Embattled all, yet hidden,  
And though their proud usurping gods  
O'er thrones and shrines have  
stridden,

4 While mighty truth with us remains,  
Hell's arts shall move us never,  
Nor partings, friendships, honors, gains,  
Our love from Jesus sever;  
They leave us, when they part,  
With Him a peaceful heart;  
And when from death we rise,  
Death yields us, as he dies,  
The crown of life forever.

W. M. Bunting.

**Gent.—Confession.**

154 AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON, 1768.

1 A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my sov - 'reign die?

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity, grace unknown,  
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide  
And shut his glories in,  
When God the mighty maker died  
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness  
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

155

- 1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,  
My help forever near,  
Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
Through this dark wilderness,  
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,  
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,  
'Twould be no joy to me;

And whilst this earth is my abode  
I long for none but Thee.

- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
And flesh and heart should faint?  
God is my soul's eternal rock,  
The strength of every saint.
- 5 But to draw near to Thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ;  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad  
And tell the world my joy.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

156

- 1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart  
Has wandered from the Lord!  
How oft my roving thoughts depart  
Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"  
Dear Lord, and may I come?  
My vile ingratitude I mourn,  
O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive,  
And bid my crimes remove?

And shall a pardoned rebel live,  
To speak thy wondrous love?

- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,  
How glorious, how divine!  
That can to life and bliss restore  
A heart so vile as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,  
Dear Saviour, I adore;  
O keep me at thy sacred feet  
And let me rove no more.

Anne Steele, 1760.

**Gent.—Penitence.**

**157** EVAN. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL. Arr.

1 O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame,  
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But now I find an aching void  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return, -  
Sweet messenger of rest;

- I hate the sins that made Thee mourn  
And drove Thee from my breast,
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne  
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame,  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper.

**158**

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast  
Like seed into the ground;  
Now let the dews of heaven descend  
And righteous growth abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man  
This holy seed remove,  
But give it root in every heart,  
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares  
The rising plant destroy,

- But let it yield a hundred fold  
Returns of peace and joy.
- 4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent  
To raise us to thy throne,  
Go back to Thee and sadly tell  
That we reject thy Son.
- 5 Oft as the precious seed is sown  
Thy quickening grace bestow,  
That all, whose souls the truth receive,  
Its saving power may know.

Jno. Cawood, 1825.

**159**

- 1 WHEN wounded sore the stricken soul  
Lies bleeding and unbound,  
One only hand, a pierced hand,  
Can heal the sinner's wound.
- 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast  
And tears of anguish flow,  
One only heart, a broken heart,  
Can feel the sinner's woe.
- 3 When penitence has wept in vain  
Over some foul dark spot,

- One only stream, a stream of blood,  
Can wash away the blot.
- 4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,  
His hand that brings relief,  
His heart that's touched with all our joys  
And feels for all our grief.
- 5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord,  
Unseal that cleansing tide;  
We have no shelter from our sin  
But in thy wounded side.

Cecil Francis Alexander.

# Gent.—Confession.

160 CHIMES. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1 Dear Sav - iour, when my thoughts re - call The won - ders of thy grace,

Low at thy feet a - shamed I fall And hide this wretch - ed face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?  
Ah! vile, ungrateful heart,  
By earth's low cares so oft betrayed  
From Jesus to depart.

3 But He for his own mercy's sake  
My wandering soul restores;  
He bids the mourning heart partake  
The pardon it implores.

4 O while I breathe to Thee, my Lord,  
The deep repentant sigh,  
Confirm the kind, forgiving word  
With pity in thine eye.

5 Then shall the mourner at thy feet  
Rejoice to seek thy face,  
And grateful own how kind, how sweet,  
Thy condescending grace.

Anne Steele.

161

1 JESUS, with all thy saints above  
My tongue would bear her part,  
Would sound aloud thy saving love  
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,  
Who bought me with his blood,  
And quenched his Father's flamingsword  
In his own vital flood;

3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul  
From Satan's heavy chains,  
And sent the lion down to howl  
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never-ceasing praise,  
While angels live to know his name,  
Or saints to feel his grace.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

162 ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1 Come, hap - py souls, ap - proach your God, With new me - lo-dious songs;

Come, ren - der to al - might - y grace The tri - bute of your tongues.



# Gent.—Confession.

- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love  
That pitied dying men,  
The Father sent his equal Son  
To give them life again.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,  
And wrath forsook the throne,  
When Christ on the kind errand came  
And brought salvation down.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed  
With a revenging rod,  
No hard commission to perform,  
The vengeance of a God.
- 5 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls  
Accept thine offered grace;  
We bless the great Redeemer's love  
And give the Father praise.

Isaac Watts.

L. MASON.

## 163 ILLA. L. M.

I Lord, I am vile, con-ceived in sin, And born un-ho-ly and un-clean,

Sprung from the man whose guilt-y fall Cor-rupts the race and taints us all.

- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath  
The seeds of sin grow up for death;  
Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defiled in every part.
- 5 No bleeding bird nor bleeding beast  
Nor hyssop branch nor sprinkling priest  
Nor running brook nor flood nor sea  
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 3 Great God, create my heart anew,  
And form my spirit pure and true;  
O make me wise betimes to see  
My danger and my remedy.
- 6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone  
Hath power sufficient to atone;  
Thy blood can make me white as snow;  
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face,  
My only refuge is thy grace;  
No outward forms can make me clean,  
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease,  
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,  
And make my broken bones rejoice.

## 164

- 1 THE God of mercy warns us all  
From day to day, from year to year,  
And each must hear his awful call,  
"No longer stand ye idle here."
- 3 And ye, whose scanty locks of gray  
Foretell your latest travail near,  
How swiftly fades your closing day,  
And yet ye stand thus idle here.
- 2 Ye, whose young cheeks with health are  
bright, [are clear,  
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts  
Why will ye waste the morning light?  
Alas! why stand ye idle here?
- 4 O Thou, in heaven and earth adored,  
Who makest erring souls thy care,  
Now call us to thy vineyard, Lord,  
And give us grace to serve Thee  
there.

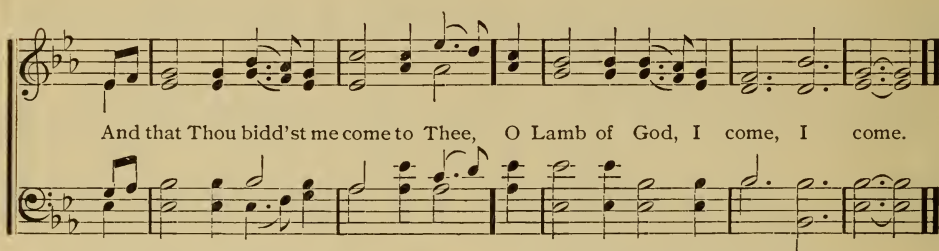
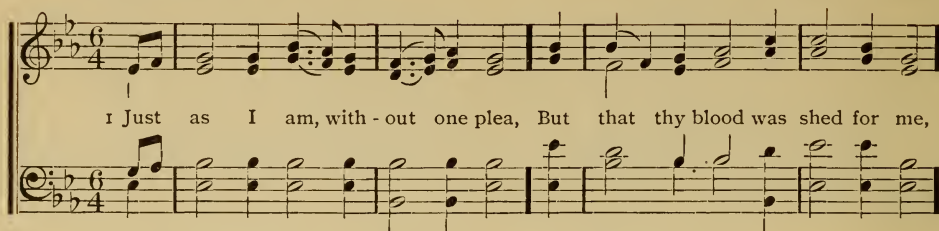
## 165

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door,  
He gently knocks, has knocked before,  
Has waited long, is waiting still;  
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,  
Turn out his enemy and thine;  
Turn out thy soul-enslaving sin  
And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 2 O lovely attitude! He stands  
With melting heart and open hands;  
O matchless kindness! and He shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 4 O welcome Him, the Prince of Peace;  
Now may his gentle reign increase;  
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,  
And be his empire all mankind.

# Gent.—Confession.

166 WOODWORTH. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1816—1868.



- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
- Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 5 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 6 Just as I am; thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

## 167

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,  
Behold me not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin;  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banished from thy sight;  
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford;  
And let a sinner seek thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

## 168

- 1 BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,  
With wonder, gratitude and love;  
To take away our guilt and shame,  
See Him descending from above.
- 2 Our sins and griefs on Him were laid,  
He meekly bore the mighty load;  
Our ransom-price He fully paid  
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
- 3 To save a guilty world He dies;  
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb;
- To Him lift up your longing eyes  
And hope for mercy in his name.
- 4 Pardon and peace through Him abound,  
He can the richest blessings give;  
Salvation in his name is found,  
He bids the dying sinner live.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to Thee;  
Where else can helpless sinners go?  
Thy boundless love shall set me free  
From all my wretchedness and woe.

# Gent.—Penitence.

169 WELTON. L. M.

CÆSAR H. A. MARAN, 1830.

1 Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for - give, Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live;

Are not thy mer - cies large and free, May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 My crimes are great, but ne'er surpass<br/>The power and glory of thy grace;<br/>Great God, thy nature hath no bound,<br/>So let thy pardoning love be found.</p> <p>3 O wash my soul from every sin<br/>And make my guilty conscience<br/>clean;<br/>Here on my heart the burden lies<br/>And past offenses pain mine eyes.</p> | <p>4 My lips with shame my sins confess<br/>Against thy law, against thy grace;<br/>Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,<br/>I am condemned, but Thou art clear.</p> <p>5 Yetsave a tremblingsinner, Lord, [word,<br/>Whose hope, still hovering round thy<br/>Would light on some sweet promise<br/>there,<br/>Some sure support against despair.</p> |
|---|---|

Isaac Watts, 1719.

## 170

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 THOU loving Saviour of mankind,<br/>Before thy throne we pray and weep;<br/>O strengthen us with grace divine<br/>This sacred fast aright to keep.</p> <p>2 Searcher of hearts, Thou dost our ills<br/>Discern and all our weakness know;<br/>Again to Thee in tears we turn,<br/>Again to us thy mercy show.</p> | <p>3 Much have we sinned; but we confess<br/>Our guilt, and all our faults deplore;<br/>O for the praise of thy great name<br/>These fainting souls to health restore.</p> <p>4 And grant us, while by fasts we strive<br/>This mortal body to control,<br/>To fast from all the food of sin<br/>And so to purify the soul.</p> |
|--|---|

Gregory the Great. Tr. by E. Caswall.

## 171

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,<br/>A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;<br/>Thy pardoning grace is rich and free,<br/>O God, be merciful to me.</p> <p>2 I smite upon my troubled breast,<br/>With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;<br/>Christ and his cross my only plea,<br/>O God, be merciful to me.</p> <p>3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,<br/>Nor dare uplift them to the skies;</p> | <p>But Thou dost all my anguish see,<br/>O God, be merciful to me.</p> <p>4 Nor alms nor deeds that I have done<br/>Can for a single sin atone;<br/>To Calvary alone I flee,<br/>O God, be merciful to me.</p> <p>5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,<br/>With all the ransomed throng I dwell,<br/>My raptured song shall ever be,<br/>God has been merciful to me.</p> |
|---|--|

C. Elven, 1852.



# Gent.—Penitence.

172 DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. NAGELI, 1768—1836.



I Thou Lord of all a - bove And all be - low the sky,  
Pros - trate be - fore thy feet I fall, And for thy mer - cy cry.

- 2 Forgive my follies past,  
The crimes which I have done;  
Bid a repenting sinner live,  
Through thine incarnate Son.

- 3 Guilt, like a heavy load,  
Upon my conscience lies;

To Thee I make my sorrows known,  
And lift my weeping eyes.

- 4 The burden which I feel  
Thou canst alone remove;  
Do Thou display thy pardoning grace  
And thine unbounded love.

Benjamin Beddome, 1790.

173

- 1 WHEN overwhelmed with grief,  
My heart within me dies,  
Helpless and far from all relief  
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock  
That's high above my head,  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.

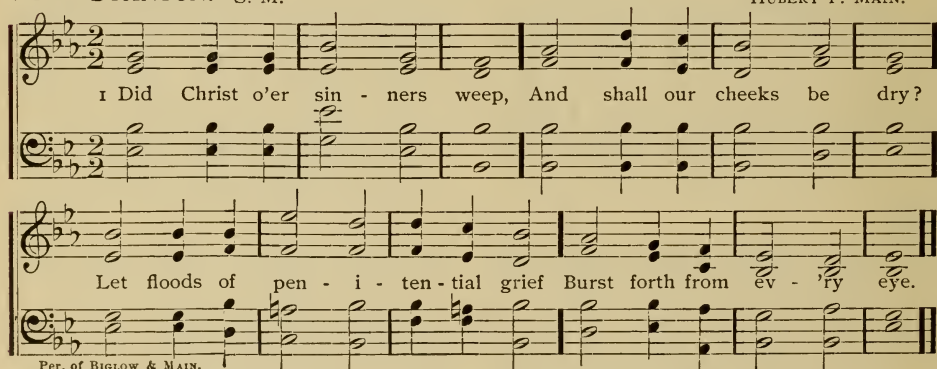
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
Forever I'll abide;  
Thou art the tower of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.

- 4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy name;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

Isaac Watts.

174 STANTON. S. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



I Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - ry eye.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 The Son of God in tears  
The angels wondering see;  
Hast thou no wonder, O my soul?  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep,  
Might weep our sin and shame;

He wept to show his love for us,  
And bid us love the same.

- 4 Then tender be our hearts,  
Our eyes in sorrow dim,  
Till every tear from every eye  
Is wiped away by Him.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.



**Gent.—Penitence.**

**175 MIRIAM.** 7s & 6s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK, 1865.

1 My sins, my sins, my Sav-iour ! They take such hold on me, I am not a - ble  
to look up Save on - ly, Christ, to Thee. In Thee is all for - give - ness,  
In Thee a-bund-ant grace, My shadow and my sunshine, The brightness of thy face.

Per. of MRS. J. P. HOLBROOK.

- 2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour,  
How sad on Thee they fall !  
Seen through thy gentle patience,  
I tenfold feel them all,  
I know they are forgiven;  
But still, their pain to me  
Is all the grief and anguish  
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.
- 3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!  
Their guilt I never knew,  
Till with Thee in the desert  
I near thy passion drew,

Till with Thee in the garden  
I heard thy pleading prayer,  
And saw the sweat-drops bloody  
That told thy sorrow there.

- 4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,  
E'en in this time of woe,  
Shall tell of all thy goodness  
To suffering man below,  
Thy goodness and thy favor,  
Whose presence from above  
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,  
That live in Thee and love.

Jno. S. B. Monsell, 1863.

**176**

- 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God;  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursed load;  
I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash my crimson stains  
White in his blood most precious,  
Till not a stain remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus;  
All fulness dwells in Him;  
He heals all my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem;

I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares,  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrow shares.

- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine;  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on his breast recline;  
I love the name of Jesus,  
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;  
Like fragrance on the breezes,  
His name abroad is poured.

H. Bonar, 1857.

# Gent.—Penitence.

177 REFUGE. 7s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

I Jesus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the bil-lows near me roll,  
While the tem-pest still is high; Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide Till the  
storm of life is past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.

Per. of Mrs. J. P. HOLBROOK.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me;  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick and lead the blind;

Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to pardon all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within;  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

FINE.

S. B. MARSH.

I Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bos-om fly, While the billows near me roll,

D.C.—Safe in-to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

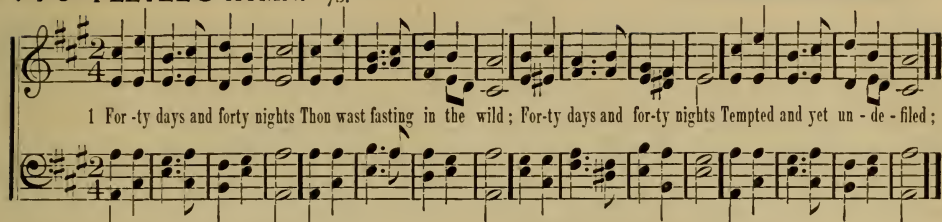
D.C.

While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide Till the storm of life is past;

# Gent.—Penitence.

## 178 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL, 1757—1831.



1 For-ty days and forty nights Thou wast fasting in the wild; For-ty days and for-ty nights Tempted and yet un-de-filed;

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day,  
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed,  
Prowling beasts about thy way,  
Stones thy pillow, earth thy bed.

3 Shall we not thy sorrow share,  
And from earthly joys abstain,  
Fasting with unceasing prayer,  
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

4 And if Satan vexing sore  
Flesh or spirit should assail,  
Thou, his vanquisher before,  
Grant we may not faint nor fail.

5 So shall we have peace divine,  
Holier gladness ours shall be;  
Round us too shall angels shine,  
Such as ministered to Thee.

Geo. H. Smyttan.

## 179 SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D.

B. CASE.

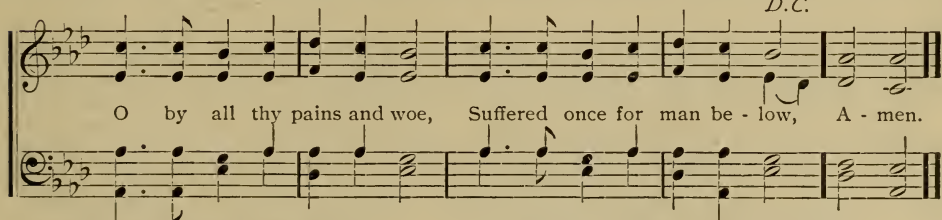
FINE.



1 { Sav-iour, when in dust to Thee Low we bend th'a-dor-ing knee, }  
{ When re-pent-ant to the skies Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes, }

D.C.—Bend-ing from thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny.

D.C.



O by all thy pains and woe, Suffered once for man be-low, A-men.

2 By thy helpless infant years,  
By thy life of want and tears,  
By thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness,  
By the dread, mysterious hour  
Of the insulting tempter's power,  
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,  
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By the sacred griefs that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,  
By the boding tears that flowed  
Over Salem's loved abode,  
By the anguished eye that told  
Treachery lurked within the fold,  
From thy seat above the sky  
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thine hour of dire despair,  
By thine agony of prayer,  
By the the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear and torturing scorn,  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn litany.

5 By thy deep expiring groan,  
By the sad sepulchral stone,  
By the vault whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God,  
O from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn litany.

Robert Grant, 1815.



**Gent.—Confidence.**

**180 SEYMOUR.** 75.

C. M. VON WEBER, 1786—1826.

1 Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?

Can my God his wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?

2 I have scorned the Son of God,  
Trampled on his precious blood,  
Would not harken to his calls,  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Lord, incline me to repent;  
Let me now my fall lament,

Deeply my revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Still for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;  
God is love, I know, I feel;  
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

**181 BOARDMAN.** C. M.

DEVEREUX. Arr. by GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1839.

1 The sol - emn sea - son calls us now A ho - ly fast to keep,

To crowd with - in the tem - ple walls, La - ment and pray and weep.

2 And yet, O God, no plaintive sobs  
From Thee can pardon win,  
Unless the heart be moved with grief  
And penitent for sin.

3 With Thee avail not smitten breast,  
Sad face, and garments rent,  
Unless the contrite soul be sad  
And all its guilt lament.

4 With tears that speak a mourning heart,  
We Thee entreat, O God,

From us thine anger turn away,  
And stay th'avenging rod.

5 Thou art a righteous Judge, O deign  
To spare the bruised reed;  
We pray for time to turn again,  
For grace to turn indeed.

6 Blest Trinity in Unity,  
Vouchsafe us, in thy love,  
To gather from these fasts below  
Immortal fruit above.

Latin Hymn. Tr. by J. Chandler.



# Gent.—Confidence.

182 BACA. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1857.

I love Thee, O most gracious Lord, Not that Thou  
sav'st me by thy word; Nor yet be-cause thy wrath shall doom  
Those lov-ing not to end-less gloom, Those lov-ing not to end-less gloom.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 Thou, Thou, my Jesus, full of grace,  
Didst me upon the cross embrace,  
Didst bear the nails, the bloody spear,  
The great disgrace, the rabble's jeer.
- 4 Then why not love with all my heart?  
O Jesus, most beloved Thou art;  
Not that Thou sav'st my soul above,  
Nor me condemn'st, do I Thee love,
- 3 Innumerable griefs were thine,  
Great sweats and anguish, Lord of  
mine,  
The pangs of death, and all for me,  
That I, poor wretch, might come to Thee.
- 5 Not for the hope of sure reward,  
But for thy love, O blessed Lord;  
My love is thine and e'er shall be,  
Because, my King, Thou reign'st o'er  
me.
- Francis Xavier. Tr. by A. C. Cox.

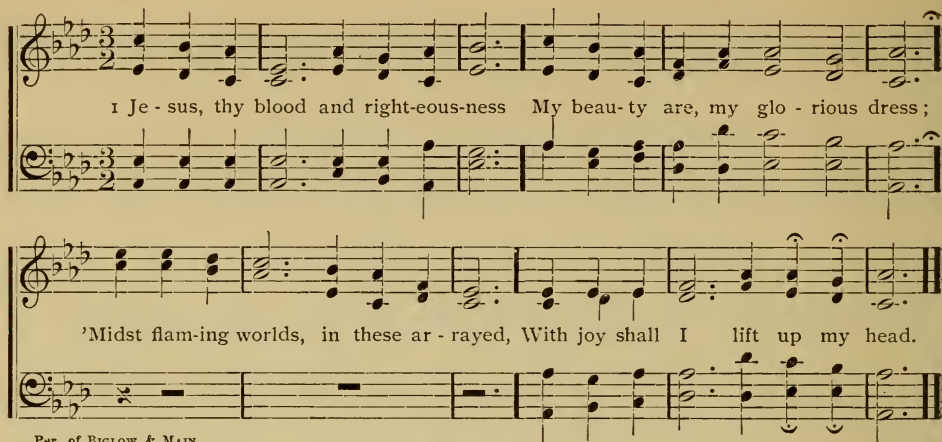
183

- 1 JESUS, thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue  
declare;  
Unite my thankful heart to Thee,  
And reign without a rival there.
- 3 O let thy love my soul inflame,  
And to thy service sweetly bind;  
Transfuse it through my inmost frame  
And mould me wholly to thy mind.
- 2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray!  
All pain before its presence flies;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er its healing beams arise.
- 4 Thy love in suffering be my peace,  
Thy love in weakness make me  
strong;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Thy love shall be in heaven my song.
- Paul Gerhardt, 1659. Tr. by John Wesley, 1739

Lent.—Confidence.

184 ORIEL. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1 Je - sus, thy blood and right-eous-ness My beau-ty are, my glo - rious dress;  
'Midst flam-ing worlds, in these ar - rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

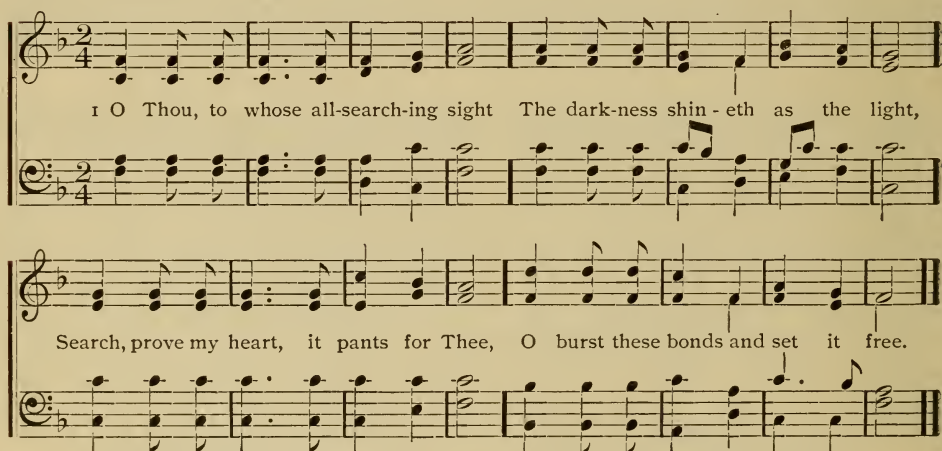
Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay?  
Fully absolved through these I am,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 When from the dust of death I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies,
- E'en then this shall be all my plea,  
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.
- 4 O let the dead now hear thy voice;  
Bid, Lord, thy mourning ones rejoice;  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

Zinzendorf. Tr. by John Wesley.

185 GALILEE. L. M.

RICHARD LANGDON.



1 O Thou, to whose all-search-ing sight The dark-ness shin - eth as the light,  
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee, O burst these bonds and set it free.

- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,  
Nail my affections to the cross;  
Hallow each thought, let all within  
Be clean as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No fraud while Thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untried, I follow Thee;  
O let thy hand support me still  
And lead me to thy holy hill.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1731. Tr. John Wesley, 1739.

**Lent.—Confidence.**

**186 WARE. L. M.**

GEO. KINGSLEY, 1838.

E - ter - nal beam of light di - vine, Thou fount of un - ex - haust - ed love,  
In whom the Fa - ther's glo - ries shine Thro' earth be - neath and heav'n a - bove,

- 2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,  
Give us thy easy yoke to bear;  
With steadfast patience arm each breast  
With spotless love and lowly fear.
- 4 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh; [gone;  
So shall each murmuring thought be  
And grief and fear and care shall fly  
As clouds before the midday sun.
- 3 In faith we take the cup from Thee,  
Prepared and mingled by thy skill;  
Though bitter to the taste it be,  
'Tis strong the wounded soul to heal.
- 5 O speak our warring passions peace,  
And bid our trembling hearts be still;  
Thy power our strength and fortress is,  
For all things serve thy sovereign will.  
John Wesley.

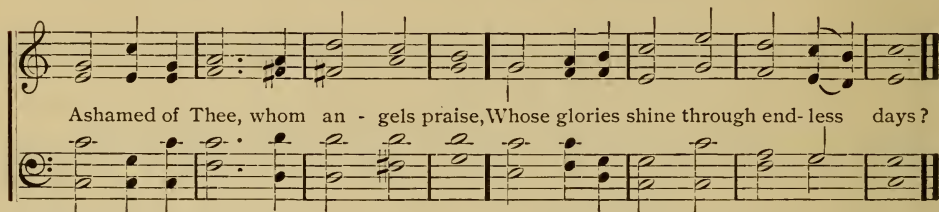
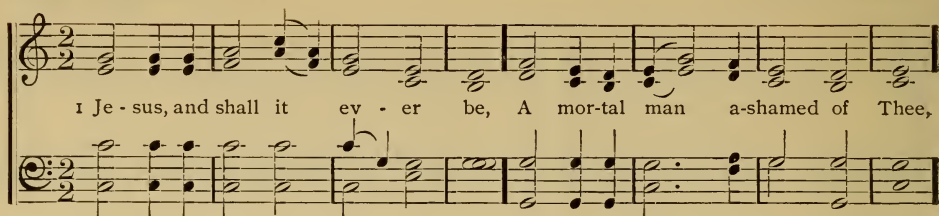
**187 ST. JOSEPH. 8s & 7s.**

H. H. STATHAM.

1 { Je - sus wept; those tears are o - ver, But his heart is still the same; }  
Kins-man, friend and el - der broth-er Is his ev - er - last - ing name. }

Sav - iour, who can love like Thee, Gra - cious one of Beth - a - ny?

- 2 When the pangs of trial seize us,  
When the waves of sorrow roll,  
I will lay my head on Jesus,  
Pillow of the troubled soul;  
Surely, none can feel like Thee,  
Weeping one of Bethany.
- 4 Of the hearts He solaced here;  
Lord, when I am called to die,  
Let me think of Bethany.
- 3 Jesus wept; and still in glory  
He can mark each mourner's tear,  
Living to retrace the story
- 4 Jesus wept; that tear of sorrow  
Is a legacy of love;  
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,  
He the same doth ever prove;  
Thou art all in all to me,  
Living one of Bethany.



2 Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No; when I blush be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.

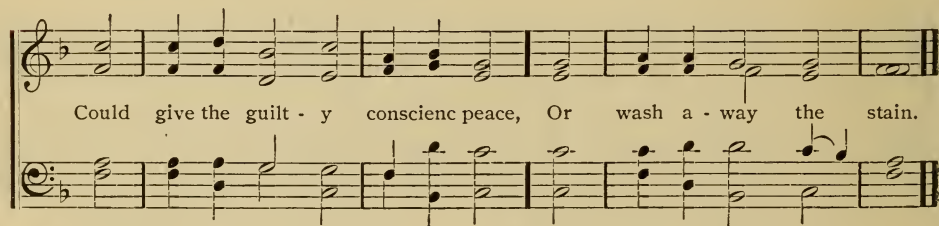
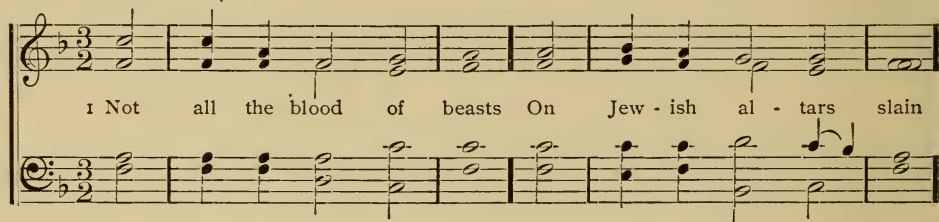
3 Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;  
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,  
Bright morning-star, bid darkness flee.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Joseph Grigg.

## 189 BADEA. S. M.

FROM AN OLD CHORAL.



2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all my sins away,  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.

4 'My soul looks back to see  
The burden Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand  
And there confess my sin.

5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice  
And sing his bleeding love.



**Gent.—Confidence.**

**190 COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.** IIS & IOS.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1800.

1 Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the mer-cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life, see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;  
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore, vv. 1, 2, 1816. Thomas Hastings, v. 3

**191 FIROR.** 7s. 3 lines.

Melody by S. WEBBE. Arr. by SCHWING.

1 Lord, in this thy mer-cy's day, Ere from us it

pass a-way, . . . On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere the hour of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at thy door,  
Ere it close forevermore.

4 By thy night of agony,  
By thy supplicating cry,  
By thy willingness to die,

5 By thy tears of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,  
When we see Thee face to face,  
Grant us 'neath thy wings a place.

7 On thy love we rest alone,  
And that love will then be known  
By the pardoned 'round thy throne.

Rev. I. Williams, 1841.

**Gent.—Confidence.**

192 JEWETT. 6s. D.

C. M. VON WEBER, 1786—1826. Arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1 My Je - sus, as thou wilt! O may thy will be mine! In - to thy  
hand of love I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row or through joy  
Con-duct me as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done.

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt!  
Though seen through many a tear,  
Let not my star of hope  
Grow dim or disappear;  
Since thou on earth hast wept,  
And sorrowed oft alone,  
If I must weep with thee,  
My Lord, thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt!  
All shall be well for me;  
Each changing future scene  
I gladly trust with thee;  
Straight to my home above  
I travel calmly on,  
And sing in life or death,  
My Lord, thy will be done.  
B. Schmolke. Tr. by Jane Borthwick.

193

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be;  
Lead me by thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me.  
I dare not choose my lot,  
I would not if I might;  
Choose thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek  
Is thine; so let the way  
That leads to it be thine,  
Else I must surely stray.

Take thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

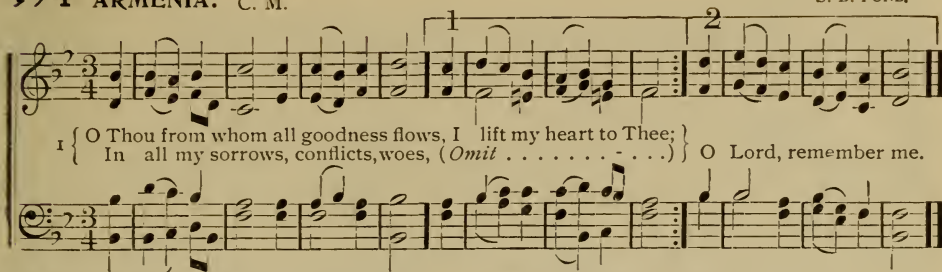
3 Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health;  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.  
Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small;  
Be Thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom and my all.

H. Bonar, 1856

**Gent.—Confidence.**

**194 ARMENIA. C. M.**

S. B. POND.



- 2 When with a broken, contrite heart  
I lift mine eyes to Thee,  
Thy name proclaim, Thyself impart,  
In love remember me.
- 3 In sore temptations, when no way  
To shun the ill I see,

- My strength proportion to my day  
And then remember me.
- 4 And when I tread the vale of death  
And bow at thy decree,  
Then, Saviour, with my latest breath  
I'll cry, remember me.

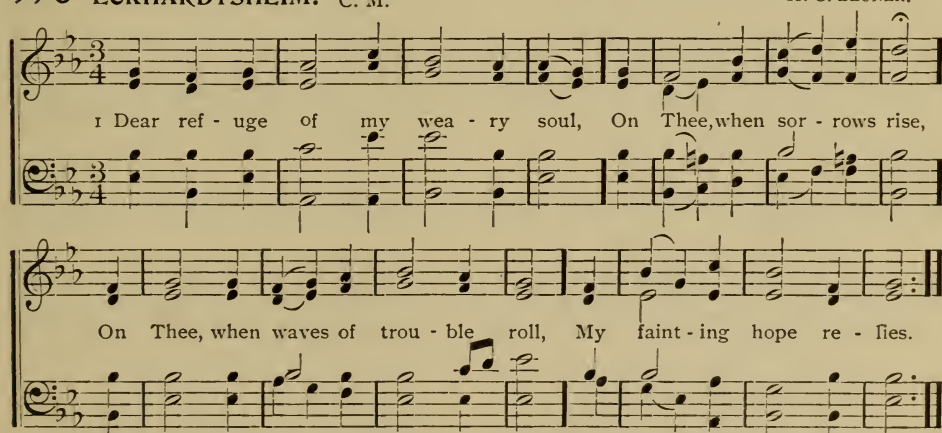
Thos. Haweis, 1792

**195**

- 1 O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need 3 O help us, through the power of faith,  
Thy heavenly succor give; More firmly to believe;  
Help us in thought and word and deed For still the more the servant hath  
Each hour on earth we live. The more shall he receive.
- 2 O help us when our spirits bleed 4 O help us, Jesus, from on high,  
With contrite anguish sore; We know no help but Thee;  
And when our hearts are cold and dead, O help us so to live and die  
O help us, Lord, the more. As thine in heaven to be.

**196 ECKHARDTSHEIM. C. M.**

H. C. ZEUNER.



- 2 To Thee, I tell each rising grief,  
For Thou alone canst heal;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O when gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call thee mine;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail  
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Hast Thou not bid me seek thy face?  
And shall I seek in vain?

- And can the ear of sovereign grace  
Be deaf when I complain?
- 5 No; still the ear of sovereign grace  
Attends the mourner's prayer;  
O may I ever find access  
To breathe my sorrows there!
- 6 Thy mercy-seat is open still,  
Here let my soul retreat,  
With humble hope attend thy will,  
And wait beneath thy feet.

Anne Steele, 1760.



# Gent.—Penitence.

197 MANOAH. C. M.

F. J. HAYDN, 1732—1809.

1 Dear Fa - ther, to thy mer - cy - seat My soul for shel - ter flies;

'Tis here I find a safe re - treat When storms and tem - pests rise.

- 2 My cheerful hope can never die,  
If Thou, my God, art near;  
Thy grace can raise my comforts high  
And banish every fear.
- 3 My great protector and my Lord,  
Thy constant aid impart;

O let thy kind, thy gracious word  
Sustain my trembling heart.

- 4 O never let my soul remove  
From this divine retreat;  
Still let me trust thy power and love  
And dwell beneath thy feet.

Anne Steele.

198

- 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet  
A guilty rebel lies,  
And upward to thy mercy-seat  
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping  
eyes  
In ceaseless torrents flow.

- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead  
To expiate my guilt,  
No tears, but those which Thou hast  
shed,  
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.
- 4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,  
And all my sins forgive;  
Justice will well approve the word  
That bids the sinner live.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

199

- 1 BLEST Jesus, when my soaring  
thoughts  
O'er all thy graces rove,  
How is my soul in transport lost,  
In wonder, joy and love!
- 2 Not softest strains can charm my ears  
Like thy beloved name,  
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire  
My heart with equal flame.
- 3 Where'er I look my wondering eyes  
Unnumbered blessings see;

- But what is life, with all its bliss,  
If once compared with Thee?
- 4 Hast Thou a rival in my breast?  
Search, Lord, for Thou canst tell  
If aught can raise my passions thus,  
Or please my soul so well.
- 5 No; Thou art precious to my heart,  
My portion and my joy;  
Forever let thy boundless grace  
My sweetest thoughts employ.

O. Heginbotham.

200 AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.

SPANISH. FROM MARECHIO.

1 Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but Thou art



# Gent.—Confidence.

might - y, Hold me with thy powerful hand; Bread of heav - en, bread of heav - en, Feed me

till I want no more, Bread of heav - en, bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through;  
Strong deliverer,  
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside,  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams, 1774.

## 201 ANGELUS. 8s & 7s. D.

Arr. by SCHWING. GERMAN CHORAL.

1 I will love Thee,—all my treasure, I will love Thee,—all my strength; I will love Thee, without measure,

And will love Thee right at length; O I will love Thee, light divine, Till I die and call Thee mine.

2 I will praise Thee, sun of glory,  
For thy beams have gladness brought;  
I will praise thee, will adore Thee,  
For the light I vainly sought;  
Will praise Thee that thy words so blest  
Spake my sin-sick soul to rest.

4 Be my heart more warmly glowing,  
Sweet and calm the tears I shed;  
And its love, its ardor showing,  
Let my spirit onward tread;  
Still near to Thee and nearer still,  
Draw this heart, this mind, this will.

3 In thy footsteps now uphold me,  
That I stumble not nor stray;  
When the narrow way is told me,  
Never let me lingering stay,  
But come, my weary soul to cheer,  
Shine, eternal sunbeam, here.

5 I will love in joy and sorrow,  
Crowning joy, will love Thee well;  
I will love to-day, to-morrow,  
While I in this body dwell;  
O I will love thee, light divine,  
Till I die and find Thee mine.

**Gent.—Confidence.**

**202 ST. CHAD.** 8s & 7s. D.

R. REDHEAD.

1 { Je-sus, ref-uge of the wea-ry, Object of the Spirit's love, } Saviour from the world above,  
 1 { Fountain in life's desert dreary, (*Omit.* . . . . . )

*D.C.*—Yet up-on the cross extend-ed (*Omit.* . . . . . ) Thou didst bear the pain of all.

*Voices in unison.*

O how oft thine eyes of-fend-ed Gaze up-on the sin-ner's fall!

*Organ.*

2 Do we pass that cross unheeding,  
 Breathing no repentant vow,  
 Tho' we see Thee wounded, bleeding,  
 See thy thorn-encircled brow?  
 Yet thy sinless death has brought us  
 Life eternal, peace and rest;  
 Only what thy grace has taught us  
 Calms the sinner's stormy breast.

3 Jesus, may our hearts be burning  
 With more fervent love for Thee,  
 May our eyes be ever turning  
 To thy cross of agony,  
 Till in glory, parted never  
 From the blessed Saviour's side,  
 Graven in our hearts forever  
 Dwell the cross, the crucified.  
 Jerome Savonarola, 1498.

**203 WILMOT.** 8s & 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER, 1786—1826.

1 Hail, my ev-er bless-ed Je-sus, On-ly Thee I wish to sing; To my soul thy name is precious, Thou my Prophet, Priest and King.

2 O what mercy flows from heaven,  
 O what joy and happiness!  
 Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,  
 Unconcerned in sin I lay,  
 Swift destruction still pursuing,  
 Till my Saviour passed that way.

4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,  
 My Redeemer's tenderness;

Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
 I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,  
 Praise the Lamb enthroned above,  
 While astonished I admire  
 God's free grace and boundless love.

6 That blest moment I received Him  
 Filled my soul with joy and peace;  
 Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
 I'm a miracle of grace.

204

- 1 Far beyond all comprehension  
Is Jehovah's covenant love;  
Who can fathom its dimension,  
Or its unknown limits prove?
- 2 Ere the earth upon its basis  
By creating power was built,  
His designs were wise and gracious  
For removing human guilt.
- 3 He displayed his grand intention  
On the mount of Calvary,

- When He died for our redemption,  
Lifted high upon the tree.
- 4 O how sweet to view the flowing  
Of his soul-redeeming blood,  
With divine assurance knowing  
That it made my peace with God.
- 5 Freely Thou wilt bring to heaven  
All thy chosen ransomed race,  
Who to Thee, their Head, were given  
In the covenant of grace.

205

OSGOOD. 8s, 7s & 4s.

L. MASON.

1 { Je - sus, to thy cross I hast - en, In all wear-i - ness my home; } Saviour, hide me,  
Let thy dy - ing love come o'er me, Light and cov-ert in the gloom; }

Sav-iour, hide me, Till the hour of gloom is o'er, Till the hour of gloom is o'er.

Per. O. Ditson & Co.

- 2 Where life's tempests dark are rolling  
Fearful shadows o'er my way,  
Let firm faith in Thee sustain me,  
Every rising fear allay;  
Hide, O hide me,  
Hide me till the storm is o'er.

- 3 When stern death at last shall lead me  
Through the dark and lonely vale,  
Let thy hope uphold and cheer me,  
Tho' my flesh and heart should fail;  
Safely hide me  
With Thyself forevermore.

206

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we kneel before Thee,  
Bend from heaven thy gracious ear;  
While our waiting souls adore Thee,  
Friend of helpless sinners, hear;  
By thy mercy  
O deliver us, good Lord.
- 2 From the death of nature's blindness,  
From the hardening power of sin,  
From all malice and unkindness,  
From the pride that lurks within,  
By thy mercy  
O deliver us, good Lord.
- 3 When temptation sorely presses,  
In the day of Satan's power,  
In our times of deep distresses,  
In each dark and trying hour,  
By thy mercy  
O deliver us, good Lord.

- 4 In the weary night of sickness,  
In the throes of grief and pain,  
When we feel our mortal weakness,  
When all human help is vain,  
By thy mercy  
O deliver us, good Lord.
- 5 In the solemn hour of dying,  
In the awful judgment-day,  
May our souls on Thee relying  
Find Thee still our hope and stay;  
By thy mercy  
O deliver us, good Lord.
- 6 Jesus, may thy promised blessing  
Comfort to our souls afford;  
May we now thy love possessing  
Find at last the great reward;  
By thy mercy  
O deliver us, good Lord.



**Gent.—Confidence.**

**207 RATHBUN.** 8s & 7s.

ITHAMAR CONKEY, 1851.

1 In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.

PER. O. DITSON & CO.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure  
By the cross are sanctified;

Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

- 4 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

J. Bowring, 1825.

**208 TOPLADY.** 7s. 6 lines.

THEO. HASTINGS.

1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee, Let the wa - ter and the blood,  
From thy riven side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

- 2 Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfil thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save and Thou alone.

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress,

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on thy judgment-throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

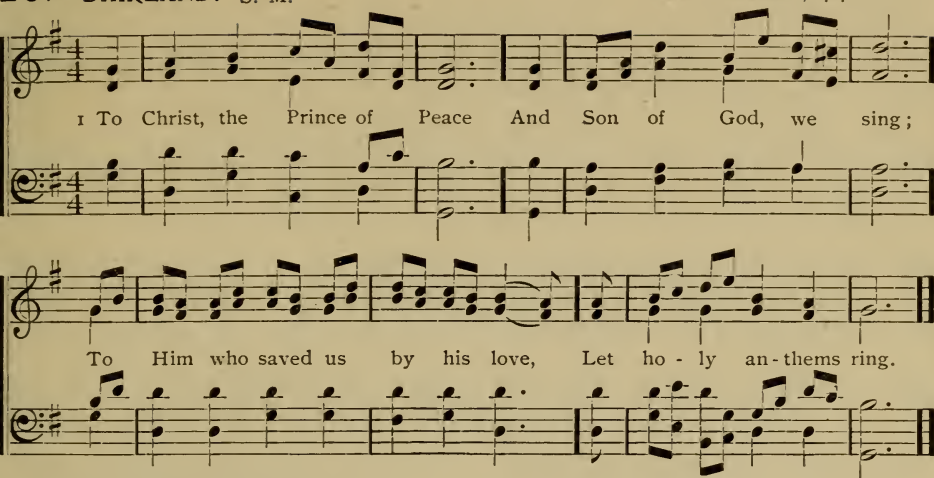
Augustus M. Toplady, 1776



**Lent.—Confidence.**

**209 SHIRLAND. S. M.**

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1767—1822.



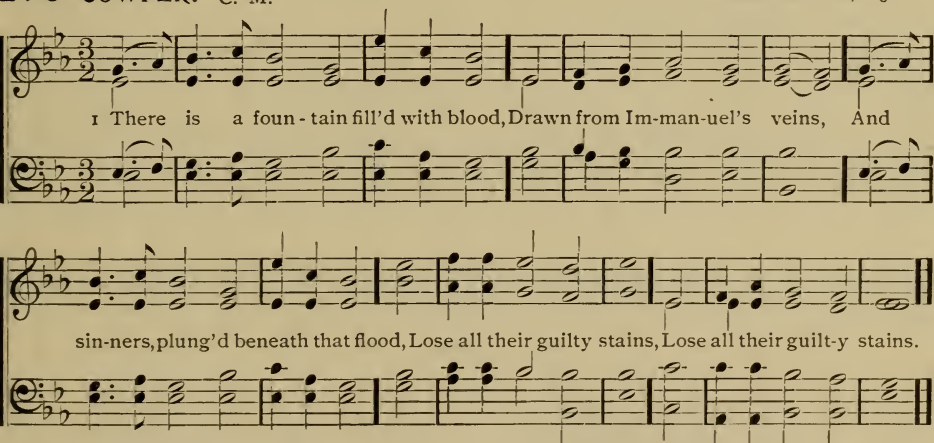
1 To Christ, the Prince of Peace And Son of God, we sing;  
To Him who saved us by his love, Let ho - ly an - thems ring.

- 2 Deep in his heart for us  
The wound of love He bore,  
That love which still He kindles in  
The hearts that Him adore.
- 4 O fount of endless life,  
O spring of water clear,  
O flame celestial, cleansing all  
Who unto Thee draw near,
- 3 O Jesus, victim blest,  
What else but love divine  
Could Thee constrain to open thus  
That sacred heart of thine?
- 5 Hide me in thy dear heart,  
For thither do I fly; [death  
There seek thy grace through life, in  
Thine immortality.

Latin Hymn. Tr. by E. Caswall.

**210 COWPER. C. M.**

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



1 There is a foun - tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, And  
sin - ners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme  
And shall be till I die.
- 3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue  
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring  
Lies silent in the grave.

Wm. Cowper, 1779.

**Gent.—Penitence.**

**211 BURFORD. C. M.**

PURCELL, 1690.



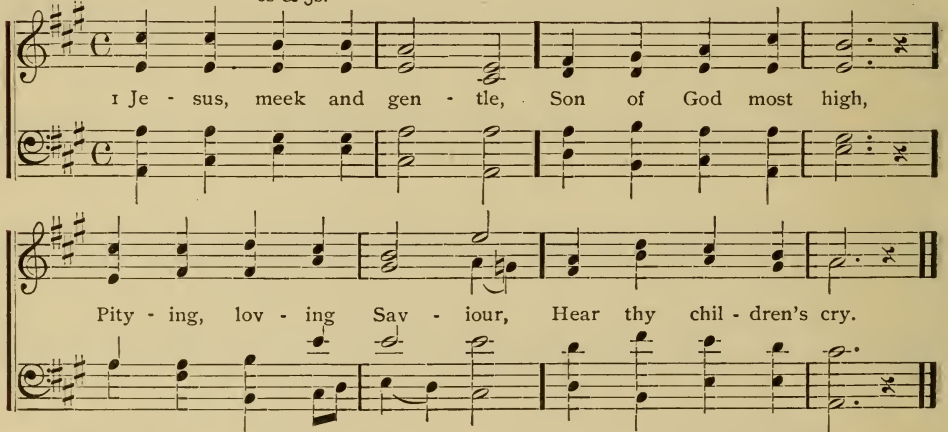
I The bur-den of my sins, O Lord, Is more than I can bear;  
To Thee I bring the guilt-y load, To Thee ad-dress my prayer.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 For naught of good that I have done<br/>On thy dear name I call;<br/>Alone upon the cross I lean,<br/>My Saviour and my all.</p> <p>3 Teach me to feel how weak I am<br/>Without thy strength'ning power,<br/>And fresh supplies of grace renew<br/>For every passing hour.</p> <p>4 Dangers unseen on every side<br/>Crowd thick life's troubled way;</p> | <p>O guard me through the shadowy night<br/>And guide my steps by day.</p> <p>5 If sorrow shade, if grief oppress,<br/>Whatever be thy will,<br/>O may I bow to thy behest<br/>And own thy mercy still.</p> <p>6 And when the chilling shades of death<br/>Obscure life's fading ray,<br/>Through all may I descry the dawn<br/>Of an eternal day.</p> |
|---|--|

A. C. COXE, 1859.

**212 ST. LUCIAN. 6s & 5s.**

C. H. RINCK.



I Je-sus, meek and gen-tle, Son of God most high,  
Pity-ing, lov-ing Sav-iour, Hear thy chil-dren's cry.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Pardon our offenses,<br/>Loose our captive chains,<br/>Break down every idol<br/>Which our soul detains.</p> <p>3 Give us holy freedom,<br/>Fill our hearts with love,<br/>Draw us, holy Jesus,<br/>To the realms above.</p> | <p>4 Lead us on our journey,<br/>Be Thyself the way<br/>Through terrestrial darkness<br/>To celestial day.</p> <p>5 Jesus meek and gentle,<br/>Son of God most high,<br/>Pitying, loving Saviour,<br/>Hear thy children's cry.</p> |
|---|--|

G. R. PRYNE

1 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleans-ing blood,

To dwell with-in thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be  
Forever closed to all but Thee;  
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide  
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side,  
Who thence their life and strength  
derive,  
And by Thee move and in Thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,  
Till Thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
- Thou giv'st the power, the grace to  
move;  
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,  
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring,  
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
Decked with a never fading crown?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,  
Our words are lost; nor will we know  
Nor will we think of aught beside,  
"My Lord, my love, is crucified."

Nicolaus Zinzendorf. Tr. by J. Wesley.

214 BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

1 { Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; }  
E'en though it be a cross (Omit. . . .) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,

D.C.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (Omit. . . .) Near-er to Thee.

By per. O. Dirson & Co.

- 2 Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.
- 3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given,
- Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.



**Tent.—Confidence.**

**215 SOMETHING FOR JESUS.** 6s & 4s.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1 Saviour, thy dying love Thou gavest me, Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from Thee;

In love my soul would bow, My heart fulfil its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,  
Pleading for me,  
My feeble faith looks up,  
Jesus, to Thee;  
Help me the cross to bear,  
Thy wondrous love declare,  
Some song to raise or prayer,  
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,  
Likeness to Thee,  
That each departing day  
Henceforth may see  
Some work of love begun,  
Some deed of kindness done,  
Some wanderer sought and won,  
Something for Thee.

S. D. Phelps

**216**

1 SAVIOUR, thy gentle voice  
Gladly we hear;  
Author of all our joys,  
Ever be near;  
Our souls would cling to Thee,  
Let us thy fulness see,  
Let us thy fulness see,  
Our life to cheer.

2 Fountain of life divine,  
Thee we adore;  
We would be wholly thine  
Forevermore;

Freely forgive our sin,  
Grant heavenly peace within,  
Grant heavenly peace within,  
Thy light restore.

3 Though to our faith unseen,  
While darkness reigns,  
On Thee alone we lean  
While life remains;  
By thy free grace restored,  
Our souls shall bless the Lord,  
Our souls shall bless the Lord  
In joyful strains.

Thomas Hastings.

HENRY SCHWING.

**217 MAY.** 6s & 4s.

1 Sav - iour, I fol - low on, Guid - ed by Thee, ... See - ing not



Gent.—Confidence.

yet the hand That lead - - eth me; Hushed be my heart and still,

Fear I no fur-ther ill; On - ly to meet thy will My will shall be.

2 Often to Marah's brink  
Have I been brought;  
Shrinking the cup to drink,  
Help I have sought;  
And with the prayer's ascent,  
Jesus the branch hath rent,  
Quickly relief hath sent,  
Sweetening the draught.

3 Saviour, I long to walk  
Closer with Thee,  
Led by thy guiding hand,  
Ever to be  
Constantly near thy side,  
Quickened and purified,  
Living for Him who died  
Freely for me.

C. S. Robinson.

218 HAVEN. 5s & 4s.

J. T. TUCKER.

1 Rest of the wea-ry, Joy of the sad, Hope of the dreary, Light of the glad,

Home of the stranger, Strength to the end, Ref-uge from dan-ger, Saviour and friend.

2 Pillow where lying  
Love rests its head,  
Peace of the dying,  
Life of the dead,  
Path of the lowly,  
Prize at the end,  
Breath of the holy,  
Saviour and friend.

3 When my feet stumble  
To Thee I cry,  
Crown of the humble,  
Cross of the high;

When my steps wander,  
Over me bend,  
Truer and fonder,  
Saviour and friend.

4 Ever confessing  
Thee, I will raise  
Unto Thee blessing,  
Glory and praise;  
All my endeavour,  
World without end,  
Thine to be ever,  
Saviour and friend.

Wm. W. Reese.

# Passion Week.

219 ST. THEODULPH. 7s & 6s.

M. TESCHNER, 1613.

**FINE.**

1 { All glo-ry, laud and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem-er, King, } 2. Thou art the King of Is-rael,  
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho-san-nas ring. } 3. The company, etc.

*D.C.*

Thou David's roy - al Son, Who in the Lord's name comest, The King and blessed one.

3 The company of angels  
Are praising Thee on high,  
And mortal men and all things  
Created, make reply. All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before Thee went;  
Our praise and prayer and anthems  
Before Thee we present.  
All glory, etc.

5 To Thee, before thy passion,  
They sang their hymns of praise;  
To Thee, now high-exalted,  
Our melody we raise. All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.  
All glory, etc.

Tr. by Jno. M. Neale, 1856.

220 HIGBEE. L. M.

Arr. by SCHWING. FROM BEETHOVEN.

1 Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou fount of life, Thou light of men,

From the best bliss that earth im - parts, We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
Thou savest those that on Thee call;  
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,  
To them that find Thee, all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living bread,  
And long to feast upon Thee still;  
We drink of Thee, the fountain head,  
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,  
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

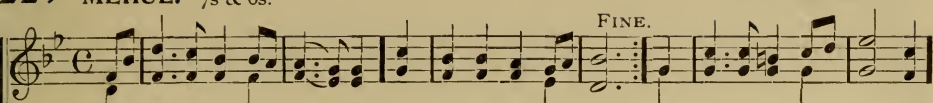
5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,  
Make all our moments calm and bright;  
Chase the dark night of sin away,  
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

108 Bernard of Clairvaux, 1140. Tr. by Ray Palmer, 1833.

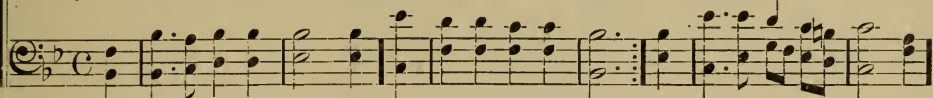
# Passion Week.

221 MEHUL. 7s & 6s.

FROM MEHUL.

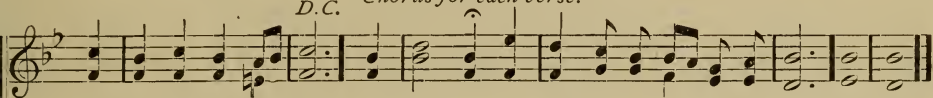


I { When, his sal-va-tion bring-ing, To Zi-on Je-sus came, }  
 { The children all stood sing-ing Ho-san-na to his name. } Nor did their zeal of-fend Him,

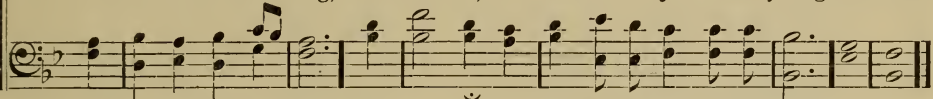


D.C.—He let them still at-tend Him, And smil'd to hear their song.

D.C. Chorus for each verse.



But as He rode a-long, Ho-san-na, ho-san-na to Je-sus they sang. A-men.



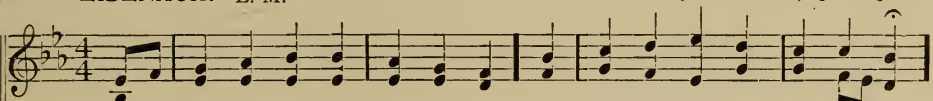
2 And since the Lord retaineth  
 His love to children still,  
 Though now as King He reigneth  
 On Zion's heavenly hill,  
 We'll flock around his banner  
 Who sits upon the throne,  
 And cry aloud, "Hosanna  
 To David's royal Son!"  
 Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming  
 Our great Redeemer's praise,  
 The stones our silence shaming  
 Might well hosannas raise.  
 But shall we only render  
 The tribute of our words?  
 No; while our hearts are tender  
 They too shall be the Lord's.  
 Hosanna to Jesus our King.

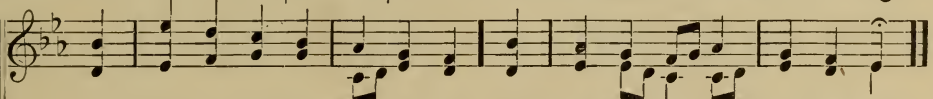
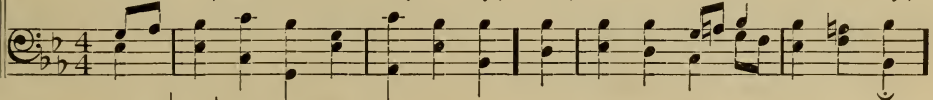
J. King.

222 EISENACH. L. M.

J. H. SCHEIN, 1586—1630.



I Ride on, ride on in maj-es-ty; Hark, all the tribes ho-san-na cry;



O Sav-iour meek, pur-sue thy road With palms and scat-tered garments strew'd.

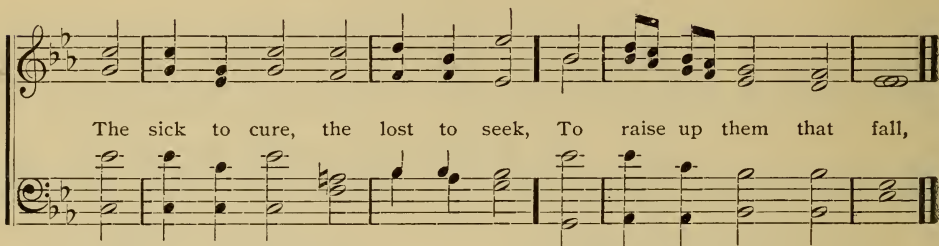
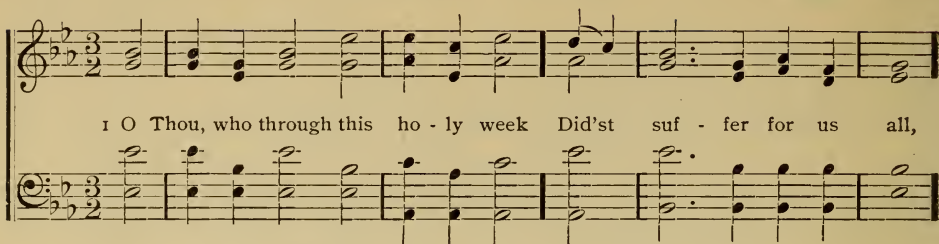


2 Ride on, ride on in majesty,  
 In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
 O Christ, thy triumphs now begin,  
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.  
 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty;  
 The winged squadrons of the sky

Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes  
 To see th' approaching sacrifice.  
 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty;  
 Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
 The Father on his sapphire throne  
 Expects his own anointed Son.

Henry H. Milman, 1827.





2 We cannot understand the woe  
Thy love was pleased to bear;  
O Lamb of God, we only know  
That all our hopes were there.

3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod,  
Thy hand the victory won;

What shall we render to our God  
For all that He hath done?

4 To God the Father, God the Son  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
By man on earth be honor done  
And by the heavenly host.

Jno. M. Neale, 1844-

## 224

1 I SAW one hanging on a tree  
In agony and blood,  
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,  
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure never till my latest breath  
Can I forget that look;  
It seemed to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word He spoke.

3 Alas! I knew not what I did,  
But now my tears are vain;

Where shall my trembling soul be hid,  
For I the Lord have slain?

4 A second look He gave, that said,  
"I freely all forgive;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
I die that thou may'st live."

5 Thus while his death my sin displays  
In all its blackest hue,  
Such is the mystery of grace,  
It seals my pardon too.

John Newton, 1779-

## 225

1 FOREVER here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy wounded side;  
This all my hope and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood  
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;  
Wash me, and mine Thou art;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve,  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

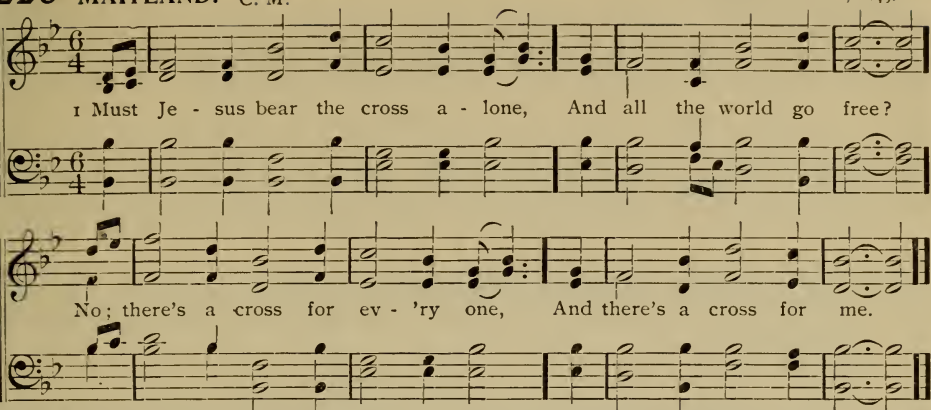
Charles Wesley, 1740-



# Passion Week.

226 MAITLAND. C. M.

GEO. N. ALLEN, 1849.



I Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?  
No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

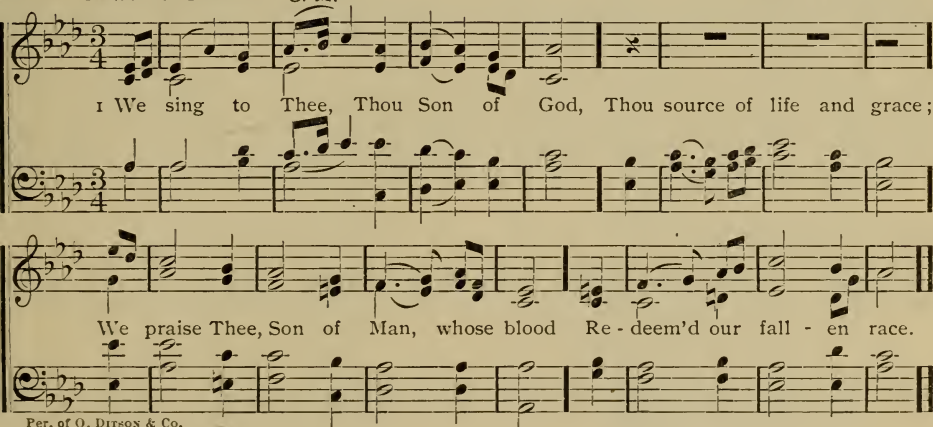
2 How happy are the saints above,  
Who once went sorrowing here!  
But now they taste unmingled love  
And joy without a tear.  
3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
Till death shall set me free,  
And then go home my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down  
At Jesus' pierced feet,  
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown  
And his dear name repeat.  
5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!  
O resurrection day!  
Ye angels, from the stars come down  
And bear my soul away.

G. N. Allen, vs. 1-3, 1849.

227 HELFENSTEIN. C. M.

JAMES N. BECK.



I We sing to Thee, Thou Son of God, Thou source of life and grace;  
We praise Thee, Son of Man, whose blood Re - deem'd our fall - en race.

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Who art by heaven and earth adored,  
Worthy o'er both to reign.  
3 To Thee all angels cry aloud,  
Through heaven's extended coasts,  
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord  
Of glory and of hosts.  
4 The prophets' goodly fellowship,  
In radiant garments dressed,  
Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and reap  
The fulness of thy rest.

5 Th' apostles' glorious company  
Thy righteous praise proclaim;  
The martyred army glorify  
Thine everlasting name.  
6 Throughout the world thy churches join  
To call on Thee, their Head,  
Brightness of majesty divine,  
Who every power hast made.  
7 Among their number, Lord, we love  
To sing thy precious blood;  
Reign here and in the worlds above,  
Thou holy Lamb of God.

# Passion Week.

228 ST. CYPRIAN. IIS.

R. REDHEAD.

1 O garden of Olives, thou dear honor'd spot, The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;

The theme most transporting to seraphs above, The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love.

2 Come, saints, and adore Him; come, bow at his feet;  
O give Him the glory, the praise that is meet;  
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

229 CASWALL. 6s & 5s.

W. H. MONK.

1 Glory be to Je-sus, Who in bitter pains Pour'd for me the life-blood From his sacred veins.

2 Grace and life eternal  
In that blood I find,  
Blest be his compassion,  
Infinitely kind.

3 Blest through endless ages  
Be the precious stream  
Which from endless torments  
Did the world redeem.

4 Abel's blood for vengeance  
Pleaded to the skies,  
But the blood of Jesus  
For our pardon cries.

5 Oft as it is sprinkled  
On our guilty hearts,  
Satan in confusion  
Terror-struck departs.

6 Oft as earth exulting  
Wafts its praise on high,  
Angel hosts rejoicing  
Make their glad reply.

7 Lift ye, then, your voices,  
Swell the mighty flood,  
And with saints and angels  
Praise the precious blood.

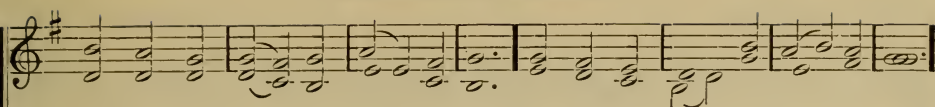
Italian Hymn. Tr. by E. Caswall, 1849.

230 ST. FINBAR. 8s.

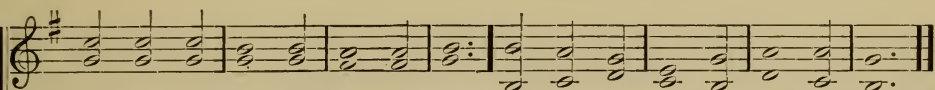
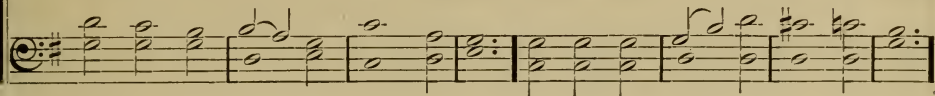
ENGLISH.

1 Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sav - iour, when I call;

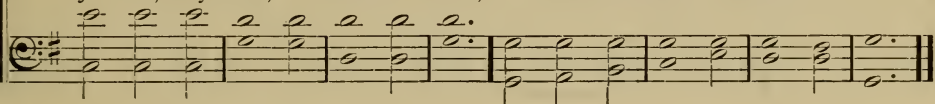
## Passion Week.



Hear me, and from thy dwell-ing place Pour down the rich - es of thy grace.



Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore; O make me love Thee more and more.



2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;  
How can I love Thee as I ought,  
And how extol thy matchless fame,  
The glorious beauty of thy name?  
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
O make me love Thee more and more.

So far exceeding hope or thought!  
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
O make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,  
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?  
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,

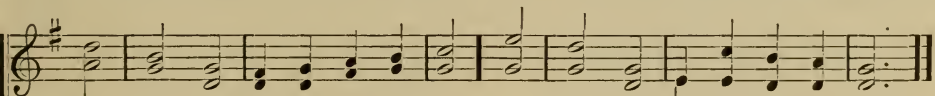
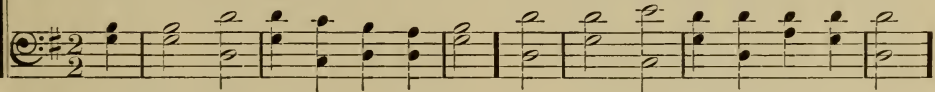
4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,  
To Thee my heart and soul belong;  
All that I have or am is thine,  
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.  
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
O make me love Thee more and more.

Henry Collins, 1852.

## 231 NAMUR. L. M.



1 O Lord, when faith with fix - ed eyes Be - holds thy wondrous sac - ri - fice,



Love ris - es to an ar - dent flame, And we all oth - er hope dis-claim.



2 With cold affections who can see [tree,  
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the  
The flowing tears and crimson sweat,  
The bleeding hands and head and feet!

And millions more to Thee shall fly  
And on thy sacrifice rely.

3 Jesus, what millions of our race  
Have been the triumphs of thy grace!

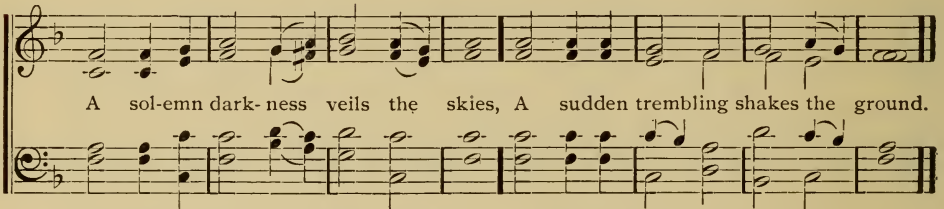
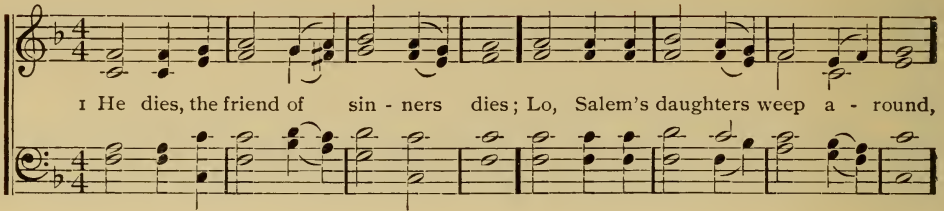
4 The sorrow, shame and death were thine,  
And all the stores of wrath divine;  
Ours are the pardon, life and bliss;  
What love can be compared to this!



# Passion Week.

232 HAMBURG. L. M.

LOWELL MASON. ATT.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Ye saints, approach, the anguish view<br/>Of Him who groans beneath your load,<br/>He gives his precious life for you,<br/>For you He sheds his precious blood.</p> <p>3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,<br/>The Lord of glory dies for men;</p> | <p>But lo, what sudden joys we see,<br/>Jesus the dead revives again.</p> <p>4 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,<br/>Born to redeem and strong to save;"<br/>Then ask, "O death, where is thy sting<br/>And where thy victory, O grave?"</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Isaac Watts, 1709.</p> |
|--|--|

233

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O LORD, the wilderness to me<br/>A very Paradise shall be,<br/>Since Thou for forty days wast there<br/>In fasting, solitude and prayer.</p> <p>2 Unworthy though these feet to rest<br/>On ground thy footsteps once have blest,<br/>The way of sorrows shall be mine,<br/>Made sweet because it first was thine.</p> <p>3 Lord, let me find some lowly place<br/>Where I may seek thy pitying face,<br/>And plead with Thee by Olivet,<br/>By agony and bloody sweat.</p> <p>4 Some quiet isle or dim recess<br/>Shall make for me a wilderness;<br/>And surely angels shall be there<br/>To wait on penitence and prayer.</p> | <p>5 Nor is this all, for I would know<br/>The depth of shame, the crown of woe,<br/>Stand by the stricken mother's side<br/>While Thou art mocked and crucified.</p> <p>6 And then in hours of saddest gloom<br/>I still will watch around thy tomb,<br/>Till with the day new joy be born,<br/>And Thou shalt rise on Easter morn.</p> <p>7 O blessed thought, that faith can see<br/>In every altar Calvary,<br/>Find there the loving arms outspread,<br/>And fall before the fallen Head.</p> <p>8 Come, King of kings; come, light of light;<br/>The bride awaits the day all bright,<br/>When she shall lift, her mourning o'er,<br/>The shout of paschal joy once more.</p> |
|---|---|

234

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 LORD Jesus, when we stand afar<br/>And gaze upon thy holy cross,<br/>In love of Thee and scorn of self,<br/>O may we count the world as loss.</p> <p>2 When we behold thy bleeding wounds,<br/>And the rough way that Thou hast trod,<br/>Make us to hate the load of sin<br/>That lay so heavy on our God.</p> | <p>3 O holy Lord, uplifted high<br/>With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,<br/>Embracing in thy wondrous love<br/>The sinful world that lies below,</p> <p>4 Give us an ever-living faith<br/>To gaze beyond the things we see;<br/>And, in the mystery of thy death,<br/>Draw us and all men unto Thee.</p> |
|--|--|

W. W. How, 1854.



# Passion Week.

235 CYPRIAN. L. M.

Arr. by SCHWING.

1 'Tis midnight, and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone;

'Tis mid-night in the gar-den now, The suff'-ring Sav-iour prays a-lone.

2 'Tis midnight, and from all removed  
Immanuel wrestles lone with fears;  
E'en the disciple that He loved [tears.  
Heeds not his Master's griefs and  
3 'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt  
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;

Yet He that hath in anguish knelt  
Is not forsaken by his God.  
4 'Tis midnight, and from ether plains  
Is borne the song that angels know;  
Unheard by mortals are the strains [woe.  
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's

Wm. B. Tappan, 1829.

236 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

WEBBE.

1 When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died,

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. A-men.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
Save in the cross of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.  
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
4 His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;  
Then I am dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.  
5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1709

# Passion Week.

237 TALMAR. 8s & 7s.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY, 1850.

1 Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend,  
Life and health and peace pos - sess - ing From the sin - ner's dy - ing friend.

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

- 2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;  
Precious drops my soul bedewing  
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is the station,  
Low before his cross to lie,  
While I see divine compassion  
Floating in his languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze;

- Here I see my sins forgiven,  
Lost in wonder, love and praise.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.
- 6 May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go,  
Prove his blood each day more healing,  
And himself more deeply know.

James Allen, 1757.

238 CALVARY. 8s, 7s & 4s.

SAMUEL STANLEY.

1 Hark, the voice of love and mercy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry; See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der,  
Shakes the earth and veils the sky; "It is finish'd," "It is finish'd," Hear the dying Saviour cry.

- 2 It is finished ! O what pleasure  
Do these charming words afford !  
Heavenly blessings without measure  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.  
It is finished !  
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finished all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law;  
Finished all that God has promised,

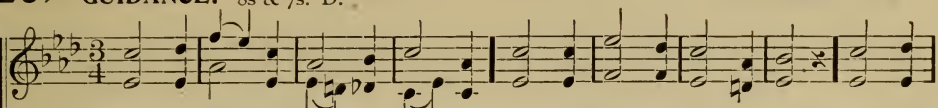
- Death and hell no more shall awe.  
It is finished !  
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
All on earth and all in heaven  
Join to praise Immanuel's name.  
Hallelujah !  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Jonathan Evans (?), 1787.

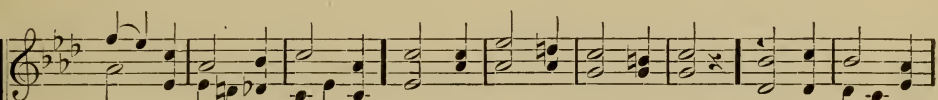
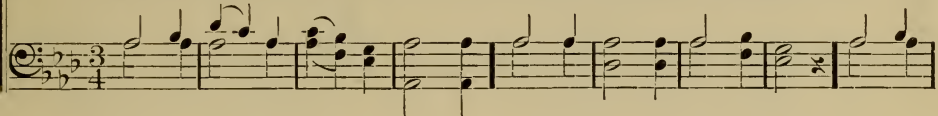
# Passion Week.

239 GUIDANCE. 8s & 7s. D.

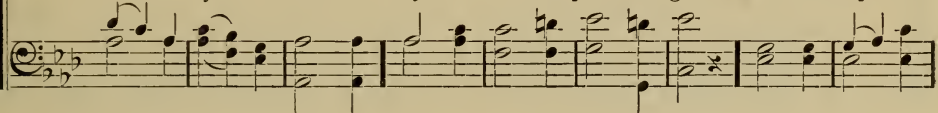
From FLOTOW.



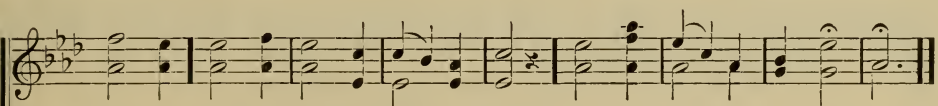
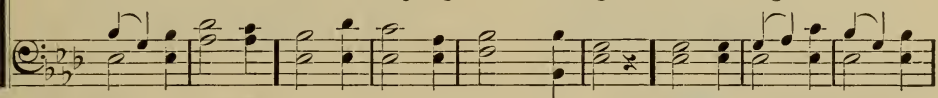
1 Who is this that comes from E - dom, Clad in robes with carnage stain'd, Bringing



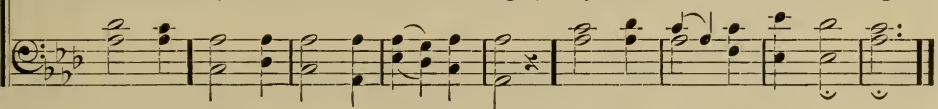
vic - to - ry and free - dom By his mar - tial prow - ess gain'd? 'Tis the cap - tain



of sal - va - tion Who is conq'ring in the fight, Res - cu - ing a lost cre -



a - tion By his un - as - sist - ed might, By his un - as - sist - ed might.



- 2 Lord, the course Thou art pursuing  
Is a course of glorious gain,  
But the work which Thou art doing  
Is a work of bitter pain;  
In a passion-tide beginning,  
It will lead to bright renown;  
By it Thou a way art winning  
To an everlasting crown.
- 3 Through thy cloud of shame and sorrow  
Brilliant gleams of light appear,  
Whence we hope and comfort borrow  
In our griefs and struggles here;

- Thou dost conquer death by dying,  
By thy death we ever live;  
And to us in darkness lying  
Thou dost endless glory give.
- 4 Cruel hands of sinners bound Thee,  
Thou a sinful world hast freed; [Thee,  
They with thorns and mockery crowned  
Placing in thy hand a reed;  
Now a starry crown Thou wearest,  
Heavenly King, almighty Lord;  
Scepter of the world Thou bearest,  
And by angels art adored.

C. Wordsworth.



# Passion Week.

240 KUECKEN. 7s.

From KUECKEN.

1 Surely Christ thy griefs has borne ; Weeping soul no long - er mourn ; View Him bleeding

on the tree, Pour-ing out his life for thee, Pour-ing out his life for thee.

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes  
On th' atoning sacrifice;  
There th' incarnate Deity  
Numbered with transgressors see.

At his feet thy burden lay,  
Look thy doubts and cares away.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on Him,  
Find Him mighty to redeem;

4 Lord, thine arm must be revealed  
Ere I can by faith be healed;  
Since I scarce can look to Thee,  
Cast a gracious eye on me.

A. M. Toplady.

241 PASSION CHORALE. 7s & 6s. D.

Arr. by SCHWING.

1 { O sa-cred Head now wounded, With grief and shame weigh'd down, }  
Now scorn-ful - ly sur-round-ed With thorns, thine only crown, } O sacred Head, what

glo-ry, What bliss till now was thine! Yet tho' despised and gory, I joy to call Thee mine.



## Passion Week.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
Was all for sinners' gain;  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But thine the deadly pain;  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour,  
'Tis I deserve thy place;  
Look on me with thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,  
Above all joys beside,  
When in thy body broken  
I thus with safety hide.  
My Lord of life, desiring  
Thy glory now to see,  
Beside the cross expiring  
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow  
To thank Thee, dearest friend,  
For this, thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
O make me thine forever,  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
Outlive my love to Thee.

5 Be near me when I'm dying,  
O show thy cross to me,  
And for my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, to set me free.  
These eyes new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move,  
For he who dies believing  
Dies safely through thy love.  
Paul Gerhardt, 1656. Tr. by J. W. Alexander

### 242

1 O LAMB of God, still keep me  
Near to thy wounded side;  
'Tis only there in safety  
And peace I can abide.  
What foes and snares surround me!  
What doubts and fears within!  
The grace that sought and found me  
Alone can keep me clean.  
2 'Tis only in Thee hiding  
I know my life secure;  
Only in Thee abiding  
The conflict can endure;

Thine arm the victory gaineth  
O'er every hateful foe;  
Thy love my heart sustaineth  
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall mine eyes behold Thee  
With rapture, face to face;  
One half hath not been told me  
Of all thy power and grace;  
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,  
The wonders of thy love,  
Shall be the endless story  
Of all thy saints above.

James George Deck, 1857.

### 243 EDEN. 7s & 6s.

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK, 1865.

I O Je - sus, in thy tor - ture, Nail'd to the bit - ter tree,

My soul's true guide and nur - ture, I yearn to be with Thee.

2 How can I taste of pleasure  
Whilst Thou dost hang in pain,  
Jesus mine only treasure,  
Mine everlasting gain?  
3 O Jesus, may thy sadness,  
Thine agony and tears,  
Win for my spirit gladness  
Throughout the endless years.

4 With thine own body feed me,  
Life to my soul accord,  
Then to thy pierc'd heart lead me,  
And hide me there, O Lord.  
5 And in my dying hour  
By those sharp wounds I pray,  
Lord, may thy passion's power  
Wash all my sins away.

Latin Hymn, of 15th century

# Passion Week.

244 REDHEAD. No. 47. 7s.

R. REDHEAD.

I See the des - tin'd day a - rise, See a will - ing sac - ri - fice;

Je - sus, to re - deem our loss, Hangs up - on the shame - ful cross.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Jesus, who but Thou had borne,<br/>Lifted on that tree of scorn,<br/>Every pang and bitter throe,<br/>Finishing thy life of woe?</p>              | <p>4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,<br/>Mingled from thy side with blood,<br/>Sign to all attesting eyes<br/>Of the finished sacrifice.</p> |
| <p>3 Who but Thou had dared to drain,<br/>Steeped in gall, the cup of pain,<br/>And with tender body bear<br/>Thorns and nails and piercing spear?</p> | <p>5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace<br/>In that sacrifice to place<br/>All our trust for life renewed,<br/>Pardoned sin and promised good.</p>      |

245 HOLLINGSIDE. 7s. D.

REV. J. B. DYKES, 1823—1876.

I By the blood that flow'd from Thee In thy bit - ter ag - o - ny, By the traitor's

guile - ful kiss, Fill - ing up thy bit - ter-ness, Je - sus, Sav-iour, hear our cry;

## Passion Week.

Thou wert suff'ring once as we, Hear the loving lit - a - ny We, thy children, sing to Thee.

- 2 By the cords that, round Thee cast,  
Bound Thee to the pillar fast,  
By the scourge so meekly borne,  
By thy purple robe of scorn,  
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.
- 3 By the thorns that crowned thy head,  
By the sceptre of a reed,  
By thy foes on bending knee  
Mocking at thy royalty,  
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.
- 4 By the people's cruel jeers,  
By the holy women's tears,  
By thy footsteps faint and slow,

- Weighed beneath thy cross of woe,  
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry, etc,
- 5 By the nails and pointed spear,  
By thy desolation drear,  
By thy dying prayer which rose  
Begging mercy for thy foes,  
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.
- 6 By the darkness thick as night,  
Blotting out the sun from sight,  
By the cry with which in death  
Thou didst yield thy parting breath,  
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.

F. W. Faber,

### 246 GREATOREX. 7s. 6 lines.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

FINE.

1 Bless - ed Sav - iour, Thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove;

D.C.—Ev - er let my glo - ry be, On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee.

All my hopes in Thee a - bide, Thou my hope, and naught be - side;

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 Once again beside the cross,  
All my gain I count but loss;  
Earthly pleasures fade away,  
Clouds they are that hide my day;  
Hence, vain shadows, let me see  
Jesus crucified for me.
- 3 From beneath that thorny crown  
Trickle drops of cleansing down;  
Pardon from thy piercé hand

- Now I take, while here I stand;  
Only then I live to Thee,  
When thy wounded side I see.
- 4 Blessed Saviour, thine am I,  
Thine to live and thine to die;  
Height or depth or earthly power  
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more;  
Ever shall my glory be  
Only, only, only Thee.

George Duffield.

# Passion Week.

## 247 GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6 lines.

RICHARD REDHEAD.

1 Go to dark Gethsema-ne, Ye that feel the tempter's pow'r, Your Redeemer's conflict see,

Watch with Him one bitter hour; Turn not from his griefs away, Learn of Jes-us Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,  
View the Lord of life arraigned;  
O the wormwood and the gall!  
O the pangs his soul sustained!  
Shun not suffering, shame or loss,  
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
There, adoring at his feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete;  
"It is finished," hear Him cry,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

J. Montgomery.

## 248

1 RESTING from his work to-day,  
In the tomb the Saviour lay;  
Still He slept, from head to feet  
Shrouded in the winding sheet,  
Lying in the rock alone,  
Hidden by the sealed stone.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,  
I would solemn vigil spend;  
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine  
In this rocky heart of mine,  
Where in pure embalmed cell  
None but Thou may ever dwell.

2 Late at even there was seen  
Watching long the Magdalene;  
Early, ere the break of day,  
Sorrowful she took her way  
To the holy garden glade,  
Where her buried Lord was laid.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,  
True affection's offering,  
Close the door from sight and sound  
Of the busy world around,  
And in patient watch remain  
Till my Lord appear again.

Thomas Whytehead, 1842.

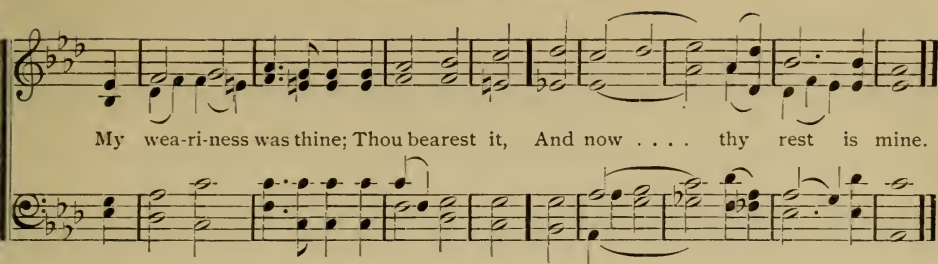
## 249 NEALE. 10s & 6s.

HENRY SCHWING.

1 Rest, weary Son of God; and I with Thee Rest . . . . in that rest of thine;



## Passion Week.



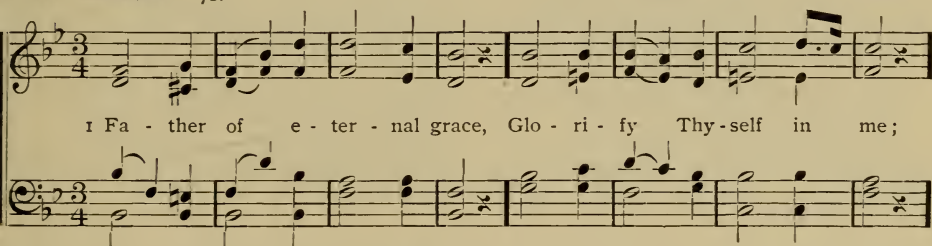
My wea-ri-ness was thine; Thou bearest it, And now . . . thy rest is mine.

- 2 Thy life on earth was one sad weariness,  
Nowhere to lay thy head;  
Thy days were toil and heat, thy lonely  
nights  
Sought some cold mountain bed.
- 3 How calmly in that tomb Thou liest now,  
Thy rest how still and deep! [gives  
O'er Thee in love the Father rests; He  
To his beloved sleep.
- 4 On Bethel pillow now thy head is laid,  
In Joseph's rock-hewn cell;
- Thy watchers are the angels of thy God,  
They guard thy slumbers well.
- 5 Rest, weary Son of God; thy work is  
done,  
And all thy burdens borne; [brought  
Rest on that stone, till the third sun has  
Thine everlasting morn.
- 6 Then to a higher, brighter, truer rest,  
Upon the throne above,  
Rise, weary Son of Man, to carry out  
Thy glorious work of love.

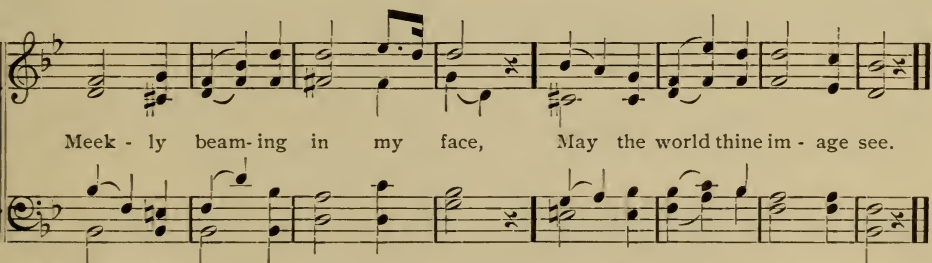
Horatius Bonar, 1868.

## 250 MERCY. 7s.

GOTTSCALK. Arr. by E. P. PARKER.



I Fa - ther of e - ter - nal grace, Glo - ri - fy Thy-self in me;



Meek - ly beam-ing in my face, May the world thine im - age see.

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

- 2 Happy only in thy love,  
Poor, unfriended or unknown  
Fix my thoughts on things above,  
Stay my heart on Thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all-resigned  
To thy will, thy will be done;
- Give me, Lord, the perfect mind  
Of thy well-beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,  
May I tread the path He trod,  
Die with Jesus on the cross,  
Rise with Him to Thee, my God.

James Montgomery, 1808

# Passion Week.

251 HORTON. 7s.

XAVIER SCHNYDER V. WARTENSEE, 1786—1868.

1 O Thou Maj - es - ty di - vine, Je - sus, on that cross of thine,  
Who can prove his love to Thee By such test of ag - o - ny?

- 2 Show me, Lord, thy wounds, I pray,  
Let me love for love repay;  
Let thy blood, thus shed for me,  
Now my life and healing be.
- 3 What in me is wounded yet,  
What doth still disease beget,  
Dearest Saviour, make it whole,  
Lord, restore this sin-sick soul.
- 4 Lord, my heart would feel and know  
All thine agony and woe,  
Each deep wound, that I may be  
Wholly crucified with Thee.
- 5 Gracious Jesus, Saviour dear,  
Guilty though I be, give ear;

- Spurn me not, though vile, I pray,  
From thy blessed cross away.
- 6 Lying at thy mercy-seat,  
Lo, with tears I wash thy feet;  
Pity on my misery take,  
Jesus, for thy mercy's sake.
- 7 From thy cross, uplifted high,  
O beloved, cast thine eye;  
Turn me to Thee, heart and soul,  
By thy sorrows make me whole.
- 8 Here I'll mourn with my last breath  
O'er my sins and o'er thy death;  
Jesus, Lamb of God, thy cross  
Saves me from eternal loss.

252 HAYES. 7s.

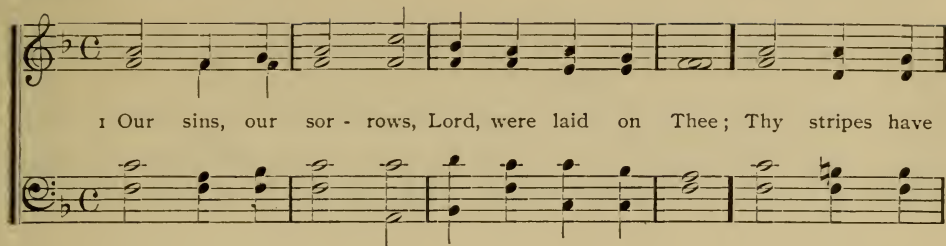
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Pain and toil are o - ver now, Bring the spice and bring the myrrh;  
Fold the limb and bind the brow In the rich man's sep - ul - cher.

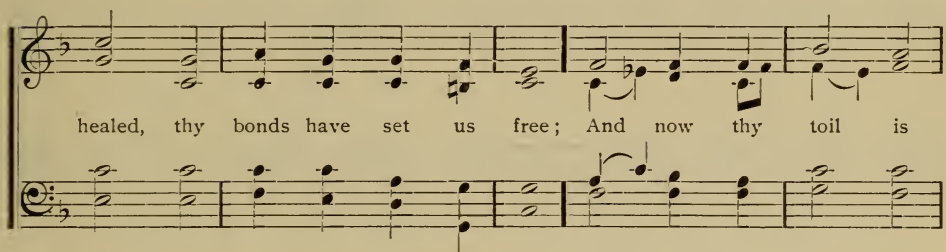
Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 Sin has bruised the victor's heel;  
Roll the stone and guard it well,  
Bring the Roman's boasted seal,  
Bring his boldest sentinel;

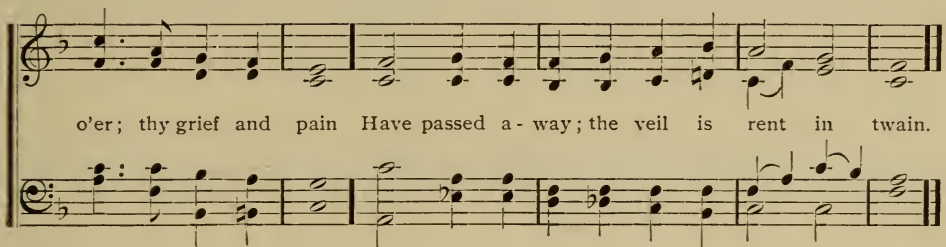
- 3 Yet the morning's purple ray  
Shall present a glorious sight,  
Stone by earthquake rolled away,  
Angel guards all robed in white.



1 Our sins, our sor - rows, Lord, were laid on Thee; Thy stripes have



healed, thy bonds have set us free; And now thy toil is



o'er; thy grief and pain Have passed a - way; the veil is rent in twain.

2 Now hast Thou laid Thee down in perfect peace  
Where all the wicked from their troubling cease,  
Thy tranquil Sabbath in the grave to keep;  
Thy Father giveth his beloved sleep.

3 Yet in thy glory, on the throne above,  
Thou wast abiding ever, love of love,  
Eternal, filling all created things  
With thine own presence, Jesus, King of kings.

4 E'en now our place is with Thee on the throne,  
For Thou abidest ever with thine own,  
Yet in the tomb with Thee we watch for day;  
O let thine angel roll the stone away.

5 O by thy life within us set us free,  
Reveal the glory that is hid with Thee;  
Glory to God the Father, God the Son  
And God the Holy Spirit, ever One.

# Passion Week.

254 ST. CROSS. L. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1 O come, and mourn with me a - while; O come ye to the Saviour's side;

O come, to- geth - er let us mourn; Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied. A - men.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,<br/>While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?<br/>Ah! look how patiently He hangs;<br/>Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.</p> <p>3 Seven times He spake, seven words of<br/>love,<br/>And all three hours his silence cried</p> | <p>For mercy on the souls of men;<br/>Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.</p> <p>4 A broken heart, a fount of tears,<br/>Ask, and they will not be denied;<br/>Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,<br/>Since Thou for us art crucified.</p> |
|--|--|

F. W. Faber.

255 HAVEN. 7s. 4 lines.

MRS. HELEN SCHMUCKER.

1 When on Si - nai's top I see God des - cend in maj - es - ty,

To pro - claim his ho - ly law, All my spir - it sinks with awe.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 When in ecstasy sublime<br/>Tabor's glorious steep I climb,<br/>At the too transporting light<br/>Darkness rushes o'er my sight.</p> <p>3 When on Calvary I rest,<br/>God, in flesh made manifest,</p> | <p>Shines in my Redeemer's face,<br/>Full of beauty, truth and grace.</p> <p>4 Here I would forever stay,<br/>Weep and gaze my soul away;<br/>Thou art heaven on earth to me,<br/>Lovely, mournful Calvary.</p> |
|---|---|



# Passion Week.

256 DRESDEN. 8s, 7s & 7s.

1 All is o'er, the pain, the sor-row, Hu-man taunts and

Sa-tan's spite; Death shall be de-spoiled to-mor-row

Of the prey he grasps to-night; Yet once more, his

own to save, Christ must sleep with-in the grave. A-men.

2 Fierce and deadly was the anguish  
On the bitter cross He bore;  
How did soul and body languish,  
Till the toil of death was o'er!  
But that toil so fierce and dread  
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

3 Close and still the tomb that holds Him,  
While in brief repose he lies;  
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,

Veiled awhile from mortal eyes,  
Slumber such as needs must be  
After hard-won victory.

4 All night long with plaintive voicing  
Chant his requiem soft and low;  
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing  
From to-morrow's harps shall flow;  
Death and hell at length are slain,  
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign.

John Moultrie.

# Easter.

257 RESURRECTION. 7s & 6s. D.

A. NEVIN.

1 The Lord of life is risen, Sing, Easter heralds, sing; He bursts his rocky prison, Wide let the triumph ring.

In death no longer lying, He rose, the Prince, to-day; Life of the dead and dying, He triumph'd o'er decay. Amen.

Per. of Miss A. NEVIN.

- 2 The Lord of life is risen,  
And love no longer grieves;  
In ruin lies death's prison,  
Sing, heralds, Jesus lives.  
We hear thy blessed greeting,  
Salvation's work is done,  
We worship Thee, repeating,  
"Life for the dead is won."
- 3 Around thy tomb, O Jesus,  
How sweet the Easter breath!  
Hear we not in the breezes,  
"Where is thy sting, O death?"  
Dark hell flies in commotion,  
The heavens their anthems sing,  
While far o'er earth and ocean  
Glad hallelujahs ring.

- 4 O publish this salvation,  
Ye heralds, through the earth,  
To every buried nation  
Proclaim the day of birth;  
Till, rising from their slumbers  
In long and ancient night,  
The countless heathen numbers  
Shall hail the Easter light.
- 5 Hail, hail, our Jesus risen!  
Sing, ransomed brethren, sing;  
Through death's dark, gloomy prison  
Let Easter chorals ring.  
Haste, haste, ye captive legions,  
Accept your glad reprieve;  
Come forth from sin's dark regions,  
In Jesus' kingdom live.

J. P. Lange, 1851. Tr. by H. Harbaugh.

258 HENDON. 7s.

C. H. A. MALAN.

1 An-gels, roll the rock a-way, Death, yield up thy might-y prey; See, the Sav-iour

leaves the tomb, Glow-ing with im - mor-tal bloom, Glow-ing with im - mor-tal bloom.

## Easter.

- 2 Hark, the wondering angels raise  
Louder notes of joyful praise;  
Let the earth's remotest bound  
Echo with the blissful sound.
- 3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,  
Now to glory see Him rise  
In long triumph through the sky,  
Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide,  
Mighty conqueror, through them ride;

- King of glory, mount thy throne,  
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 5 Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs,  
Sing and sweep your golden lyres;  
Sons of men, in humbler strain  
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.
- 6 Every note with wonder swell,  
Sin o'erthrown and captive hell;  
Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

Thos. Scott, 1775.

### 259 EASTER HYMN. 7s.

J. WORGAN (?). LYRA DAVIDICE, 1708.

I Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day, al - - le - lu - ia; Sons of men and angels  
say, al - - le - lu - ia; Raise your joys and triumphs high, al - - le - lu -  
ia; Sing, ye heav'ns and earth re - ply, al - - le - lu - - ia.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won;  
Lo, our sun's eclipse is o'er,  
Lo, He sets in blood no more.  
Alleluia.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids Him rise;  
Christ hath opened Paradise.  
Alleluia.

- 4 Lives again our glorious King;  
Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Once He died our souls to save;  
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?  
Alleluia.
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
Following our exalted Head;  
Made like Him, like Him we rise,  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.  
Alleluia.

Charles Wesley.

### 260

- 1 JESUS Christ is risen to-day,  
Our triumphant holy day,  
Who did once upon the cross  
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia.
- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing  
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,

- Who endured the cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia.
- 3 But the pains which He endured  
Our salvation have procured;  
Now above the sky He's King,  
Where the angels ever sing. Alleluia.

Old Latin Air. Tr. 1750



# Easter.

## 261 PASCHAL. 7s. D.

1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing, Praise to our vic - to - rious King, Who has

wash'd us in the tide, Flowing from his piercéd side; Praise we Him whose love divine Gives his

sacred blood for wine, Gives his bod - y for the feast, Christ the victim, Christ the Priest.

2 When the paschal blood is poured  
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;  
Israel's hosts triumphant go  
Through the wave that drowns the foe;  
Praise we Christ whose blood was shed,  
Paschal victim, paschal bread;  
With sincerity and love  
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty victim from the sky,  
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;  
Thou hast conquered in the fight,  
Thou hast brought us life and light;

Now no more can death appal,  
Now no more the grave enthal;  
Thou hast opened Paradise,  
And in Thee thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,  
Sin alone can this destroy;  
From sin's power do Thou set free  
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee;  
Hymns of glory and of praise,  
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;  
Holy Father, praise to Thee  
With the Spirit ever be.

Latin Hymn. Tr. by R. Campbell, 1850.

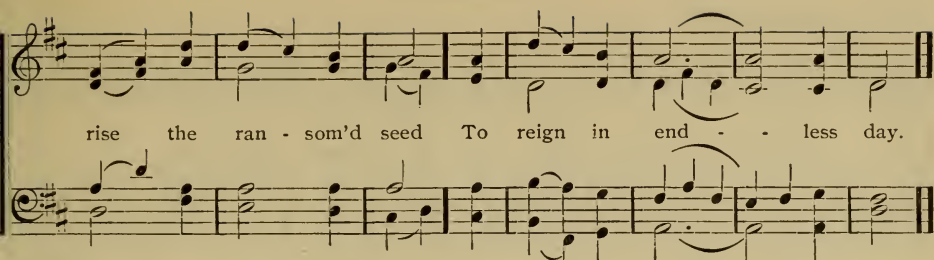
## 262 REBOUGH. S. M.

HENRY SCHWING.

1 The Lord is ris'n in - deed, The grave has lost its prey; With Him shall



# Easter.



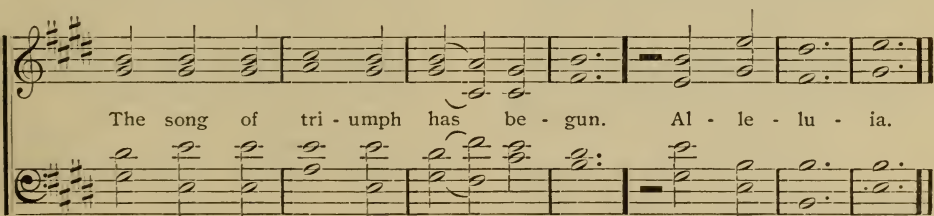
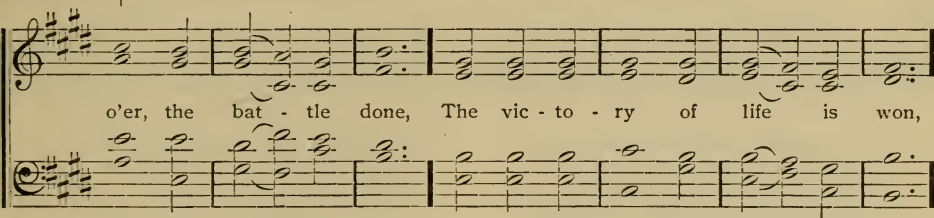
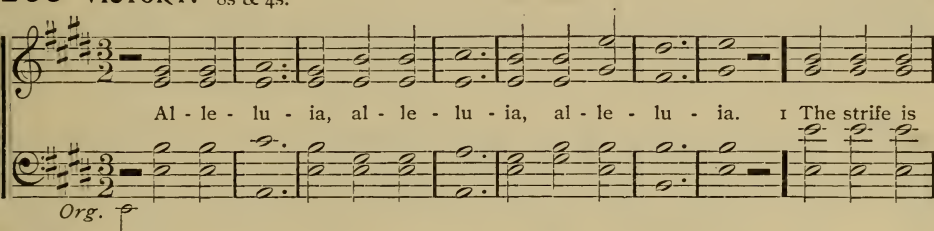
- 2 The Lord is ris'n indeed,  
He lives to die no more;  
He lives his people's cause to plead,  
Whose curse and shame He bore.
- 3 The Lord is ris'n indeed;  
Attending angels, hear,

- Up to the courts of heav'n with speed  
The joyful tidings bear.
- 4 Then take your golden lyres  
And strike each cheerful chord;  
Join all the bright, celestial choirs  
To sing our risen Lord.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

## 263 VICTORY. Ss & 4s.

From PALESTRINA.



- 2 The powers of death have done their 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,  
worst,  
But Christ their legions hath dispersed,  
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.  
Alleluia.
- 3 The three sad days are quickly sped,  
He rises glorious from the dead,  
All glory to our risen Head.  
Alleluia.
- 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee  
From death's dread sting thy servants  
free,  
That we may live and sing to Thee,  
Alleluia.

Francis Pott.

# Easter.

## 264 WIRTEMBURG. 7s.

I Christ the Lord is ris'n a - gain, Christ hath bro - ken

ev - 'ry chain; Hark, an - gel - ic voic - es cry, Sing - ing

ev - er - more on high, Al - - le - lu - ia. A - men.

2 He who bore all pain and loss,  
Comfortless upon the cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us and hears our cry,  
Alleluia.

3 He who slumbered in the grave  
Is exalted now to save;  
Now through Christendom it rings  
That the Lamb is King of kings.  
Alleluia.

4 Now He bids us tell abroad  
How the lost may be restored,  
How the penitent forgiven,  
How we too may enter heaven.  
Alleluia.

5 Thou, our paschal Lamb indeed,  
Christ, thy ransomed people feed;  
Take our sins and guilt away,  
That we all may sing for aye,  
Alleluia.

Michael Weisse, 1531. Tr. by Cath. Winkworth.

## 265 ECCLESIA. 8s & 7s. D.

I Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! Hearts to heav'n and voic-es raise;

# Easter.

Sing to God a hymn of glad - ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise.

He who on the cross a vic - tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled,

Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.

2 Now the iron bars are broken,  
Christ from death to life is born,  
Glorious life and life immortal,  
On this holy Easter morn;  
Christ has triumphed and we conquer  
By his vict'ry o'er the grave;  
Quickened with Him by the Spirit  
We the life eternal have.

3 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits  
Of the holy harvest field,  
Which with all its full abundance  
At his second coming yield;

Men the golden ears of harvest  
With their heads before Him wave,  
Ripened by his glorious sunshine  
From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen;  
Shed upon us heavenly grace,  
Rain and dew and streams of glory  
From the brightness of thy face,  
That we, with our hearts in heaven,  
Here on earth may fruitful be,  
And by angel hands be gathered,  
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

Christopher Wordsworth

## 266

1 Alleluia, sing to Jesus,  
His the sceptre, his the throne,  
Alleluia, his the triumph,  
His the victory alone;  
Hark, the songs of peaceful Zion  
Thunder like a mighty flood;  
Jesus out of every nation  
Hath redeemed us by his blood.

2 Alleluia, bread of angels,  
Thou on earth our food, our stay,  
Alleluia, here the sinful  
Flee to Thee from day to day;

Intercessor, friend of sinners,  
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,  
Where the songs of all the sinless  
Sweep across the crystal sea.

3 Alleluia, King eternal,  
Thee the Lord of lords we own,  
Alleluia, born of Mary,  
Earth thy footstool, heav'n thy throne;  
Thou within the veil hast entered,  
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest,  
Thou on earth both Priest and victim  
In the eucharistic feast.

W. C. Dix



# Easter.

## 267 DULCE CARMEN. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

HAYDN.

1 Al - le - lu - ia, song of sweetness, Voice of joy that can - not die, Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them

Ev - er dear to choirs on high; In the house of God a - bid - ing, Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,  
True Jerusalem and free;  
Alleluia, joyful mother,  
All thy children sing with thee;  
But by Babylon's sad waters  
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always  
Be our song while here below;  
Alleluia our transgressions

Make us for awhile forego,  
For the solemn time is coming  
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray thee  
Grant us, blessed Trinity,  
At the last to keep thine Easter  
In our home beyond the sky,  
There to Thee forever singing  
Alleluia joyfully.

Adam St. Victor. Tr. J. M. Neale.

## 268 SALVATORI. 7s & 6s.

HAYDN.

FINE.

1 { The day of res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad, }  
{ The Pass - ov - er of glad - ness, The Pass - ov - er of God; }

D.C.—Our Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.

From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky, A - men.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil  
That we may see aright  
The Lord in rays eternal  
Of resurrection light,  
And listening to his accents  
May hear, so calm and plain,  
His own "All hail," and hearing  
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,  
Let earth her song begin,  
Let all the world keep triumph,  
And all that is therein;  
In grateful exultation  
Their notes let all things blend,  
For Christ the Lord hath risen,  
Our joy that hath no end.



# Easter.

269 LISCHER. H. M.

F. SCHNEIDER. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1841.

1 Yes, the Re-deem-er rose, The Saviour left the dead, And o'er our hell-ish foes

High rais'd his conq'ring head; In wild dis-may the guards around Fall to the ground and

sink a - way, Fall to . . . the ground and sink a - way.

2 Lo, the angelic bands  
In full assembly meet,  
To wait his high commands  
And worship at his feet;  
Joyful they come, and wing their way  
From realms of day to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly  
And the glad tidings bear;  
Hark, as they soar on high,  
What music fills the air!  
Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled,  
Hath left the dead; He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,  
Redeemed by Him from hell,  
And send the echo round  
The globe on which you dwell;  
Transported cry, "Jesus, who bled,  
Hath left the dead, no more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,  
Who sav'st us with thy blood;  
Wide be thy name adored,  
Thou rising, reigning God;  
With Thee we rise, with Thee we reign  
And empires gain beyond the skies.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

270

1 GREAT Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless thy name;  
By Thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came,  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued and peace with heaven.

2 Be Thou my counsellor,  
My pattern and my guide,  
And through this desert land

Still keep me near thy side;  
O let my feet ne'er run astray,  
Nor rove nor seek the crooked way.

3 I love my Shepherd's voice;  
His watchful eyes shall keep  
My wandering soul among  
The thousands of his sheep;  
He feeds his flock, He calls their names,  
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

# Easter.

271 DARWALL. H. M.

JOHN DARWALL, 1770.



1 Re-joyce, the Lord is King, Your God and King a - dore; Mortals, give thanks and sing  
And triumph ev-er-more; Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Rejoice, again I say, re-joyce.

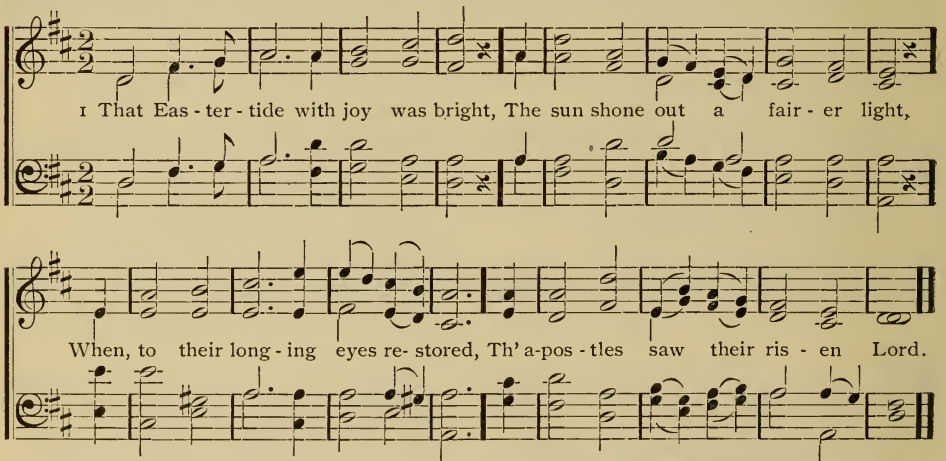
2 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

With pure seraphic joy;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.  
4 Rejoice in glorious hope;  
Jesus, the Judge, shall come  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home;  
We soon shall hear th'archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

Charles Wesley, 1746.

272 TRURO. L. M.

CHARLES BURNEY.



1 That Eas - ter - tide with joy was bright, The sun shone out a fair - er light,  
When, to their long - ing eyes re - stored, Th'a-pos - tles saw their ris - en Lord.

2 He bade them see his hands, his side,  
Where yet the glorious wounds abide;  
O tokens true, which made it plain  
Their Lord indeed was risen again.

That we may give Thee all our days  
The tribute of our grateful praise.

3 Jesus, the King of righteousness,  
Do Thou Thyself our hearts possess,

4 O Lord of all, with us abide  
In this our joyful Eastertide;  
From every weapon death can wield  
Thine own redeemed forever shield.

# Easter.

273 ST. ALBINUS. 7s, 8s & 4s.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1872.

1 Je - sus lives; no long - er now Can thy ter-rors, death, ap - pal us; Je - sus

lives; by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en - thral us. *f* Al - le - lu - ia.

2 Jesus lives; henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immortal;  
This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.  
Alleluia.

4 Jesus lives; our hearts know well  
Naught from us his love shall sever;  
Life nor death nor powers of hell  
Tear us from his keeping ever.  
Alleluia.

3 Jesus lives; for us He died;  
Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.  
Alleluia.

5 Jesus lives; to Him the throne  
Over all the world is given;  
May we go where He is gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
Alleluia.

C. F. Gellert, 1757. Tr. by Frances E. Cox, 1841.

274 LAUD. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1 Ye choirs of new Je - ru - sa - lem, Your sweet - est notes em - ploy,

The pas - chal vic - to - ry to hymn In strains of ho - ly joy.

2 For Judah's Lion bursts his chains,  
Crushing the serpent's head,  
And cries aloud through death's domains  
To wake th' imprisoned dead.

4 Triumphant in his glory now,  
To Him all power is given;  
To Him in one communion bow  
All saints in earth and heaven.

3 Devouring depths of hell their prey  
At his command restore;  
His ransomed hosts pursue their way  
Where Jesus goes before.

5 While we, his soldiers, praise our King,  
His mercy we implore  
Within his palace bright to bring  
And keep us evermore.



# Easter.

## 275 RESURRECTION JOY. 11S & 12S.

Arr. from JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.

FINE.

1 Lift your glad voi-ces in tri-umph on high, For Je-sus hath ris-en, and man shall not die;

D.C.—Loud was the cho-rus of an-gels on high, "The Saviour hath ris-en and man shall not die.

Vain were the ter-rors that gathered around Him, And short the do-min-ion of death and the grave;

He burst from the fet-ters of darkness that bonnd Him, Resplendent in glo-ry, to live and to save.

### 2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!

The being He gave us death cannot destroy;

Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,

If tears were our birthright and death were our end;

But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,

And bade us immortal to heaven ascend;

Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,

For Jesus hath risen and man shall not die.

Henry Ware, Jr.

## 276 KENAN. 7S.

L. B. WOODBURY.

1 When two friends on Eas-ter day To Em-ma-us bent their way, On that pas-schal e-ven-tide, Christ was walk-ing at their side.

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 Then their hearts within them glowed  
When Himself to them He showed  
In the Scripture, as a King  
Glorified by suffering.

3 Thou art ever with us, Lord,  
Walking in thy holy word;  
And thy voice, O Saviour dear,  
In that word we ever hear.

4 What the holy prophets meant,  
In the ancient testament,  
Thou art opening to our view,  
Lord, forever in the new.

5 And thy presence, Lord, we feel  
When we at thy table kneel;  
When we feed upon Thee there,  
We too at Emmaus are.

6 Though not kenn'd by carnal eye,  
Yet we know Thee ever nigh;  
Though Thou art much further gone  
Even to thy heavenly throne,

7 Yet we, Lord, behold thy face  
Ever in the means of grace;  
There Thou walkest by our side,  
There Thou with us dost abide.

Christopher Wordsworth.



# Easter.

## 277 CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1765-1844.

1 All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,

Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at his feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1780.

## 278 CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 A-bide with us, the shades of eve Are fall-ing fast a-round;

Far spent the day, O do not leave The souls thy love has found.

Per. of J. H. KURZENKNABE.

2 O leave us not, though slow of heart  
To trust thy plighted word;  
Abide, nor evermore depart,  
Abide with us, O Lord.

3 The solemn joy, the awful fear,  
The hallowed hush of peace,

The consciousness that Thou art near,  
We would not these should cease.

4 They came to us with glad accord  
This blessed Eastertide;  
They will abide with us, O Lord,  
If Thou with us abide.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1837.

# Easter.

279 EVENTIDE. 108.

W. H. MONK.

1 A-bide with me, fast falls the e-ven-tide; The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide;

When oth-er help-ers fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away; Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness;  
Change and decay in all around I see; Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?  
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me. I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour; 5 Hold Thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;  
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be? Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me. In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1847.

280 LUTON. L. M.

1 Light's glittering morn be-decks the sky, Heav'n thunders forth its vic-tor cry,

The glad earth shouts her tri-umph high, And groaning hell makes wild re- ply,

- 2 While He, the King, the mighty King, But now, in pomp and triumph high,  
Despoiling death of all its sting He comes from death to victory.  
And trampling down the powers of night, 4 The pains of hell are loosed at last,  
Brings forth his ransomed saints to light. The days of mourning now are past;  
3 His tomb of late the threefold guard An angel robed in light hath said,  
Of watch and stone and seal had barred; "The Lord is risen from the dead."

# Easter.

281 GOSHEN. IIS.

GERMAN.

1 Come, Je - sus, Re - deem - er, a - bide Thou with me, Come, glad - den my

D.S.—And soothe ev - 'ry

spir - it that wait - eth for Thee; Thy smile ev - 'ry shad - ow shall chase from my heart,

sor - row, tho' keen be the smart.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 Without Thee but weakness, with Thee<br>I am strong;<br>By day Thou shalt lead me, by night be<br>my song;<br>Though dangers surround me, I still<br>every fear,<br>Since Thou, the most mighty, my helper,<br>art near.         | 4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled,<br>thy peace;<br>From restless, vain wishes bid Thou my<br>heart cease;<br>In Thee all its longings henceforward<br>shall end,<br>Till glad to thy presence my soul shall<br>ascend. |
| 3 Thy love, O how faithful, so tender, so<br>pure,<br>Thy promise, faith's anchor, how stead-<br>fast and sure!<br>That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold<br>heart can warm,<br>That promise make steady my soul in<br>the storm. | 5 O then, blessed Jesus, who once for me<br>died,<br>Made clean in the fountain that gushed<br>from thy side,<br>I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall<br>behold,<br>And praise Thee with raptures forever<br>untold.         |

Ray Palmer.

282

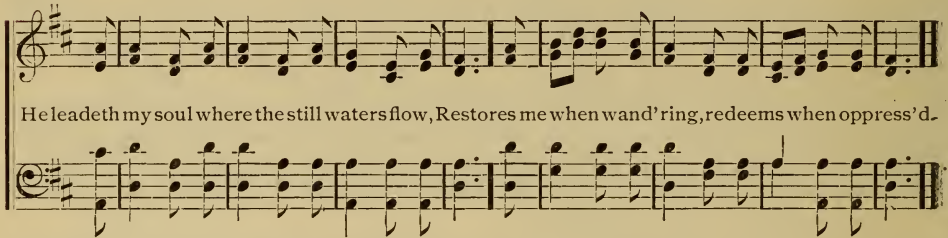
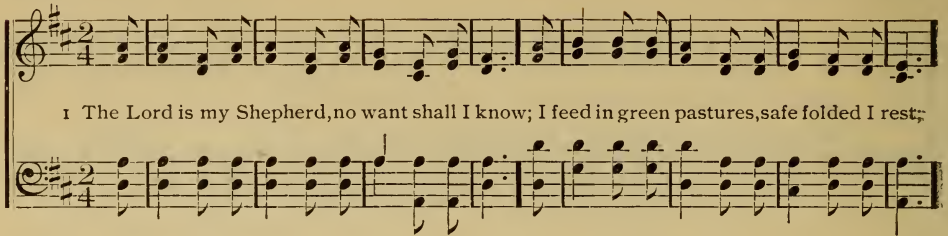
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|--|--|
| 1 O HAD I, my Saviour, the wings of a<br>dove,<br>How soon would I soar to thy presence<br>above,<br>How soon would I flee where the weary<br>have rest,<br>And hide all my cares in thy sheltering<br>breast! | 3 Ah! there the wild tempest forever shall<br>cease,<br>No billow shall ruffle that haven of<br>peace;<br>Temptation and trouble alike shall de-<br>part,<br>All tears from the eye and all sin from<br>the heart. |
| 2 I flutter, I struggle and long to be<br>free,<br>I feel me a captive while banished from<br>Thee;<br>A pilgrim and stranger, the desert I<br>roam,<br>And look on to heaven and fain would<br>be home.       | 4 Soon, soon may this Eden of promise<br>be mine;<br>Rise, bright sun of glory, no more to<br>decline;<br>Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness<br>cheers;<br>O what will it be when the fulness ap-<br>pears?    |



# Easter.

283 LONGWOOD. 11S.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1847.



- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death  
    though I stray,  
    Since Thou art my guardian no evil I  
    fear;  
    Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my  
    stay,  
    No harm can befall with my com-  
    forter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is  
    spread,  
    With blessings unmeasured my cup  
    runneth o'er,
- 4 With perfume and oil Thou anointest  
    my head,  
    O what shall I ask of thy providence-  
    more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful  
    God,  
    Still follow my steps till I meet Thee  
    above;  
I seek, by the path which my forefathers  
    trod  
    Through the land of their sojourn, thy  
    kingdom of love.

J. Montgomery, 1822.

284

- 1 THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go 3 Into his green pastures our footsteps.  
    on our way,  
    The Lord is our leader, his word is our  
    stay;  
    Though suffering and sorrow and trial  
    be near,  
    The Lord is our refuge and whom can  
    we fear?
- 2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the 4  
    faint;  
    The weak and oppressed, He will hear  
    their complaint;  
    The way may be weary, and thorny the  
    road,  
    But how can we falter? Our help is in  
    God.
- 3 Into his green pastures our footsteps.  
    He leads,  
    His flock in the desert how kindly He  
    feeds!  
    The lambs in his bosom He tenderly  
    bears,  
    And brings back the wanderers all safe  
    from the snares.
- 4 Though clouds may surround us, our  
    God is our light;  
    Though storms rage around us, our God  
    is our might;  
    So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we  
    come,  
    The Lord is our leader, his kingdom  
    our home.

John N. Darby, 1861.



# Easter.

285 CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

J. RANDALE.

I Ho-san-na to the Prince of light, Who cloth'd Himself in clay, Entered the i - ron

gates of death And tore the bars a-way, And tore the bars away, And tore the bars a - way.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,  
Since our Immanuel rose;  
He took the tyrant's sting away  
And vanquished all our foes.

3 See how the conq'ror mounts aloft  
And to his Father flies,  
With scars of honor in his flesh  
And triumph in his eyes.

4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,  
To reach his blessed abode;  
Sweet be the accents of your songs  
To our incarnate God.

5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,  
Your sweetest voices raise;  
Let heaven and all created things  
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

Isaac Watts. 1707.

286 LANESBORO. C. M.

W. DIXON.

I The head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glory now; A roy - al di - a -

dem a - dorns, A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The mighty vic - tor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords  
Is his, is his by right,  
The King of kings and Lord of lords,  
And heaven's eternal light,

3 The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below,  
To whom He manifests his love  
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given;

Their name, an everlasting name,  
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,  
They reign with Him above;  
Their profit and their joy, to know  
The myst'ry of his love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,  
Though shame and death to Him,  
His people's hope, his people's wealth,  
Their everlasting theme.

Thos. Kelly, 1820.

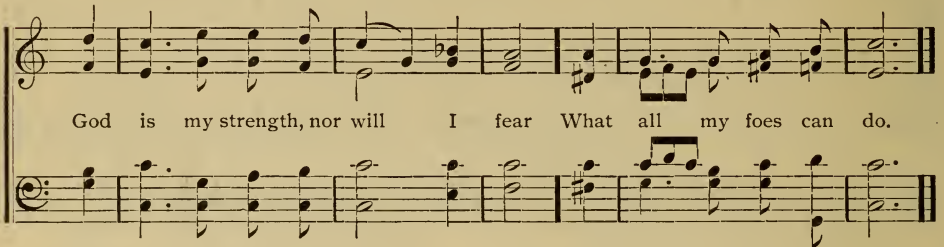
# Easter.

287 MERTON. C. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



1 The Lord of glo - ry is my light And my sal - va - tion too;



God is my strength, nor will I fear What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires,  
O grant me an abode  
Among the churches of thy saints,  
The temples of my God.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,  
There may his children hide;  
God has a strong pavilion, where  
He makes my soul abide.

3 There shall I offer my requests  
And see thy beauty still,  
Shall hear thy messages of love  
And there inquire thy will.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high  
Above my foes around,  
And songs of joy and victory  
Within thy temple sound.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

288

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace,  
Thy bounties how complete!  
How shall we count the matchless sum,  
How pay the mighty debt?

And wilt confess their humble names  
Before thy Father's face.

2 High on a throne of radiant light  
Dost Thou exalted shine;  
What can our poverty bestow,  
When all the worlds are thine?

4 In them Thou mayst be clothed and fed  
And visited and cheered;  
And in their accents of distress  
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

3 But Thou hast brethren here below,  
The partners of thy grace,

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,  
We in thy poor would see;  
O may we minister to them,  
And in them, Lord, to Thee.

Philip Doddridge, 1740

289

1 IF Christ is mine, then all is mine,  
And more than angels know,  
Both present things and things to come  
And grace and glory too.

3 If Christ is mine, unharmed I pass  
Through death's dark dismal vale;  
He'll be my comfort and my stay,  
When heart and flesh shall fail.

2 If Christ is mine, let friends forsake,  
And earthly comforts flee;  
He, the full source of every good,  
Is more than all to me.

4 O Christ, assure me Thou art mine,  
I nothing want beside;  
My soul shall at the fountain live,  
When all the streams are dried.

Benj. Beddome, 1776.

# Easter.

290 WILLIAMSON. S. M.

Arr. by A. NEVIN. GERMAN.

i The Lord my Shep - herd is, I shall be well sup - plied; Since  
He is mine and I am his, What can I want be - side? A - men.

Per. of Miss A. NEVIN.

2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass  
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.

4 While He affords his aid  
I cannot yield to fear;

Though I should walk through death's  
dark shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes  
Thou dost my table spread;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my foll'wing days,  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

Isaac Watts.

291 WELTON. L. M.

CÆSAR H. A. MALAN, 1830.

i He lives, the great Re - deem - er lives; What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives!  
And now, be - fore his Fa - ther, God, Pleads the full mer - it of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,  
And justice armed with frowns appears;  
But in the Saviour's lovely face  
Sweet mercy smiles and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye black despairing  
thoughts;  
Above our fears, above our faults,  
His pow'ful intercessions rise,  
And guilt recedes and terror dies.

4 In every dark distressful hour,  
When sin and Satan join their power,  
Let this dear hope repel the dart,  
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty friend,  
On Him our humble hopes depend;  
Our cause can never, never fail,  
For Jesus pleads and must prevail.

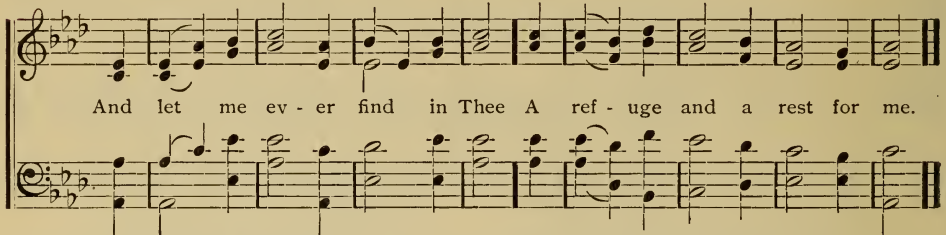
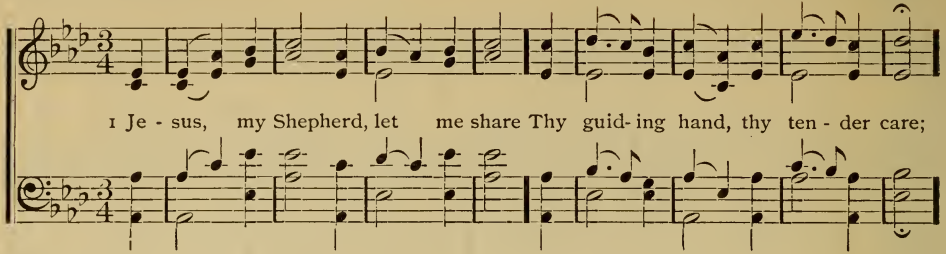
Anne Steele, 1760.



# Easter.

292 LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 O lead me ever by thy side,<br/>Where fields are green and waters glide;<br/>And be Thou still, where'er I be,<br/>A refuge and a rest for me.</p> <p>3 While I this barren desert tread,<br/>Feed Thou my soul on heavenly bread;<br/>'Mid foes and fears Thee may I see,<br/>A refuge and a rest for me.</p> | <p>4 Anoint me with thy gladdening grace,<br/>To cheer me in the heavenly race;<br/>Cause all my gloomy doubts to flee<br/>And make my spirit rest in Thee.</p> <p>5 When death shall end this mortal strife,<br/>Bring me through death to endless life;<br/>Then, face to face, beholding Thee,<br/>My refuge and my rest shall be.</p> |
|---|---|

Henry Harbaugh, 1859.

293

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,<br/>Thy little flock in safety keep, [heav'n,<br/>The flock for which Thou cam'st from<br/>The flock for which thy life was giv'n.</p> <p>2 O guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,<br/>And guide them that they never stray;<br/>Cherish the young, sustain the old,<br/>Let none be feeble in thy fold.</p> <p>3 Secure them from the scorching beam<br/>And lead them to the living stream;</p> | <p>In verdant pastures let them lie<br/>And watch them with a shepherd's eye.</p> <p>4 O may thy sheep discern thy voice,<br/>And in its sacred sound rejoice;<br/>From strangers may they ever flee,<br/>And know no other guide but Thee.</p> <p>5 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet<br/>And let the number be complete;<br/>Then let thy flock from earth remove<br/>And occupy the fold above.</p> |
|--|--|

Thomas Kelly.

294

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 LET me be with Thee where Thou art,<br/>My Saviour, my eternal rest;<br/>Then only will this longing heart<br/>Be fully and forever blest.</p> <p>2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,<br/>Thy unveiled glory to behold;<br/>Then only will this wandering heart<br/>Cease to be treach'rous, faithless,<br/>cold.</p> | <p>3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,<br/>Where spotless saints thy name adore;<br/>Then only will this sinful heart<br/>Be evil and defiled no more.</p> <p>4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,<br/>Where none can die, where none<br/>remove;<br/>Then neither death nor life will part<br/>Me from thy presence and thy love.</p> |
|--|---|

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.



# Easter.

295 SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s & 4s.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1816—1868.

1 { Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tender care; }  
In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare; } Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,

Thou hast bought us, thine we are, Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Thou hast promised to receive us,<br/>Poor and sinful though we be;<br/>Thou hast mercy to relieve us,<br/>Grace to cleanse and power to free;<br/>Blessed Jesus,<br/>Let us early turn to Thee.</p> | <p>3 Early let us seek thy favor,<br/>Early let us do thy will;<br/>Blessed Lord and only Saviour,<br/>With thy love our bosoms fill;<br/>Blessed Jesus,<br/>Thou hast loved us, love us still.</p> |
|---|---|

Dorothy Ann Thrupp, 1838.

296 CLEVER. 8s, 6s, 8s, 4s.

SIR JOHN GOSS.

1 Our blest Re - deem - er, ere He breath'd His ten - der last fare - well,

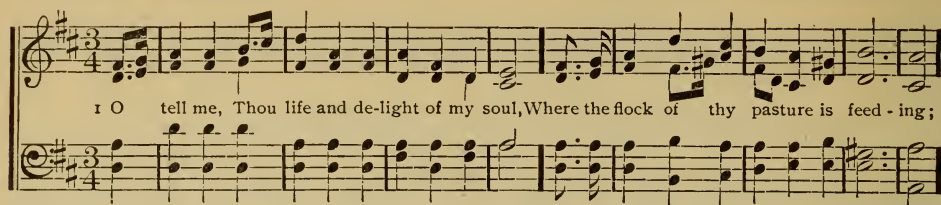
A guide, a com - fort - er, bequeath'd, With us to dwell.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 He came sweet influence to impart,<br/>A gracious, willing guest,<br/>While He can find one humble heart<br/>Wherein to rest.</p>                     | <p>4 And every virtue we possess,<br/>And every conquest won,<br/>And every thought of holiness,<br/>Are his alone.</p>               |
| <p>3 And his that gentle voice we hear,<br/>Soft as the breath of even, [each fear,<br/>That checks each thought, that calms<br/>And speaks of heaven.</p> | <p>5 Spirit of purity and grace,<br/>Our weakness, pitying, see;<br/>O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,<br/>And worthier Thee.</p> |

# Easter.

## 297 STILL WATER. 108 & 118.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1 O tell me, Thou life and de-light of my soul, Where the flock of thy pasture is feed - ing;

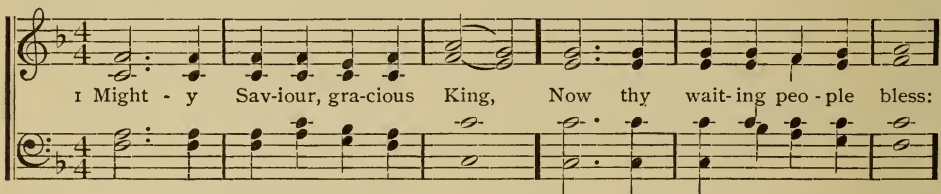


I seek thy pro - tec-tion, I need thy con - trol, I would go where my Shepherd is lead - ing.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 O tell me the place where thy flock is at rest, [posing;<br/>Where the noontide will find it re-<br/>The tempest now rages, my soul is dis-<br/>tressed,<br/>And the pathway of peace I am losing.</p>              | <p>4 Ah! when shall my woes and my wan-<br/>derings cease, [weeping?<br/>And the follies that fill me with<br/>Thou Shepherd of Israel, restore me<br/>that peace [keeping.<br/>Thou dost give to the flock Thou art</p> |
| <p>3 And why should I stray with the flocks<br/>of thy foes, [roving,<br/>In the desert where now they are<br/>Where hunger and thirst, where affliction<br/>and woes [ing?<br/>And temptations their ruin are prov-</p> | <p>5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids me<br/>return [lying,<br/>By the way where the footprints are<br/>No longer to wander, no longer to<br/>mourn,<br/>And homeward my spirit is flying.</p>                         |

## 298 DIJON. 75.

GERMAN.



1 Might - y Sav-iour, gra-cious King, Now thy wait-ing peo-ple bless:



Thou that dost de - liv - rance bring; Come, to reign in right - eous - ness.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Thou dost heavenly light impart,<br/>Tune the ear to Zion's song,<br/>Teach and guide the wayward heart,<br/>Loose and prompt the stamm'ring<br/>tongue.</p> | <p>Streams of life and joy supply,<br/>Fill the world with righteousness.</p>  |
| <p>3 Pour thy spirit from on high,<br/>Come, thy mourning Church to bless;</p>  | <p>4 Light shall then possess thine own,<br/>Holy quiet, perfect peace;<br/>And where heav'nly seed is sown<br/>Thou wilt give the blest increase.</p> |

# Ascension.

299 MOZART. 7s.

JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART, 1756—1791.

1 Hail the day that sees Him rise, Ravish'd from our wish-ful eyes; Christ a-while to mor-tals giv'n, Re-as-cends his na-tive heav'n, Re-as-cends his na-tive heav'n.

- 2 There the pompous triumphs waits;  
Lift your heads, eternal gates,  
Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
Take the King of glory in.
- 3 Him though highest heaven receives,  
Still He loves the earth He leaves;  
Though returning to his throne,  
Still He calls mankind his own.
- 4 See, He lifts his hands above,  
See, He shows the prints of love;

- Hark, his gracious lips bestow  
Blessings on his Church below.
- 5 Still for us his death He pleads,  
Prevalent, He intercedes;  
Near Himself prepares our place,  
Harbinger of human race.
- 6 There we shall with Thee remain,  
Partners of thine endless reign;  
There thy face, unclouded see,  
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in Thee.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

300 HALLETT. 7s. 6 lines.

1 Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King! Crowns unfading wreath his head; Je-sus is the name we sing,  
Je-sus, ris-en from the dead, Je-sus, conqueror o'er the grave, Je-sus, mighty now to save.

- 2 Jesus is gone up on high,  
Angels come to meet their King;  
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,  
While the victor's praise they sing:  
"Open now, ye heavenly gates,  
'Tis the King of glory waits."

- 3 Now behold Him high enthroned,  
Glory beaming from his face,  
By adoring angels owned,  
God of holiness and grace;  
"O for hearts and tongues to sing,  
"Glory, glory to our King."



# Ascension.

301 PROMISE. 8s & 7s. D.

HENRY SMART.

1 See, the conq'ror mounts in triumph, See the King in roy-al state Rid-ing on the  
clouds, his char-iot, To his heav'nly pal-ace gate; Hark, the choirs of an-gel voi-ces  
Joy-ful al-le-lu-ias sing, And the por-tals high are lift-ed To receive their heav'nly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory  
With the trump of jubilee?  
Lord of battles, God of armies,  
He has gained the victory;  
He who on the cross did suffer,  
He who from the grave arose,  
He has vanquished sin and Satan,  
He by death has spoiled his foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature  
In the clouds to God's right hand;  
There we sit in heavenly places,  
There with Thee in glory stand;  
Jesus reigns, adored by angels,  
Man with God is on the throne;  
Mighty Lord, in thine ascension  
We by faith behold our own.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1863.

302

1 CHRIST, above all glory seated,  
King triumphant, strong to save,  
Dying, Thou hast death defeated,  
Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.  
Thou art gone where now is given  
What no mortal might could gain,  
On th'eternal throne of heaven  
In thy Father's power to reign.  
2 There thy kingdoms all adore Thee,  
Heaven above and earth below,  
While the depths of hell before Thee  
Trembling and amazed bow.

We, O Lord, with hearts adoring  
Follow Thee beyond the sky;  
Hear our prayers thy grace imploring,  
Lift our souls to Thee on high.

3 So, when Thou again in glory  
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,  
We thy flock may stand before Thee,  
Owned forevermore as thine.  
Hail, all hail, in Thee confiding,  
Jesus, Thee shall all adore,  
In thy Father's might abiding  
With one Spirit evermore.

Latin Hymn, 5th century.

303 HARWELL. 8s & 7s.

LOWELL MASON, 1840.

1 Hark, ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; Jesus reigns and heav'n re-joices,



# Ascension.

Je - sus reigns, the God of love; See, He sits on yon - der throne, yon - der throne,

Je - sus rules the world a - lone. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

- 2 Jesus, hail, whose glory brightens  
All above and gives it worth;  
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,  
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth;  
When we think of love like thine,  
Lord, we own it love divine.
- Those whom Thou hast made thine  
Happy objects of thy grace, [own,  
Destined to behold thy face.
- 3 King of glory, reign forever,  
Thine an everlasting crown;  
Nothing from thy love shall sever
- 4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing,  
Bring, O bring the glorious day,  
When, the awful summons hearing,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away;  
Then with golden harps we'll sing,  
"Glory, glory to our King."

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

## 304 CORONAE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

W. H. MONK, 1823—.

1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious; See the "Man of sorrows" now; From the fight returned victorious,

Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow; Crown Him, crown Him, Crowns become the vic - tor's brow.

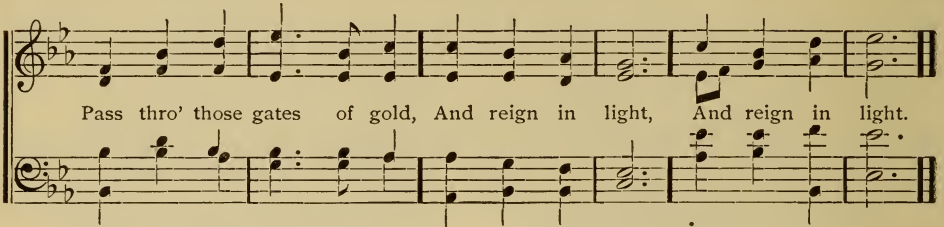
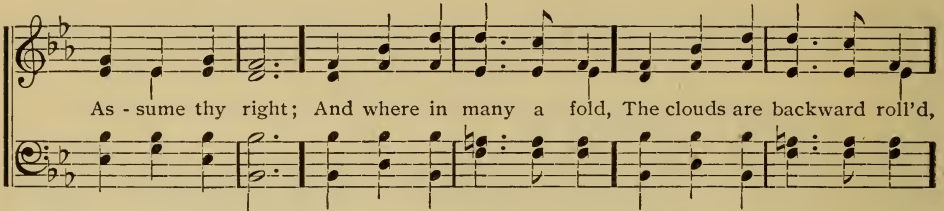
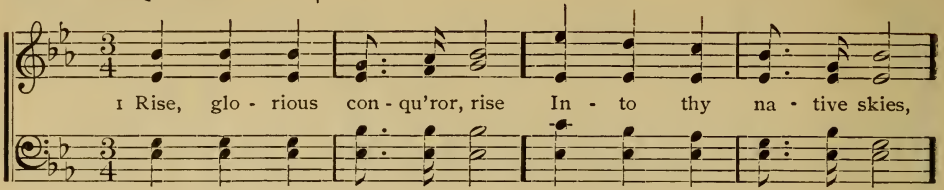
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him,  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;  
In the seat of power enthrone Him,  
While the heavenly concave rings:  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
Crown the Saviour, King of kings.
- Own his title, praise his name;  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
Spread abroad the victor's fame.
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation,  
Hark, those loud, triumphant chords;  
Jesus takes the highest station,  
O what joy the sight affords!  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
King of kings and Lord of lords.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

# Ascension.

305 CONQUEROR. 6s & 4s.

JOHN ZUNDEL, 1854.



2 Victor o'er death and hell,  
Cherubic legions swell  
Thy radiant train;  
Praises all heaven inspire,  
Each angel sweeps his lyre,  
And waves his wings of fire,  
Thou Lamb once slain.

3 Enter, incarnate God;  
No feet but thine have trod  
The serpent down;  
Blow the full trumpets, blow,  
Wider yon portals throw,  
Saviour triumphant, go,  
And take thy crown.

4 Lion of Judah, hail,  
And let thy name prevail  
From age to age;  
Lord of the rolling years,  
Claim for thine own the spheres,  
For Thou hast bought with tears  
Thy heritage.

5 And then was heard afar  
Star answering to star:  
"Lo, these have come,  
Followers of Him who gave  
His life their lives to save,  
And now their palms they wave,  
Brought safely home."

Matthew Bridges, 1848

306

1 LET us awake our joys,  
Strike up with cheerful voice,  
Each creature sing;  
Angels, begin the song,  
Mortals, the strain prolong,  
In accents sweet and strong;  
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad his name,  
Tell of his matchless fame,  
What wonders done;  
Above, beneath, around,  
Let all the earth resound,  
Till heaven's high arch rebound,  
"Vict'ry is won."

3 He vanquished sin and hell,  
And our last foe will quell;  
Mourners, rejoice,  
His dying love adore;  
Praise Him, now raised in power,  
Praise Him forevermore  
With joyful voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,  
When, through the heavenly way,  
Lo, He shall come;  
While they who pierced Him wail,  
His promise shall not fail;  
Saints, see your King prevail;  
Great Saviour, come.

C. E. Kingsbury, 1806

# Ascension.

307 SAXONY. 8s & 7s.

H. K. OLIVER.

1 Je - sus, o'er the grave vic - to - rious, Conq'ring death and con - q'ring hell,

Reign Thou in thy might all glo - rious; Heav'n and earth thy tri - umph swell.

2 Saints in Thee approach the Father,  
Asking in thy name alone;  
He in Thee, with love increasing,  
Gives and glorifies the Son.  
3 Down to earth in all its darkness  
From the Father Thou didst come,  
Seeking sinners in their blindness,  
Calling earth's poor exiles home,  
4 By a life of love and labor  
Doing all the Father's will,

Giving to each suppliant sufferer  
Precious balm for every ill,  
5 Patient ever in well-doing,  
Moving on in steps of blood  
Through the grave to heights of glory,  
Reconciling us with God.  
6 Here in Thee is peace forever;  
We can tribulation bear,  
Kiss thy cross, with rapture knowing  
Thou hast conquered suff'ring there.

E. E. Higbee, 1873.

308 BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. D.

GERMAN MELODY.

1 { Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus, Crown'd in mock - er - y a king;  
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us, Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring. }

D.C.—By thy mer - its we find fav - or, Life is giv - en thro' thy name.

Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame;

D.C.

2 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,  
There forever to abide;  
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
Seated at thy Father's side;  
There for sinners Thou art pleading,  
There Thou dost our place prepare,  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing  
Thou art worthy to receive;  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give.  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Thos. Bakewell, 1760.



# Ascension.

309 MIGDOL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

I O Je - sus, Lord of heav'n-ly grace, Re - deem-er of our guilt - y race,

On Thee our waiting eyes we bend, The saint's de - light, the sin - ner's friend.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 What wondrous love prevailed on Thee<br/>The bearer of our sins to be,<br/>Thyself in sacrifice to give,<br/>That sinners might not die, but live!</p> <p>3 Now crushed is Satan's doleful reign<br/>And broken is the tyrant's chain;<br/>And Thou art, in thy meet abode,<br/>A conq'r on the throne of God.</p> | <p>4 O let thy clemency prevail<br/>To heal the losses we bewail;<br/>O cheer us with thy beaming face,<br/>Enrich us with thy gifts of grace.</p> <p>5 Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal,<br/>Our joy when sorrow fills the soul,<br/>In life our pathway to the skies,<br/>In death our everlasting prize.</p> |
|---|--|

Ambrose, 390. Tr. by J. Chandler.

## 310

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O FOR a sweet, inspiring ray,<br/>To animate our feeble strains,<br/>From the bright realms of endless day,<br/>The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.</p> <p>2 There, low before his glorious throne,<br/>Adoring saints and angels fall,<br/>And with delightful worship own [all.<br/>His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their</p> <p>3 Immortal glories crown his head,<br/>While tuneful hallelujahs rise,<br/>And love and joy and triumph spread<br/>Thro' all th' assemblies of the skies.</p> | <p>4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs<br/>To boundless rapture, while they gaze;<br/>Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues<br/>Resound his everlasting praise.</p> <p>5 There all the foll'wers of the Lamb<br/>Shall join at last the heav'nly choir;<br/>O may the joy-inspiring theme<br/>Awake our faith and warm desire.</p> <p>6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal<br/>Our interest in that blissful place,<br/>Till death remove this mortal veil<br/>And we behold thy lovely face.</p> |
|--|---|

Anne Steel, 1760.

## 311

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,<br/>Our Jesus is gone up on high;<br/>The pow'rs of hell are captive led,<br/>Dragged to the portals of the sky.</p> <p>2 There his triumphal chariot waits,<br/>And angels chant the solemn lay:<br/>"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,<br/>Ye everlasting doors, give way."</p> <p>3 "Loose all your bars of massy light<br/>And wide unfold the radiant scene;<br/>He claims these mansions as his right,<br/>Receive the King of glory in.</p> | <p>4 "Who is the King of glory? Who?<br/>The Lord that all our foes o'ercame,<br/>The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,<br/>And Jesus is the conq'r's name."</p> <p>5 Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,<br/>And angels chant the solemn lay:<br/>"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,<br/>Ye everlasting doors, give way."</p> <p>6 "Who is the King of glory? Who?<br/>The Lord of glorious power possessed,<br/>The King of saints and angels too,<br/>God over all, for ever blest."</p> |
|---|---|



# Ascension.

312 BETHUNE. 7s & 6s.

E. C. ZARTMAN, 1890.

I Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and ac - cents blend;

Come, let us sing of Je - sus, The sin - ner's on - ly friend.

CHORUS.

All glo - ry, praise and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,

To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.

2 His holy soul rejoices  
Amid the choirs above,  
To hear our youthful voices  
Exulting in his love.—CHO.

3 We love to sing of Jesus,  
Who died our souls to save;

We love to sing of Jesus,  
Triumphant o'er the grave.—CHO.

4 And in our hour of danger  
We'll trust his love alone  
Who once slept in a manger  
And now sits on the throne.—CHO.

Geo. W. Bethune, 1850.

# Ascension.

313 RAVEN. S. M. D.

U. C. BURNAP, 1868.

1 Thou art gone up on high To realms be - yond the skies,

And round thy throne un - ceas - ing - ly The songs of praise a - rise;

But we are ling - 'ring here, With sin and care op - pressed;

Lord, send thy prom - ised Com - fort - er And lead us to our rest.

Per. of U. C. BURNAP.

2 Thou art gone up on high,  
But Thou didst first come down  
Through earth's most bitter misery  
To pass unto thy crown;  
And girt with grief and fears  
Our onward course must be,  
But only let this path of tears  
Lead us at last to Thee.

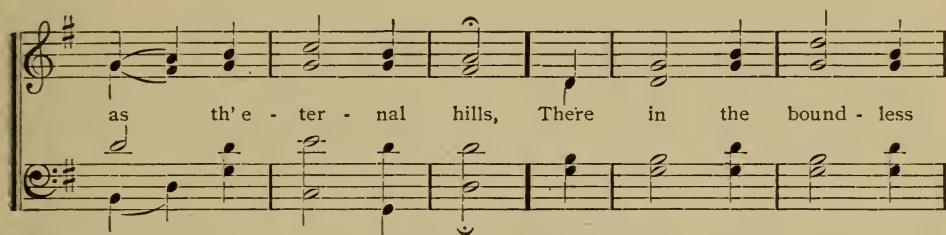
3 Thou art gone up on high,  
But Thou shalt come again  
With all the bright ones of the sky  
Attendant in thy train.  
Lord, by thy saving power  
So make us live and die,  
That we may stand in that dread hour  
At thy right hand on high.

Emma Toke, 1851

# Ascension.

314 GIVE. C. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG, 1845.



2 Legions of angels round his throne  
In countless armies shine;  
At his right hand with golden harps  
They offer songs divine.

3 "Hail, glorious Prince of Peace," they  
cry,  
"Whose unexampled love  
Moved Thee to quit those blissful realms  
And royalties above."

4 Through all his travels here below  
They did his steps attend,

Oft wondering how or where at last  
This mystic scene would end.

5 They saw his heart transfixed with  
wounds,  
And viewed the crimson gore;  
They saw Him break the bars of death,  
Which none e'er broke before.

6 They brought his chariot from above,  
To bear Him to his throne, [cried,  
Clapped their triumphant wings and  
"The glorious work is done."

Dan'l Turner and James Fanch, 1776.

315

1 THE golden gates are lifted up,  
The doors are opened wide,  
The King of glory is gone in  
Unto his Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,  
To make for us a place,  
That we may be where now Thou art  
And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on our earthly path  
A gleam of glory lies,

A light still breaks behind the cloud  
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,  
Let thy dear grace be given,  
That while we wander here below  
Our treasure be in heaven,

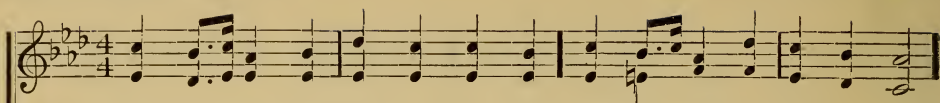
5 That where Thou art at God's right hand  
Our hope, our love may be;  
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell  
Forevermore in Thee.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1858.

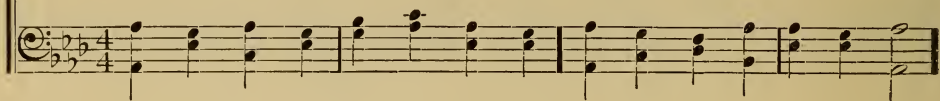
# Ascension.

316 CORONET. 8s & 7s.

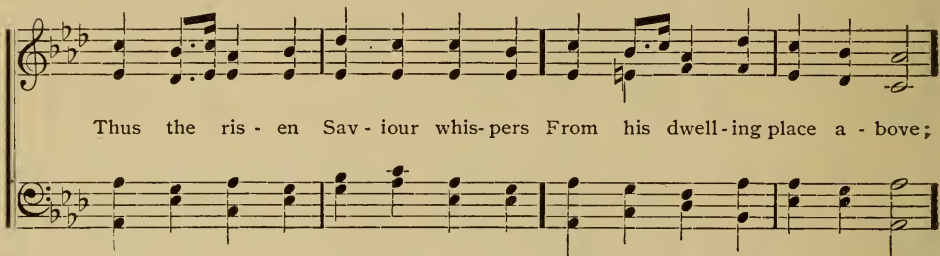
GEORGE HEWS.



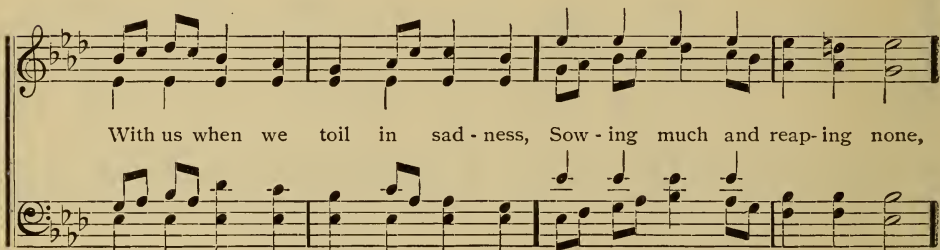
1 "Al - ways with us, al - ways with us," Words of cheer and words of love;



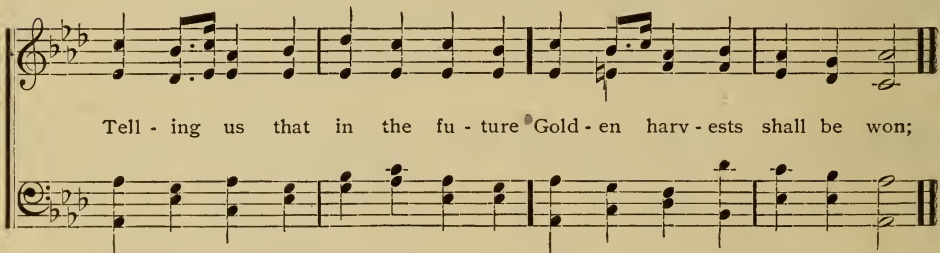
Thus the ris - en Sav - iour whis - pers From his dwell - ing place a - bove;



With us when we toil in sad - ness, Sow - ing much and reap - ing none,



Tell - ing us that in the fu - ture Gold - en harv - ests shall be won;



2 With us when the storm is sweeping  
O'er our pathway dark and drear,  
Waking hope within our bosoms,  
Stilling every anxious fear;

With us in the lonely valley,  
When we cross the chilling stream,  
Lighting up the steps to glory,  
With salvation's radiant beam.

Edwin H. Nevin, 1858.



# Whitsuntide.

317 WASSERQUELLE. 8s & 7s. D.

GERMAN MELODY.

1 When the faith - ful were as - sem - bled On the day of Pen - te - cost,

Rush'd the wind, the place it trem - bled, Came from heav'n the Ho - ly Ghost;

Gold - en show'rs of con - se - cra - tion, Tongues of fire were on them shed;

And that ho - ly ded - i - ca - tion Made an al - tar of each head.

2 Now the festive pentecostal  
Harvest-home of souls they keep;  
With his sickle each apostle  
Whitening fields goes forth to reap;  
God with holy flame from heaven  
Writes on hearts the law of love;  
Jubilee of sins forgiven  
Sounds its trumpet from above.

3 Holy Ghost, divine Creator,  
Who didst on the waters move,  
Holy Ghost, regenerator,  
Author of all life and love,  
Holy Ghost, illuminator,  
Who didst then with fire baptize,  
Holy Ghost, great renovator,  
Come, the world evangelize.

4 With the kneeling congregation,  
Thou art in the house of prayer;  
Laver of regeneration  
Is o'ershadowed by Thee there.

Thou dost shed at confirmation  
From thy wing a gift of grace;  
Eucharistic celebration  
Has revealings of thy face.

5 Strengthen, warm and purify us,  
From the bands of sin release,  
Comfort, counsel, sanctify us,  
Give us love and joy and peace;  
Patience, faith and resignation  
Breathe upon us with thy breath,  
Give us heavenly consolaton  
In the solemn hour of death.

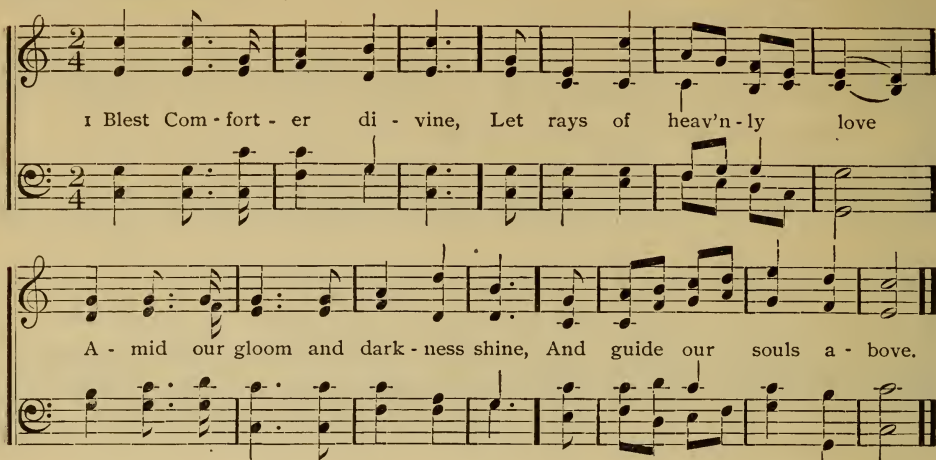
6 So when earth with fruit aboundeth,  
And shall angel reapers see,  
And the great archangel soundeth  
God's eternal jubilee,  
We may join their gratulation;  
To the Father and the Son,  
And the Spirit adoration  
Ever be, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth.

# Whitsuntide.

318 WHITEFIELD. S. M.

EDWARD MILLER.



1 Blest Com-fort-er di-vine, Let rays of heav'n-ly love  
A-mid our gloom and dark-ness shine, And guide our souls a-bove.

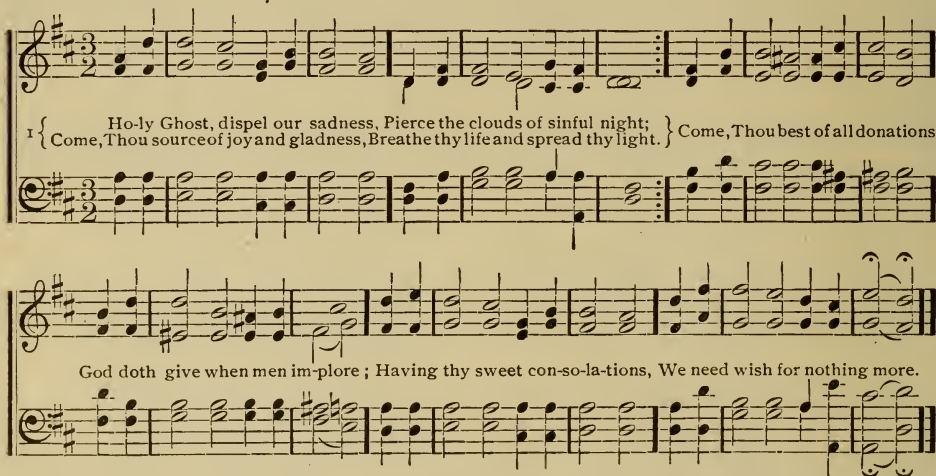
- 2 Draw us with still small voice  
From every sinful way,  
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,  
Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By thine inspiring breath  
Make every cloud of care,

And e'en the gloomy vale of death,  
A smile of glory wear.

- 4 O fill Thou every heart  
With love to all our race;  
Great Comforter, to us impart  
These blessings of thy grace.

Lydia H. Sigourney, 1824.

319 SEELYE. 8s & 7s. D.



1 { Ho-ly Ghost, dispel our sadness, Pierce the clouds of sinful night; } Come, Thou best of all donations  
{ Come, Thou source of joy and gladness, Breathe thy life and spread thy light. }

God doth give when men im-plore; Having thy sweet con-so-la-tions, We need wish for nothing more.

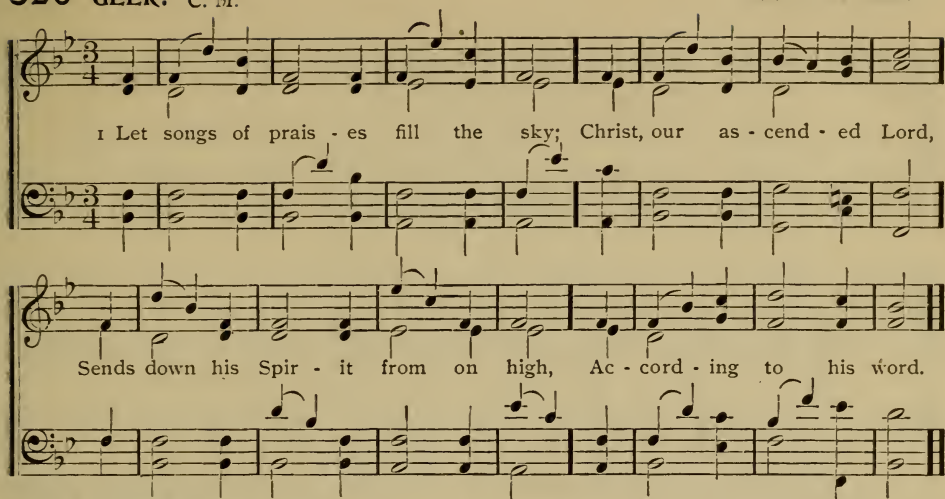
- 2 Manifest thy love for ever,  
Fence us in on every side;  
In distress be our reliever,  
Guard and teach, support and guide.  
Hear, O hear our supplication,  
Blessed Spirit, God of peace;  
Rest upon this congregation  
With the fulness of thy grace.

- 3 Author of the new creation,  
Let us now thine influence prove;  
Make our hearts thy habitation,  
Shed abroad a Saviour's love.  
From that height that knows no measure  
As a gracious rain descend,  
Bringing down the richest treasure  
We can ask or God can send.  
Paul Gerhardt, 1663. Tr. by A. M. Toplady, 1776.

# Whitsuntide.

320 GEER. C. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.



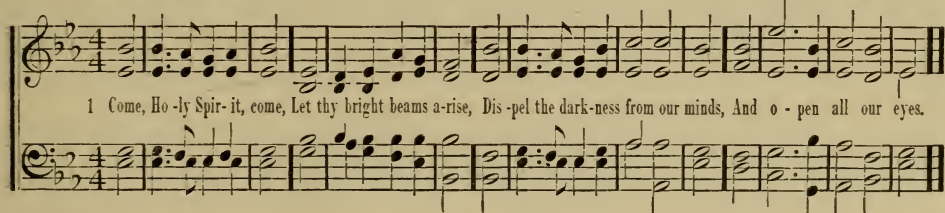
1 Let songs of praises fill the sky; Christ, our ascended Lord,  
Sends down his Spirit from on high, According to his word.

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 The Spirit by his heavenly breath,<br/>New life creates within,<br/>He quickens sinners from their death<br/>Of trespasses and sin.</p> <p>3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,<br/>And to our hearts reveals;</p> | <p>Our bodies He his temple makes<br/>And our redemption seals.</p> <p>4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,<br/>With thy celestial fire,<br/>Come, and with flames of zeal and love<br/>Our hearts and tongues inspire.</p> |
|---|---|

321 OLNEY. S. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1 Come, Holy Spirit, come, Let thy bright beams arise, Dispel the darkness from our minds, And open all our eyes.

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|--|--|
| <p>2 Revive our drooping faith,<br/>Our doubts and fears remove,<br/>And kindle in our breasts the flame<br/>Of never-dying love.</p> <p>3 Convince us of our sin,<br/>Then lead to Jesus' blood,<br/>And to our wondering view reveal<br/>The secret love of God.</p> | <p>4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,<br/>To sanctify the soul,<br/>To pour fresh life in every part<br/>And new-create the whole.</p> <p>5 Dwell therefore in our hearts,<br/>Our minds from bondage free;<br/>Then shall we know and praise and love<br/>The Father, Son and Thee.</p> |
|--|--|

Joseph Hart, 1759.

322

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 COME, Holy Spirit, come<br/>With energy divine,<br/>And on this poor benighted soul<br/>With beams of mercy shine.</p> <p>2 From the celestial hills<br/>Light, life and joy dispense;<br/>And may I daily, hourly feel<br/>Thy quickening influence.</p> | <p>3 O melt this frozen heart,<br/>This stubborn will subdue;<br/>Each evil passion overcome<br/>And form me all anew.</p> <p>4 The profit will be mine,<br/>But thine shall be the praise;<br/>Cheerful to Thee will I devote<br/>The remnant of my days.</p> |
|--|--|

Benj. Beddome, 1770.



# Whitsuntide.

323 ST. OLAF. S. M.

HAYDN.

1 O Ho - ly Spir - it, come, And Je - sus' love de - clare;  
O tell us of our heav'n - ly home And guide us safe - ly there.

- 2 Our unbelief remove  
By thine almighty breath;  
O work the wondrous work of love,  
The mighty work of faith.
- 3 Thy scepter, Lord, extend,  
Pity our deep distress;

- Thou art the contrite sinner's friend,  
Thy waiting servants bless.
- 4 We bless Thee for thy grace  
And thine almighty power;  
We bless Thee for thy holy place  
And this accepted hour.

Oswald Allen, 1862.

324 KIRKE. L. M.

D. BORTNIANSKI, 1783.

1 O Ho - ly Ghost, thy heav'nly dew The hearts of sin - ners can re - new;  
Thou dost with - in our hearts a - bide, And still to ho - ly ac - tion guide.

- 2 Thou mak'st the soul with joy to sing,  
When sorrow's clouds are deepening;  
With Jesus Christ Thou mak'st us one,  
Earnest of heav'n from God's high throne.
- 3 Best gift of God, and man's true friend,  
Into my inmost soul descend;  
The mind of Jesus Christ impart  
And consecrate to Thee my heart.

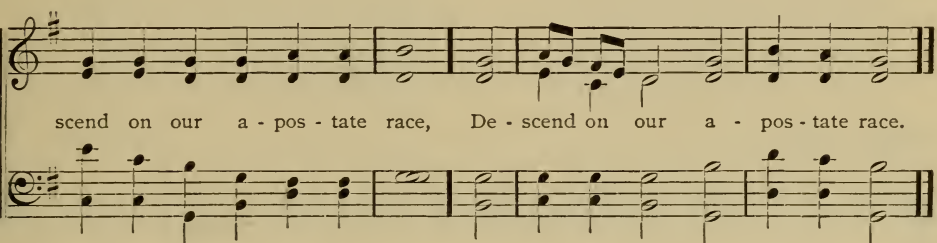
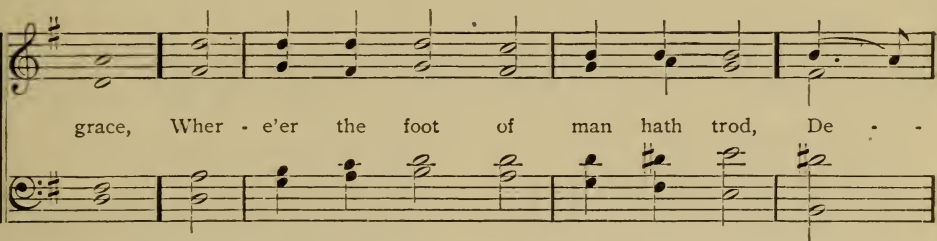
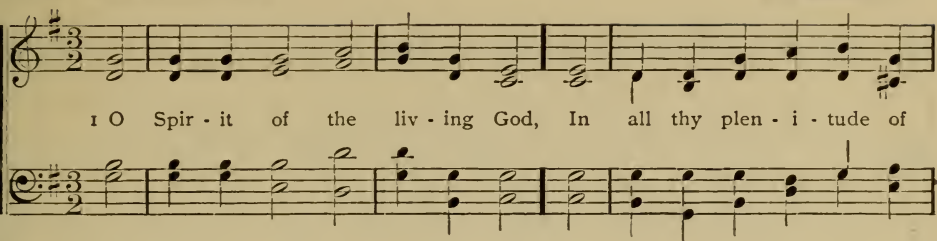
- 4 Teach me to do my Father's will,  
To lie beneath his guidance still;  
Lighten my mind, and O incline  
My heart to make his pleasure mine.
- 5 From spot and blemish make me pure,  
My future bliss in heaven secure;  
When lost in darkness give me light,  
And cheer me through death's dreary night.



# Whitsuntide.

325 ROLLAND. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love  
To preach the reconciling word;  
Give power and unction from above,  
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare  
All the round earth her God to meet;  
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,  
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light,  
Confusion, order in thy path;  
Souls without strength inspire with might,  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 5 Baptize the nations far and nigh,  
The triumphs of thy cross record;  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

James Montgomery, 1825.

326

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above;  
Be Thou my guardian, Thou my guide,  
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far  
From every sin and hurtful snare;  
Lead me to God, my final rest,  
In his enjoyment to be blest.
- 2 The light of truth to me display,  
And make me know and choose thy way;  
Plant holy fear within my heart,  
That I from Thee may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead me to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let me from his pastures stray;  
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Simon Browne,

# Whitsuntide.

327 ALETTA. 7s.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1858.

I Grant - ed is the Sav - iour's pray'r; Hail, O gra - cious Com - fort - er,  
Prom - ise of our part - ing Lord, To his throne in heav'n re - stor'd.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 God, the everlasting God,  
Makes with mortals his abode;  
He whom heaven cannot contain  
Dwelleth in the heart of man.
- 3 There He helps our feeble moans,  
Deepens our imperfect groans,  
Intercedes in silence there,  
Sighs th' unutterable prayer.
- 4 Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,  
Lighten there thy heav'nly fire;

Day by day our life renew,  
Thou the gift and giver too.

- 5 Brood Thou o'er our nature's night;  
Kindle darkness into light,  
Spread thy overshadowing wings,  
Order from confusion springs.
- 6 Pain and sin and sorrow cease,  
Thee we taste, and all is peace;  
Joy divine in Thee we prove,  
Light of truth and fire of love.

John Wesley.

328 GUIDE. 7s. D.

M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

1 { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side, }  
Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land; }

D.C.—Whisp'ring soft - ly, wand - 'rer, come, Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

- 2 Ever present, truest friend,  
Ever near thine aid to lend,  
Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
Groping on in darkness drear,  
When the storms are raging sore,  
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,  
Whisp'ring softly, wand' rer, come,  
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
Waiting still for sweet release,  
Nothing left but heav'n and prayer,  
Wond'ring if our names were there,  
Wading deep the dismal flood,  
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,  
Whisp'ring softly, wand' rer, come,  
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

# Whitsuntide.

329 FABER. 7s. D.

Arr. by SCHWING.

1 By the first bright Eas-ter day, When the stone was roll'd a - way,

By the glo - ry round Thee shed At thy ris - ing from the dead,

King of glo - ry hear our cry, Make us soon thy joys to see,

Where enthroned in maj - es - ty Count - less an - gels sing to Thee.

2 By thy parting blessing given,  
As Thou didst ascend to heaven,  
By the cloud of living light  
That received Thee out of sight,  
King of glory, hear our cry, etc.

4 Only victim we can plead,  
Great High Priest to intercede,  
Showing that which can alone  
For the sin of man atone;  
Lamb of God, O hear our cry, etc.

3 By that rushing sound of might,  
Coming down from heaven's height,  
By the cloven tongues of flame  
That on thy apostles came,  
King of glory, hear our cry, etc.

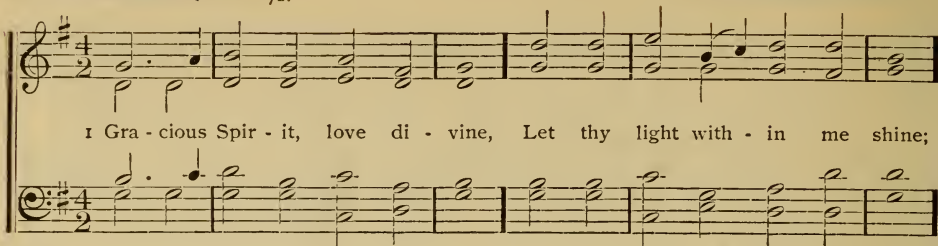
5 In the dreadful judgment-day,  
When the world shall pass away,  
Be the merciful decree  
That our friend the Judge shall be;  
King of glory, hear our cry, etc.

Frederick W. Faber.

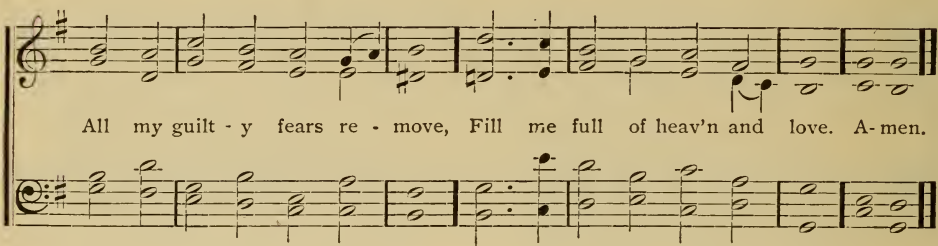
# Whitsuntide.

330 ST. MARTIN. 7s.

OLD FRENCH MELODY.



1 Gra - cious Spir - it, love di - vine, Let thy light with - in me shine;



All my guilt - y fears re - move, Fill me full of heav'n and love. A-men.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,  
Set the burdened sinner free;  
Lead me to the Lamb of God,  
Wash me in his precious blood.

Breathe Thyself into my breast,  
Earnest of immortal rest.

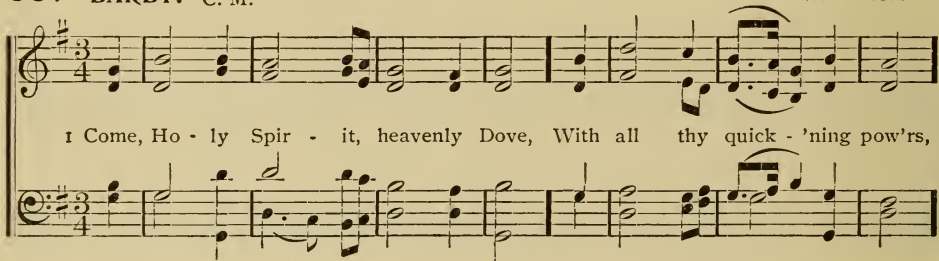
3 Life and peace to me impart,  
Seal salvation on my heart;

4 Let me never from Thee stray,  
Keep me in the narrow way;  
Fill my soul with joy divine,  
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

John Stocker, 1776.

331 BARBY. C. M.

W. TANSUR.



1 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick - 'ning pow'rs,



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.



## Whitsuntide.

2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys;  
Our souls can neither fly nor go,  
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise,  
Hosannas languish on our tongues  
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor, dying rate,  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts.

### 332

1 SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,  
And make our hearts thy home;  
Descend with all thy gracious power,  
Come, Holy Spirit, come.

2 Come as the light, to us reveal  
Our sinfulness and woe,  
And lead us in those paths of life  
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire and purge our hearts  
Like sacrificial flame;  
Let our whole soul an offering be  
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,  
With pentecostal grace,  
And make the great salvation known  
Wide as the human race.

A. Reed, 1841.

### 333 PARACLETE. 7s & 5s.

OLD MELODY.

1 Ho - ly Ghost, the in - fi - nite, Shine up - on our na - ture's night

With thy bless - ed in - ward light, Com - fort - er di - vine.

2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord,  
We are faint, thy strength afford,  
Lost, until by Thee restored,  
Comforter divine.

3 Like the dew, thy peace distil,  
Guide, subdue our wayward will,  
Things of Christ unfolding still,  
Comforter divine.

4 In us "Abba, Father," cry,  
Earnest of our bliss on high,  
Seal of immortality,  
Comforter divine.

5 Search for us the depths of God,  
Bear us up the starry road,  
To the height of thine abode,  
Comforter divine.

# Trinity Sunday.

334 NICÆA. P. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God Al-might - y, Ear - ly in the

morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in three per - sons, bless-éd Trin - i - ty.

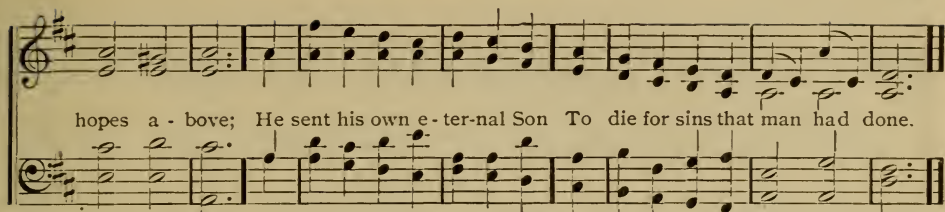
- 2 Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns  
around the glassy sea,  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down  
before Thee, [be.  
Which wert and art and evermore shalt 4 Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty,  
All thy works shall praise thy name, in  
earth and sky and sea;  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.  
Reginald Heber, 1827.

335 HALL. H. M.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1 We give immortal praise To God the Father's love, For all our comforts here, And all our

# Trinity Sunday.



hopes a - bove; He sent his own e - ter - nal Son To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who bought us with his blood  
From everlasting woe;  
And now He lives and now he reigns  
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name  
Immortal worship give,  
Whose new-creating power

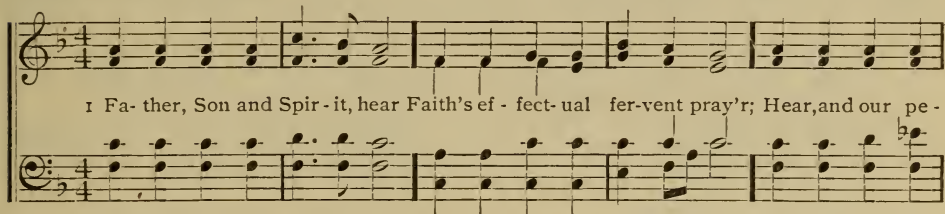
Makes the dead sinner live;  
His work completes the great design  
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee  
Be endless honors done,  
The undivided Three,  
The great and glorious One;  
Where reason fails, with all her powers,  
There faith prevails and love adores.

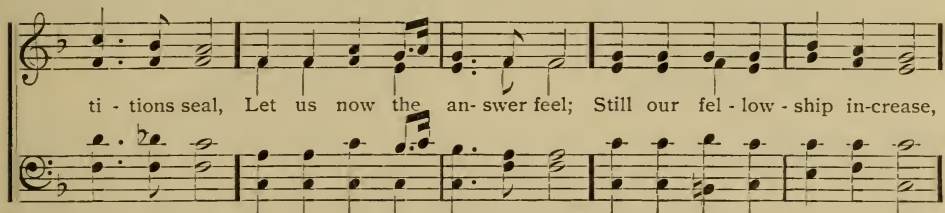
Isaac Watts.

336 BLUMENTHAL. 7s. D.

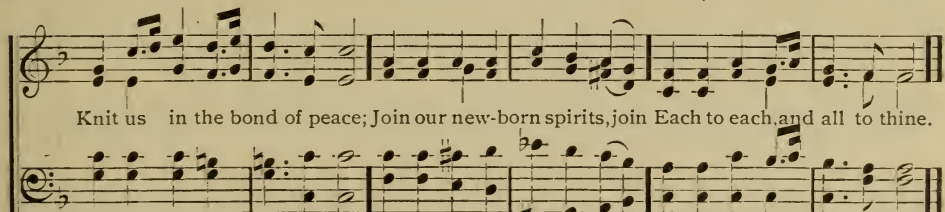
J. BLUMENTHAL, 1824—. Arr. by H. P. MAIN.



1 Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it, hear Faith's ef - fect - ual fer - vent pray'r; Hear, and our pe -



ti - tions seal, Let us now the an - swer feel; Still our fel - low - ship in - crease,



Knit us in the bond of peace; Join our new-born spirits, join Each to each, and all to thine.

2 Build us in one body up,  
Called in one high calling's hope,  
One the Spirit, whom we claim,  
One the pure baptismal flame,  
One the faith and common Lord,  
One the Father lives adored,  
Over, through and in us all,  
God incomprehensible.

3 One with God, the source of bliss,  
Ground of our communion this;  
Life of all that live below,  
Let thine emanations flow;  
Rise eternal in our heart,  
Thou our long-sought Eden art,  
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
Be to us what Adam lost.

Charles Wesley.



# Trinity Sunday.

337 PENTZ. 7s. 6 lines.

Arr. by SCHWING.

1 { Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God of hosts, e - ter - nal King,  
By the heav'ns and earth a - dored, An - gels and arch - an - gels sing, }

Chant-ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

2 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,  
Spirits blest, before thy throne,  
Speeding thence at thy command,  
And when thy behests are done,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.

4 Thee apostles, prophets Thee,  
Thee the noble martyr band,  
Praise with solemn jubilee  
Thee the Church in every land,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.

3 Cherubim and seraphim  
Veil their faces with their wings;  
Eyes of angels are too dim  
To behold the King of kings,  
While they sing eternally  
To the blessed Trinity.

5 In thy name baptized are we,  
With thy blessing are dismiss'd;  
And thrice holy chant to Thee  
In the holy eucharist;  
Life is one doxology  
To the blessed Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth.

338 DESIRE. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1 All hail a - dor - éd Trin - i - ty! All hail e - ter - nal U - ni - ty!

O God the Fa - ther, God the Son And God the Spir - it ev - er One.



## Trinity Sunday.

2 Behold to Thee, this festal day,  
We meekly pour our thankful lay;  
O let our work accepted be,  
That sweetest work of praising Thee.

3 Three persons praise we evermore,  
One only God our hearts adore;

In thy sure mercy ever kind  
May we our true protection find.

4 O Trinity! O Unity!  
Be present as we worship Thee;  
And with the songs that angels sing  
Unite the hymns of praise we bring.

### 339

1 FATHER of all, whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found,  
Before thy throne we sinners bend,  
To us thy pard'ning love extend.

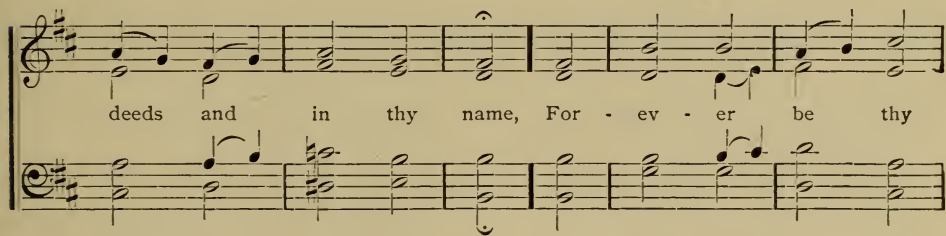
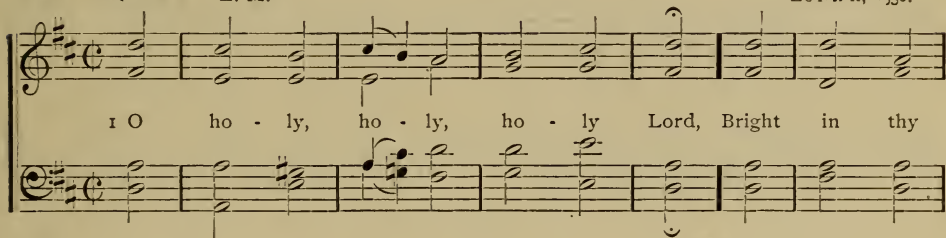
2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
Before thy throne we sinners bend,  
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,  
Before thy throne we sinners bend,  
To us thy quick'ning power extend.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,  
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,  
Before thy throne we sinners bend,  
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

### 340 TRINITY. L. M.

LUTHER, 1530.



2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified  
To take our load of sins away,  
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide  
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit, from above  
In streams of light and glory given,

Thou source of ecstasy and love, [heav'n.  
Thy praises ring through earth and

4 O God triune, to Thee we owe  
Our every thought, our every song;  
And ever may thy praises flow [tongue.  
From saint and seraph's burning

James Wallis Eastburne, 1819.

# Trinity Sunday.

341 LONG HOME. 7s, 8s & 7s.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1 Thee, O God, we hum-bly praise, Thee as Lord and King con-fess-ing;

All the earth its hom-age pays, Hon-or, pow-er, glo-ry, bless-ing,

Ev-er giv-eth un-to Thee, Fa-ther of e-ter-ni-ty.

- 2 All the angels join the hymn,  
All the powers of heav'n replying,  
Cherubim to seraphim,  
With unwearied voices crying,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
God of hosts, be Thou adored.
- 3 Thee, th' apostles' glorious choir,  
Prophets ranked in goodly number,  
Martyrs robed in white attire,  
Praise, and never sleep nor slumber;  
Loud their hallelujahs rise,  
Rolling through the vaulted skies.
- 4 Father, Thee the Church doth own,  
Wide through every land and nation,  
With thy true and only Son,  
Worthy of all adoration,  
And the Holy Spirit, her  
Everlasting Comforter.
- 5 King, O Christ, ere time began  
In the Father's glory reigning,  
Thou, to rescue fallen man,

Neither birth nor death disdaining,  
Hast to all believers giv'n  
Entrance through the gate of heaven.

- 6 Seated now at God's right hand,  
Thou shalt come as Judge; before Thee  
When the quick and dead shall stand  
Help thy servants, we implore Thee;  
Make them with thy saints to shine,  
In eternal glory thine.
- 7 Save thy people, Lord, we pray,  
Bless thy heritage forever,  
Rule and lift them up alway;  
Thee we magnify and never  
Cease to praise thy holy name,  
Through all ages still the same.
- 8 Lord, this day from every ill  
Guard us till the evening closes;  
Lord, have mercy on us still,  
As in Thee our hope reposes;  
All my trust is stayed on Thee,  
Let me ne'er confounded be.

Ambrose. Tr. by Thomas C. Porter, 1859.

# Trinity Sunday.

342 MARLOW. C. M.

JOHN CHETHAM.

I Hail, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, Whom One in Three we know,

By all thy heav'n - ly host a - dored, By all thy Church be - low.

2 One undivided Trinity  
With triumph we proclaim;  
Thy universe is full of Thee,  
And speaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess,  
Thee, holy Son, adore,  
Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,  
We worship evermore.

4 Three persons equally divine  
We magnify and love,  
And both the choirs ere long shall join  
To sing thy praise above.

5 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Our heavenly song shall be,  
Supreme, essential One, adored  
In co-eternal Three.

343 MENDON. L. M.

GERMAN, 1822.

I A - dore the Fa - ther and the Son And God the Spir - it, all di - vine,

Who are dis - tinct and yet but One, And on - ly one in their de - sign.

2 In his own Son the Father shone  
In rays of majesty and light;  
In Him the Deity came down,  
Man with the Godhead to unite.

3 Almighty Spirit, glorious God,  
To Thee our humble notes we  
raise;

Thy quick'ning grace we'll sound  
abroad, [praise.  
While we have breath thy name to

4 Thus we'll adore the sacred Three,  
From whence our whole salvation  
came,  
And still through vast eternity  
Thy endless grandeur loud proclaim.



# Trinity Sunday.

344 WELLERD. L. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1869.

I Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates, Be - hold, the King of glo - ry waits;

The King of kings is draw-ing near, The Sav- ous of the world is here.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 Life and salvation doth He bring,  
Wherefore rejoice and gladly sing  
Eternal praise, my God, to Thee,  
Creator, wise is thy decree.
- 3 Fling wide the portals of your heart,  
Make it a temple set apart  
From earthly use for heaven's employ,  
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.
- 4 So shall your sovereign enter in,  
And new and nobler life begin;

- Eternal praise, my God, be thine,  
For word and deed and grace divine.
  - 5 Redeemer, come; I open wide  
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide;  
Let me thine inner presence feel,  
Thy grace and love in me reveal.
  - 6 Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,  
Until our glorious goal be won;  
Eternal praise, eternal fame,  
Be offered, Saviour, to thy name.
- George Weisel, 1635. Tr. by Cath. Winkworth, 1855.

345 REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s.

H. SMART, 1812—1879.

I Glo-ry be to God the Father, Glo-ry be to God the Son, Glo-ry be to God the Spirit,

One in Three and Three in One; Glory, glory, glo- ry, glo-ry, While e- ter- nal a- ges run.

- 2 Glory be to Him who loved us,  
Washed us from each spot and stain;  
Glory be to Him who bought us,  
Made us kings with Him to reign;  
Glory, glory, glory, glory  
To the Lamb that once was slain.
- 3 Glory to the King of angels,  
Glory to the Church's King,  
Glory to the King of nations,

- Heaven and earth your praises bring;  
Glory, glory, glory, glory  
To the King of glory bring.
- 4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal,  
Thus the choir of angels sings;  
Honor, riches, power, dominion,  
Thus its praise creation brings;  
Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
Glory to the King of kings.



# Trinity Season.

346 MOULTRIE. 8s & 7s. D.

GERARD COBB.

1 Lord of glo - ry, Thou has bought us With thy life-blood as the price,

Nev - er grudg - ing for the lost ones That tre-men-dous sac - ri - fice;

And with that hast free - ly giv - en Bless - ings count-less as the sand,

To th'unthank-ful and the e - vil With thine own un - spar - ing hand.

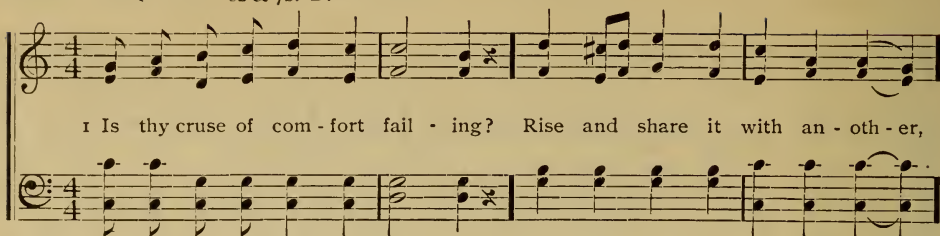
2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee  
Gladly, freely, of thine own;  
With the sunshine of thy goodness  
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;  
Till our cold and selfish natures,  
Warmed by Thee, at length believe  
That more happy and more blessed  
'Tis to give than to receive.

3 Wondrous honor hast Thou given  
To our humblest charity,  
In thine own mysterious sentence,  
"Ye have done it unto me;"  
Give us faith to trust Thee boldly,  
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee;  
But, O best of all thy graces,  
Give us thine own charity.

Eliza Sibbald Alderson, 1868.

# Trinity Season.—Love.

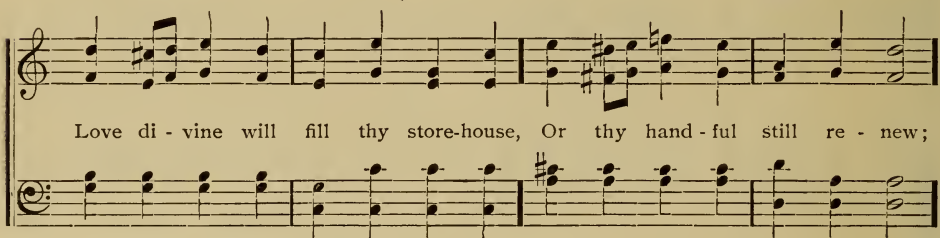
347 CARITAS. 8s & 7s. D.



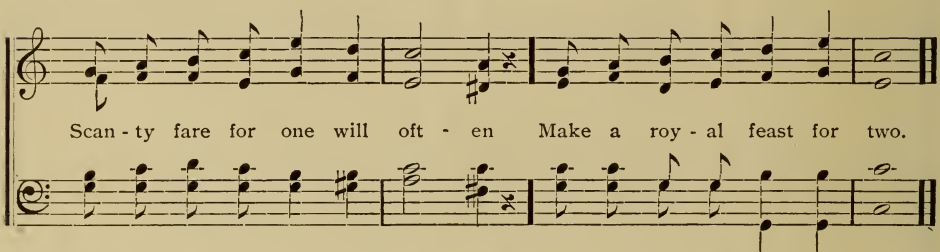
1 Is thy cruse of com - fort fail - ing? Rise and share it with an - oth - er,



And thro' all the years of fam - ine It shall serve thee and thy broth - er.



Love di - vine will fill thy store-house, Or thy hand - ful still re - new;



Scan - ty fare for one will oft - en Make a roy - al feast for two.

- 2 For the heart grows rich in giving;  
All its wealth is living grain;  
Seeds which mildew in the garner,  
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.  
Is thy burden hard and heavy?  
Do thy steps drag wearily?  
Help to bear thy brother's burden,  
God will bear both it and thee.
- 3 Numb and weary on the mountains,  
Would'st thou sleep amidst the snow?  
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,  
And together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle?  
Many wounded round thee moan;  
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,  
And that balm shall heal thine own.

- 4 Is the heart a well left empty?  
None but God its void can fill;  
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain  
Can its ceaseless longings still.  
Is the heart a living power?  
Self-entwined its strength sinks low;  
It can only live in loving,  
And by serving love will grow.

Elizabeth Charles.

# Trinity Season.—Love.

348 LOVE. C. M.

J. RICHARDSON.

1 Our God is love, and all his saints His im - age bear be - low;

The heart with love to God in - spired, With love to man will glow.

2 O may we love each other, Lord,  
As we are loved of Thee:  
For none are truly born of God  
Who live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,  
Our hopes and fears the same,

The cords of love our hearts should bind,  
The law of love inflame.

4 So shall the vain contentious world  
Our peaceful lives approve,  
And wondering say, as they of old,  
"See how the Christians love."

Thomas Cotterill.

349

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace  
All powerful from above,  
To form in our obedient souls  
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breast  
That generous pleasure know,  
Freely to share in others' joy,  
And weep for others' woe.

3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief  
In low distress are laid,

Soft be our hearts their pains to feel  
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,  
Enthroned above the skies,  
And when He saw their lost estate  
Felt his compassion rise.

5 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,  
On wings of mercy flew,  
We, whom the Saviour thus hath loved,  
Should love each other too.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

350

1 DO not I love Thee, O my Lord?  
Behold my heart and see,  
And turn the dearest idol out  
That dares to rival Thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still  
To mine attentive ear?  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,  
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast Thou a lamb in all thy flock  
I would disdain to feed?

Hast Thou a foe before whose face  
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood  
In honor of thy name?  
And challenge the cold hand of death  
To damp th' immortal flame?

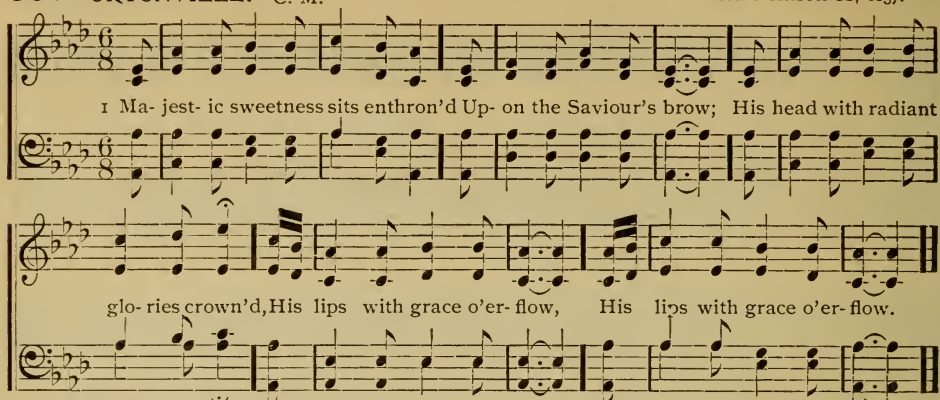
5 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord;  
But O I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love Thee more.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

# Trinity Season.—Love.

351 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.



1 Ma-jest-ic sweetness sits enthron'd Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant  
glo-ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare  
Among the sons of men;

Fairer is He than all the fair  
That fill the heav'nly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,  
He flew to my relief;

For me He bore the shameful cross  
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath  
And all the joys I have;

He makes me triumph over death  
And saves me from the grave.

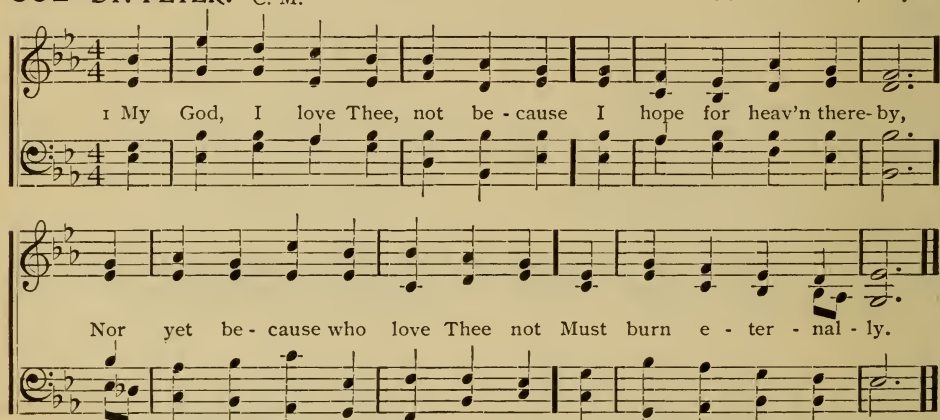
5 To heaven, the place of his abode,  
He brings my weary feet,  
Shows me the glories of my God,  
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be thine.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

352 ST. PETER. C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1826.



1 My God, I love Thee, not be-cause I hope for heav'n there-by,  
Nor yet be-cause who love Thee not Must burn e-ter-nal-ly.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace,  
For me didst bear the nails and spear  
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless  
And sweat of agony,  
Yea, death itself, and all for me  
Who was thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,  
Should I not love Thee well?

Not for the hope of winning heaven  
Nor of escaping hell,

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,  
Not seeking a reward,  
But as Thyself hast loved me,  
O ever-loving Lord,

6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,  
And in thy praise will sing,  
Solely because Thou art my God  
And my eternal King.

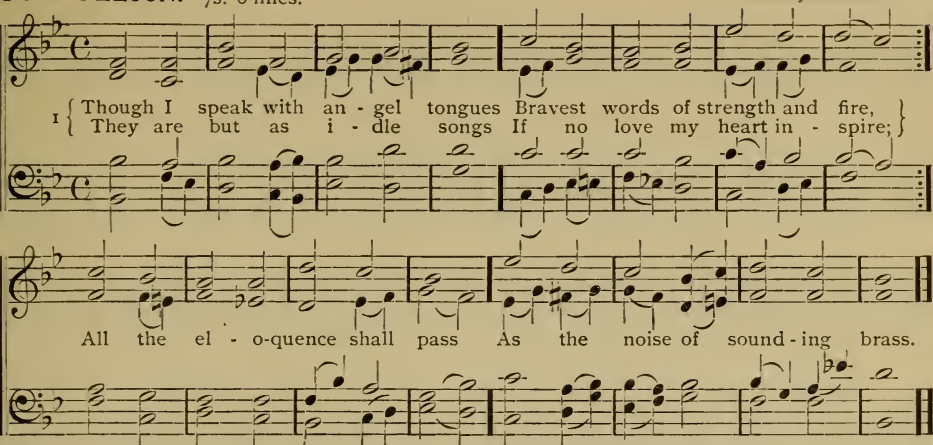
Xavier, 1516. Tr. by E. Caswall, 1848.



# Trinity Season.—Love.

353 FELTON. 7s. 6 lines.

Arr. by SCHWING.



1 { Though I speak with an - gel tongues Bravest words of strength and fire, }  
They are but as i - dle songs If no love my heart in - spire; }

All the el - o-quence shall pass As the noise of sound - ing brass.

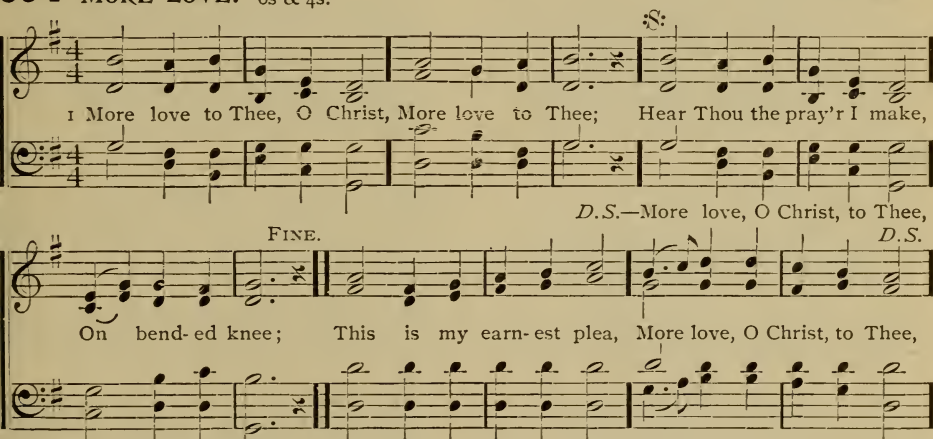
2 Though I lavish all I have  
On the poor in charity,  
Though I shrink not from the grave,  
Or unmoved the stake can see,  
Till by love the work be crowned,  
All shall profitless be found.

3 Come, Thou Spirit of pure love,  
Who didst forth from God proceed,  
Never from my heart remove;  
Let me all thine impulse heed,  
Let my heart henceforward be  
Moved, controlled, inspired by Thee.

Tr. by C. Winkworth.

354 MORE LOVE. 6s & 4s.

T. E. PERKINS.



1 More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee; Hear Thou the pray'r I make,  
D.S.—More love, O Christ, to Thee, FINE. On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
D.S.

More love to Thee.

Per. of T. E. PERKINS. Copyright.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest;  
Now Thee alone I seek,  
Give what is best;  
This all my prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee.

3 Let sorrow do its work,  
Send grief and pain;  
Sweet are thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,

When they can sing with me,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee.

4 Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper thy praise;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise,  
This still its prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee.

# Trinity Season.—Love.

355 HENDON. 7s.

C. H. A. MALAN.

1 Now be - gin the heav'nly theme, Sing a - loud in Je - sus' name; Ye who his sal -

va - tion prove, Triumph in re - deem - ing love, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing love.

- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Canceled by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been  
Willing slaves to death and sin,  
Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

- 5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,  
Welcome to the Saviour's breast;  
Nothing brought Him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 He subdued th' infernal powers,  
Those tremendous foes of ours,  
From their cursed empire drove  
Mighty in redeeming love.
- 7 Hither, then, your music bring,  
Strike aloud each tuneful string;  
Mortals, join the hosts above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.

M. Madan.

356

- 1 EVERLASTING arms of love  
Are beneath, around, above;  
He who left his throne of light,  
And unnumbered angels bright,
- 2 He who on th' accursed tree  
Gave his precious life for me,  
He it is that bears me on,  
His the arm I lean upon.
- 3 He who now, enthroned above,  
Still retains his heart of love,  
Marking still each falling tear  
Of his burdened pilgrims here,

- 4 He who wields creation's rod,  
He, my brother, yet my God,  
Faithful He, whate'er betide,  
Is my everlasting guide.
- 5 All things hasten to decay,  
Earth and seas will pass away;  
Soon will yonder circling sun  
Cease his blazing course to run;
- 6 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,  
But the changeless cannot change;  
Gladly will I journey on,  
With his arm to lean upon.

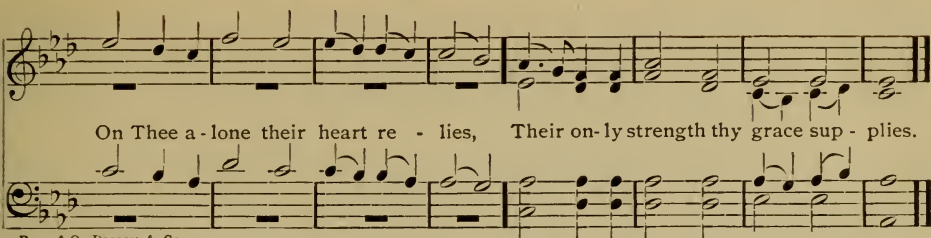
T. R. Macduff.

357 WEBSTER. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1 O Lord, how joy - ful 'tis to see The breth'ren join in love to Thee;

## Trinity Season.—Love.



On Thee a-lone their heart re-lies, Their on-ly strength thy grace sup-plies.

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 How sweet within thy holy place,  
With one accord to sing thy grace,  
Besieging thine attentive ear  
With all the force of fervent prayer.

3 O may we love the house of God,  
Of peace and joy the blest abode;  
O may no angry strife destroy  
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

4 The world without may rage, but we  
Will only cling more close to Thee,  
With hearts to Thee more wholly giv'n,  
More weaned from earth, more fixed on  
heaven.

5 Lord, shower upon us from above  
The sacred gift of mutual love;  
Each other's wants may we supply,  
And reign together in the sky.

Latin Hymn. Tr. by J. Chandler.

358

1 JESUS, most merciful and kind,  
Beloved and loving, both combined,  
Jesus, Thou good and gracious one,  
Of Mary and of God the Son,

2 Who can conceive or who record  
What bliss it is to love Thee, Lord?  
To dwell in humble faith with Thee  
Is boundless, full felicity.

3 Let saints below and saints above  
Show forth thy faithful, endless love,

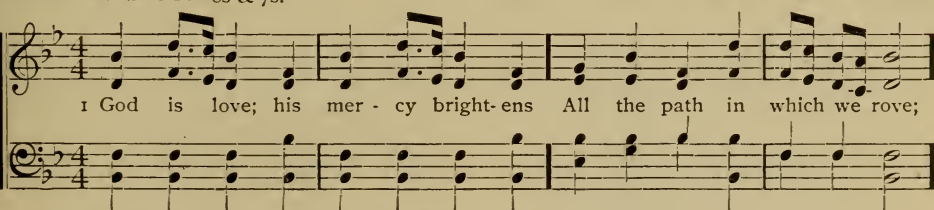
And know the joy thy people see  
Who suffer and who weep with Thee.

4 Infinite Majesty above,  
Our hope, our life, our joy and love,  
Thy fulness, Jesus, let us see,  
And evermore abide in Thee.

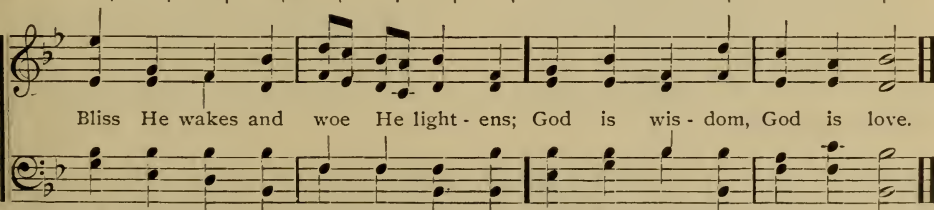
5 Thus, seeing and enjoying Thee,  
In earth and heav'n our joy shall be;  
And grateful praise to Thee be giv'n,  
Through all the blissful life of heav'n.

359 WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



1 God is love; his mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;



Bliss He wakes and woe He light-ens; God is wis-dom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever,  
Man decays and ages move,  
But his mercy waneth never,  
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will his changeless goodness prove;

From the gloom his brightness streameth,  
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Everywhere his glory shineth,  
God is wisdom, God is love.



# Trinity Season.—Love.

360 BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Before our Father's throne<br/>We pour our ardent prayers;<br/>Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,<br/>Our comforts and our cares.</p> <p>3 We share our mutual woes,<br/>Our mutual burdens bear,<br/>And often for each other flows<br/>The sympathizing tear.</p> <p>4 When we asunder part<br/>It gives us inward pain,</p> | <p>But we shall still be joined in heart<br/>And hope to meet again.</p> <p>5 This glorious hope revives<br/>Our courage by the way,<br/>While each in expectation lives<br/>And longs to see the day.</p> <p>6 From sorrow, toil and pain<br/>And sin we shall be free,<br/>And perfect love and friendship reign<br/>Through all eternity.</p> |
|--|--|

John Fawcett, 1772.

361

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 WE give Thee but thine own,<br/>Whate'er the gift may be;<br/>All that we have is thine alone,<br/>A trust, O Lord, from Thee.</p> <p>2 May we thy bounties thus,<br/>As stewards true, receive,<br/>And gladly as Thou blessest us,<br/>To Thee our first-fruits give.</p> <p>3 To comfort and to bless,<br/>To find a balm for woe,</p> | <p>To tend the lone and fatherless<br/>Is angels' work below.</p> <p>4 The captive to release,<br/>To God the lost to bring,<br/>To teach the way of life and peace,<br/>It is a Christlike thing.</p> <p>5 And we believe thy word,<br/>Though dim our faith may be,<br/>Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,<br/>We do it unto Thee.</p> |
|--|---|

J. W. W. How, 1854.

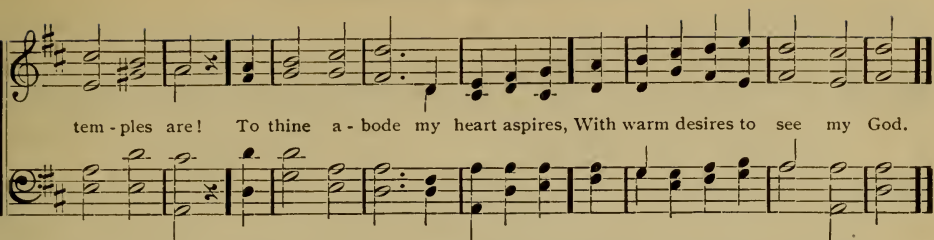
362 DARWALL. H. M.

J. DARWALL, 1731—1789.

1 Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly



# Trinity Season.—Love.



tem - ples are! To thine a - bode my heart aspires, With warm desires to see my God.

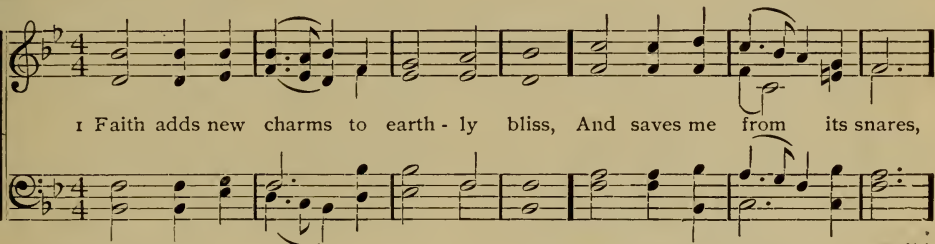
2 O happy souls, who pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy men, who pay  
Their constant service there!  
They praise Thee still; and happy they  
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heav'n appears;  
O glorious seat, when God our King,  
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

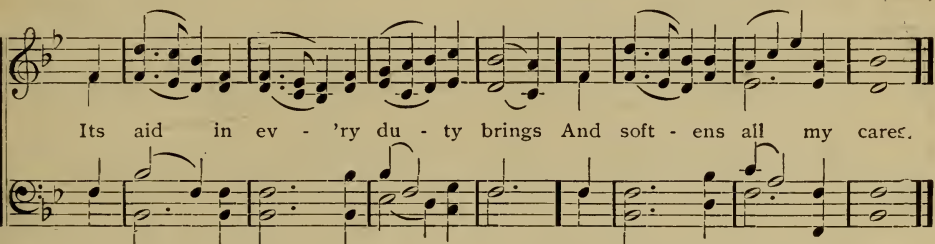
Isaac Watts, 1719.

## 363 HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND, 1834.



1 Faith adds new charms to earth - ly bliss, And saves me from its snares,



Its aid in ev - 'ry du - ty brings And soft - ens all my cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its  
The healing balm to give; [power  
That balm the saddest heart can cheer  
And make the dying live.

4 It shows the precious promise sealed  
With the Redeemer's blood,  
And helps my feeble hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.

3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,  
Where deathless pleasures reign;  
And bids me seek my portion there,  
Nor bids me seek in vain.

5 There, there unshaken would I rest,  
Till this frail body dies,  
And then on faith's triumphant wings  
To endless glory rise.

D. Turner.

## 364

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence  
Of things beyond our sight, [sense  
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and  
And dwells in heav'nly light.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made  
By God's almighty word;  
Abram, to unknown countries led  
By faith, obeyed the Lord.

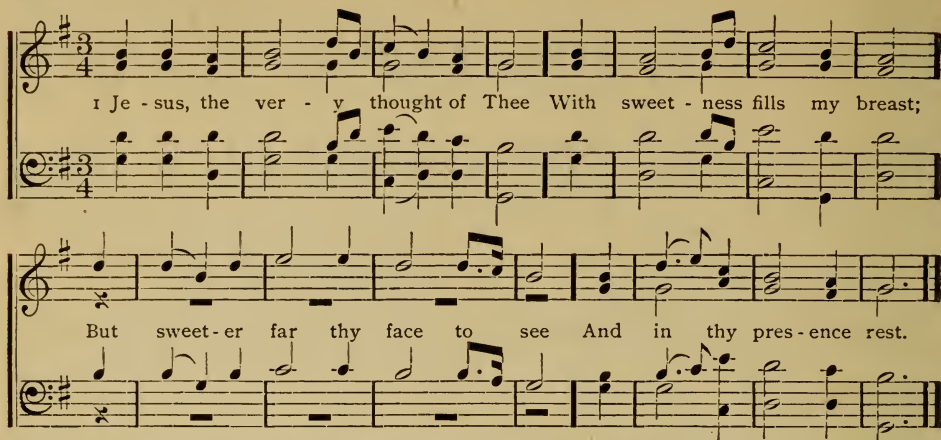
2 It sets times past in present view,  
Brings distant prospects home,  
Of things a thousand years ago  
Or thousand years to come.

4 He sought a city fair and high,  
Built by th' eternal hands;  
And faith assures us, though we die,  
That heav'nly building stands.

# Trinity Season.—Faith.

365 SOLWAY. C. M.

W. ARNOLD.

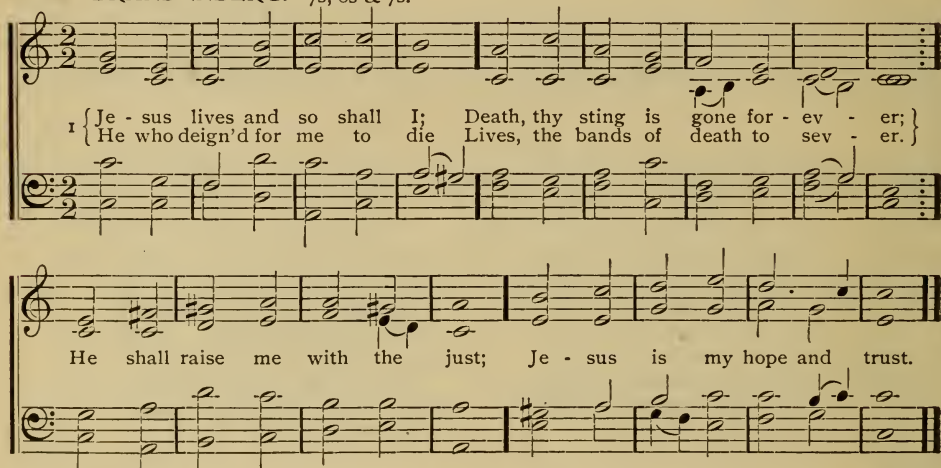


I Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet - ness fills my breast;  
But sweet - er far thy face to see And in thy pres - ence rest.

- 2 Nor voice can sing nor heart can frame  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,  
O Saviour of mankind.
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of Jesus, what it is,  
None but his loved ones know.
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,  
O joy of all the meek,  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!  
How good to those who seek!
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our prize wilt be;  
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,  
And through eternity.

366 BRANDENBERG. 7s, 8s & 7s.

GERMAN CHORAL.



1 { Je - sus lives and so shall I; Death, thy sting is gone for - ev - er; }  
{ He who deign'd for me to die Lives, the bands of death to sev - er. }  
He shall raise me with the just; Je - sus is my hope and trust.

- 2 Jesus lives and reigns supreme;  
And, his kingdom still remaining,  
I shall also be with Him,  
Ever living, ever reigning.  
God has promised, be it must;  
Jesus is my hope and trust.
- 4 Jesus lives, and by his grace  
Victory o'er my passions giving,  
I will cleanse my heart and ways,  
Ever to his glory living.  
The weak He raises from the dust;  
Jesus is my hope and trust.
- 3 Jesus lives, and God extends  
Grace to each returning sinner;  
Rebels He receives as friends,  
And exalts to highest honor.  
God is true as He is just;  
Jesus is my hope and trust.

# Trinity Season.—Faith.

5 Jesus lives, and I am sure  
Naught shall e'er from Jesus sever;  
Satan's wiles and Satan's power,  
Pain or pleasure, ye shall never.  
Christian armor cannot rust;  
Jesus is my hope and trust.

6 Jesus lives, and death is now  
But my entrance into glory;  
Courage then, my soul, for thou  
Hast a crown of life before thee;  
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just,  
Jesus is the Christian's trust.

C. F. Gellert.

367 HEBER. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.

I Give us, O Lord, the eye of faith, The in - ner world to see,  
Then ho - ly an - gels we shall view And their blest min - is - try.

2 Angelic faces we shall see,  
Angelic wings o'erspread  
Above thy holy altar, Lord,  
And Thee, the living bread.  
3 And we shall hear angelic harps  
And heav'nly minstrelsy,  
When one repenting sinner turns  
With contrite heart to Thee.  
4 And when we see the deep'ning calm,  
And watch the quiv'ring breath

That trembles on the lips in prayer  
Of holy saints in death,

5 Then angel ministers will be  
Unveiled to our eyes,  
Waiting to waft the faithful soul  
In peace to Paradise.

6 O give us grace as angels here  
To live in holy love,  
That the last trump may summon us  
To bliss with them above.

Christopher Wordsworth.

368

1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by every foe,  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe;  
2 That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chast'ning rod,  
But in the hour of grief or pain  
Will lean upon its God;  
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;

That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way  
Till life's last hour is fled,  
And with a pure and heav'nly ray  
Lights up a dying bed.

5 Lord, give us such a faith as this;  
And then, whate'er may come, [bliss  
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed  
Of an eternal home.

W. H. Bathurst.

369

1 LORD, I believe; thy power I own,  
Thy word I would obey;  
I wander comfortless and lone,  
When from thy truth I stray.  
2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears  
Sometimes bedim my sight;  
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,  
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft I know  
My faith is cold and weak;  
My weakness strengthen, and bestow  
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes, I believe; and only Thou  
Canst give my soul relief;  
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow,  
"Help Thou mine unbelief."

J. R. Wierford



# Trinity Season.—Faith.

370 SEASONS. L. M.

I. PLEYEL.

1 By faith in Christ I walk with God, With heav'n, my jour - ney's end, in view;

Sup - port - ed by his staff and rod, My road is safe and pleas - ant too.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Though snares and dangers throng my path,<br/>And earth and hell my course with-<br/>I triumph over all by faith,<br/>Guarded by his almighty hand.</p> <p>3 The wilderness affords no food,<br/>But God for my support prepares,<br/>Provides me every needful good, [cares.<br/>And frees my soul from wants and</p> <p>4 With Him sweet converse I maintain;<br/>Great as He is, I dare be free;</p> | <p>I tell Him all my grief and pain,<br/>And He reveals his love to me.</p> <p>5 Some cordial from his word He brings,<br/>Whene'er my feeble spirit faints;<br/>At once my soul revives and sings,<br/>And yields no more to sad complaints.</p> <p>6 I pity all that worldlings talk<br/>Of pleasures that will quickly end;<br/>Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk<br/>With Thee, my guide, my guard, my friend.</p> |
|--|---|

John Newton.

371 UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1 Je - sus, our soul's de - light - ful choice, In Thee be - liev - ing we re - joice;

Yet still our joy is mixed with grief, While faith contends with un - be - lief.

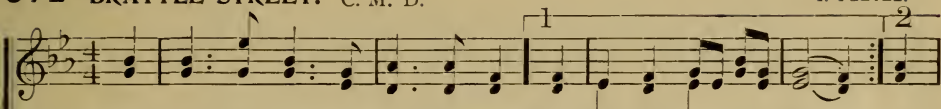
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| <p>2 Thy promises our hearts revive<br/>And keep our fainting hopes alive;<br/>But guilt and fears and sorrows rise<br/>And hide the promise from our eyes.</p> <p>3 Do Thou the languid spark inflame,<br/>That we may conquer in thy name;</p> | <p>And let not sin and Satan boast,<br/>While saints lie mould'ring in the dust.</p> <p>4 Unequal to the conflict, Lord,<br/>Too weak to wield the shield or sword,<br/>On thine almighty arm we fall,<br/>Be Thou our Jesus and our all.</p> |
|--|---|



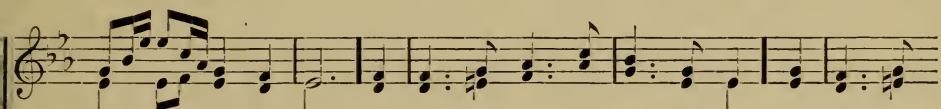
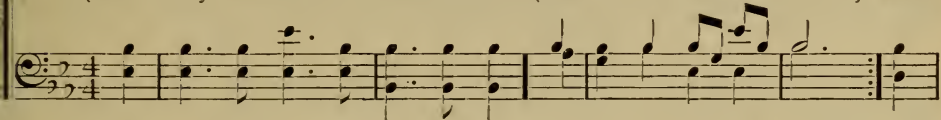
# Trinity Season.—Hope.

372 BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.

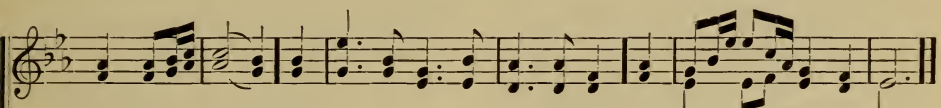
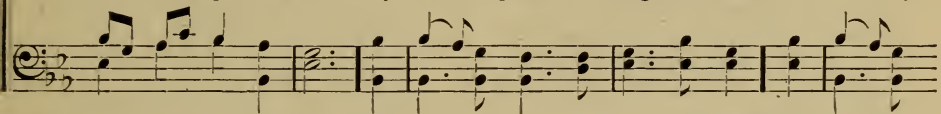
I. PLEVEL.



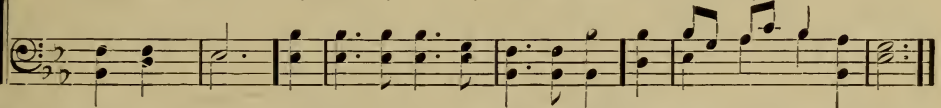
1 { While Thee I seek, pro - tect - ing power, Be my vain wish-es still'd; }  
And may this con - se - crat - ed hour (*Omit.* . . . . . ) With



bet - ter hopes be filled. Thy love the power of thought be-stow'd, To Thee my



thoughts would soar; Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer - cy I a-dore.



2 In each event of life how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferred by Thee.  
In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.  
My lifted eye without a tear  
The gathering storm shall see,  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,  
That heart shall rest on Thee.

Helen Maria Williams, 1786.

373

FATHER of mercies, God of love,  
My Father and my God,  
I'll sing the honors of thy name  
And spread thy praise abroad.  
Thou boundless source of every good,  
My best desires fulfil;  
O help me to adore thy grace  
And mark thy sovereign will.

In all thy mercies may my soul  
Thy bounteous goodness see,  
Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts  
Estrange my heart from Thee.

In every changing scene of life,  
Whate'er that scene may be,  
Give me a meek and humble mind,  
A mind at peace with Thee.

3 Through every period of my life,  
Each bright, each clouded scene,  
Give me a meek and humble mind.  
Still equal and serene;  
Then I may close my eyes in death  
Free from distracting care,  
For death is life and labor rest,  
If Thou art with me there.

# Trinity Season.—Hope.

374 ALEXANDRIA. C. M.

W. ARNOLD.

1 All that I was, my sin, my guilt, My death, was all my own;

All that I am I owe to Thee, My gra-cious God, a-lone.

2 The evil of my former state  
Was mine and only mine;  
The good in which I now rejoice  
Is thine and only thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,  
The bondage, all was mine;  
The light of life in which I walk,  
The liberty, is thine.

4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,  
It taught me to believe;  
Then, in believing, peace I found,  
And now I live, I live.

5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,  
All that I hope to be  
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,  
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

Horatius Bonar, 1850.

375 PHILLIPS. C. M.

F. HUNTER. Arr. by WOODBURY.

1 Lord, it be-longs not to my care Wheth-er I die or live;

To love and serve Thee is my share, And this thy grace must give.

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 If life be long, I will be glad  
That I may long obey;  
If short, yet why should I be sad  
To soar to endless day?  
3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before;  
No one into his kingdom comes,  
But through his opened door.  
4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me  
Thy blessed face to see; [meet

For if thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will thy glory be?  
5 Then shall I end my sad complaints  
And weary, sinful days,  
And join with all triumphant saints  
Who sing Jehovah's praise.  
6 My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter, 1681.

# Trinity Season.—Hope.

## 376 TAMPICO. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1 My Sav-iour, my al-might-y friend, When I be-gin thy praise, Where will the  
grow-ing num-bers end, The num-bers of thy grace? The num-bers of thy grace?

Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust;  
Thy goodness I adore;  
And since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road,  
And march with courage in thy strength  
To see my Father, God.
- 4 When I am filled with sore distress  
For some surprising sin,  
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness  
And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The vict'ries of my King!  
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim  
My Saviour and my God; [shame,  
His death hath brought my foes to  
And saved me by his blood.
- 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;  
With this delightful song  
I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long.

Isaac Watts, 1719

## 377 SWANWICK. C. M.

J. LUCAS.

1 Dearest of all the names a-bove, My Je-sus and my God, Who can re-  
sist thy heav'nly love, Or tri-ble with thy blood? Or tri-ble with thy blood?

- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death  
The Father smiles again;  
'Tis by thine interceding breath  
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,  
My thoughts no comfort find;  
The holy, just and sacred Three  
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,  
My hope, my joy, begins;  
His name forbids my slavish fear,  
His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely  
And Greeks of wisdom boast,  
I love th' incarnate mystery,  
And there I fix my trust.



# Trinity Season.—Hope.

378 GOSHEN. IIS.

THOS. HASTINGS. Arr.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!  
What more can He say than to you He hath said,  
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,  
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."



# Trinity Season.—Hope.

379 ST. STEPHENS. C. M.

WILLIAM JONES, 1789.

I O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,  
Our shel - ter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter - nal home,

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight<sup>a</sup>  
Are like an evening gone,

Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last  
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts, 1719

380 ST. ANN'S. C. M.

WM. CROFT.

I My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights,  
The glo - ry of my bright - est days, And com - fort of my nights,

2 In darkest shades, if He appear,  
My dawning is begun;  
He is my soul's bright morning star,  
And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heav'ns around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows his heart is mine  
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

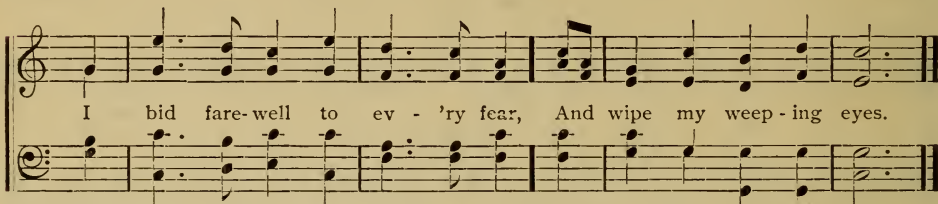
5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe;  
The wings of love and arms of faith  
Should bear me conqueror through.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

# Trinity Season.—Hope.

381 BROWN. C. M.

W. B. RADBURY.



- 2 Should earth against my soul engage  
And hellish darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come  
And storms of sorrow fall,

- May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heav'n, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heav'nly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

382

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of Deliv'rance He affords to all  
In trouble and in joy, [life, Who on his succor trust.  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 O magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt his name;  
When in distress to Him I called,  
He to my rescue came.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;
- 4 O make but trial of his love;  
Experience will decide  
How bless'd are they and only they  
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make you his service your delight,  
Your wants shall be his care.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

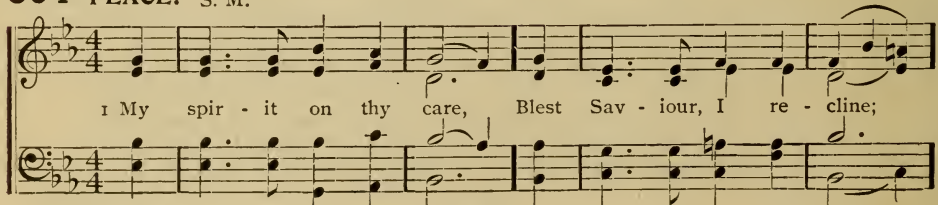
383

- 1 WHEN waves of trouble round me 3 There is a gulf that must be crossed;  
My soul is not dismayed; [swell Saviour, be near to aid;  
I hear a voice I know full well, Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,  
" 'Tis I; be not afraid." " 'Tis I; be not afraid."
- 2 When black the threat'ning clouds 4 There is a dark and fearful vale,  
And storms my path invade, [appear, Death hides within its shade;  
That voice shall calm each rising fear, O say, when flesh and heart shall fail,  
" 'Tis I; be not afraid." " 'Tis I; be not afraid."

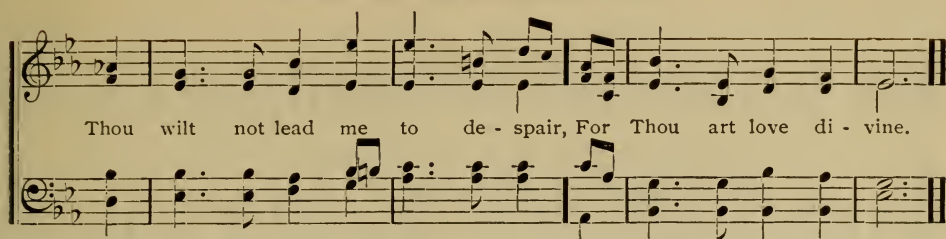
Charlotte Elliott.

384 PEACE. S. M.

ALEX. E. FESCA.



## Trinity Season.—Trust.



2 In Thee I place my trust,  
On Thee I calmly rest;  
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,  
And count thy choice the best.

Safe in thy breast my head I hide,  
Nor fear the coming storm.

3 Whate'er events betide,  
Thy will they all perform;

4 Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me,  
Secure of having Thee in all,  
Of having all in Thee.

H. F. Lyte.

### 385

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into his hands,  
To his sure truth and tender care  
Who earth and heaven commands,

Fix on his word thy steadfast eye,  
— So shall thy work be done.

2 Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey;  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.

4 No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care;  
To Him commend thy cause; his ear  
Attends the softest prayer.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,  
So safe thou shalt go on;

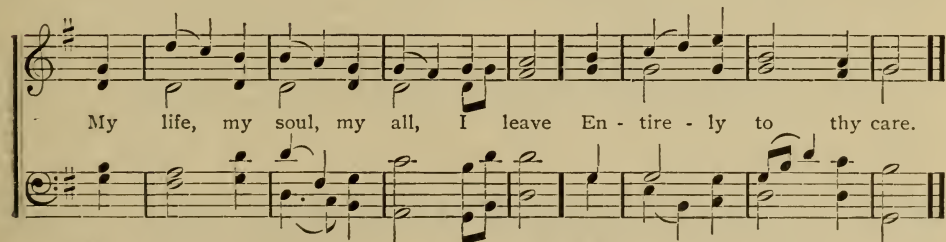
5 Thine everlasting truth,  
Father, thy ceaseless love,  
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows  
What best for each will prove.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by John Wesley, 1739.

### 386

THATCHER. S. M.

From G. F. HANDEL.



2 "My times are in thy hand,"  
Whatever they may be,  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to Thee.

My Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.

3 "My times are in thy hand;"  
Why should I doubt or fear?

4 "My times are in thy hand;"  
I'll always trust in Thee,  
Till I possess the promised land,  
And all thy glory see.

William F. Lloyd, 1835.



# Trinity Season.—Trust.

387 MELITA. L. M. 6 lines.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1 When gath'ring clouds around I view, And days are dark and friends are few, On Him I lean who not in vain

Ex-perienced ev-ry human pain; He sees my wants, allays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue  
Or do the sin I would not do,  
Still He who felt temptation's power  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

Divides me for a little while,  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,

4 And O when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed, for Thou hast died;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

Robert Grant, 1806.

388

1 AS oft with worn and weary feet  
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,  
The thought how comforting and sweet,  
Christ trod this very path before;  
Our wants and weaknesses He knows,  
From life's first dawning till its close.

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray  
And whisper evil things within,  
So did he in the desert way  
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin,  
When worn and in the feeble hour  
The tempter came with all his power.

2 Do sickness, feebleness or pain  
Or sorrow in our path appear,  
The recollection will remain,  
More deeply did He suffer here;  
His life, how truly sad and brief,  
Filled up with suffering and with grief!

4 Just such as I, this earth He trod,  
With every human ill but sin;  
And though indeed the Son of God,  
As I am now, so He has been.  
My God, my Saviour, look on me  
With pity, love and sympathy.

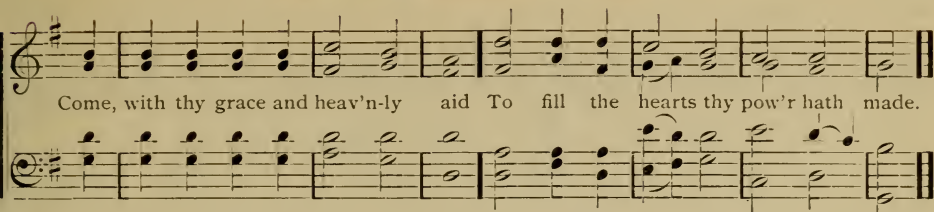
James Edmeston, 1847.

389 STERLING. L. M.

W. HARRISON.

1 Come, O Cre - a - tor, Spir - it blest, And in our souls take up thy rest;

# Trinity Season.—Trust.



- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, to Thee we cry,  
O highest gift of God most high,  
O fount of life, O fire of love,  
Anointing Spirit from above.
- 3 Thou in thy bounteous gifts art known;  
Thee, finger of God's hand, we own;  
The promise of the Father Thou,  
Our tongues with truth and power endow.
- 4 Kindle our senses from above,  
And make our hearts o'erflow with love,
- 5 Far from us drive the foe we dread,  
And grant us thy true peace instead;  
So shall we not, with Thee to guide,  
Turn from the path of life aside.
- 6 O may thy grace on us bestow  
The Father and the Son to know,  
And Thee, through endless time confessed,  
Of both th' eternal Spirit blest.
- Charlemagne. Tr. by E. Caswall.

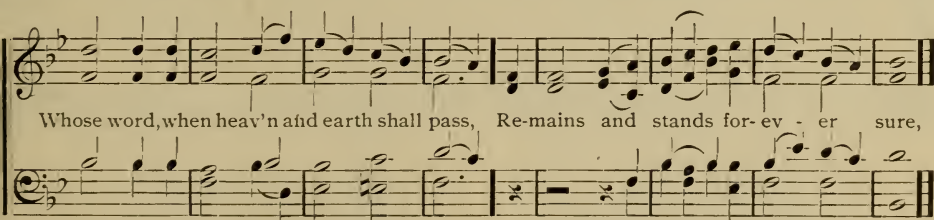
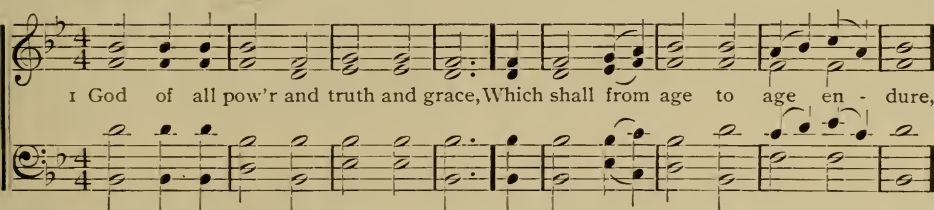
## 390

- 1 HEALTH of the weak, to make them  
Refuge of sinners and their song, [strong,  
Comfort of each afflicted breast,  
Haven of hope in realms of rest,
- 2 Lord of patriarchs gone before,  
Light of the prophet's learned lore,  
Deign from thy throne to look on me  
And hear my lowly litany.
- 3 Lead me, O Spirit, to the Son,  
To taste and feel what He has done,  
To lay me low before his cross,  
And reckon all besides as dross,
- 4 To speak and think and will and move,  
And love as Thou would'st have me love;  
O look upon this bended knee,  
And hear my heart's own litany.

Matthew Bridges.

## 391 ORLAND. L. M.

WM. ARNOLD, 1791.



- 2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,  
That all mankind thy truth may see,  
Hallow thy great and glorious name,  
And perfect holiness in me.
- 3 Purge me from every sinful blot,  
My idols all be cast aside,
- 4 Cleanse me from every sinful thought,  
From all the filth of self and pride.
- 4 Give me a new, a perfect heart,  
From doubt and fear and sorrow free;  
The mind which was in Christ impart,  
And let my spirit cleave to Thee.

# Trinity Season.—Trust.

392 AUSTRIA. 8s & 7s. D.

F. J. HAYDN.

1 { Call Je-ho-vah thy sal-va-tion, Rest beneath th'Almighty's shade; }  
 { In his se-cret hab-i-ta-tion Dwell, and never be dismay'd. } There no tumult can a-larm thee,  
 Thou shalt dread no hid-den snare; Guile nor violence can harm thee, In e-ter-nal safe-guard there.

2 From the sword, at noonday wasting,  
 From the noisome pestilence,  
 In the depth of midnight, blasting,  
 God shall be thy sure defense;  
 Fear not thou the deadly quiver,  
 When a thousand feel the blow;  
 Mercy shall thy soul deliver,  
 Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since with pure and firm affection  
 Thou on God hast set thy love,  
 With the wings of his protection  
 He will shield thee from above;  
 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,  
 He will hearken, He will save,  
 Here for grief reward thee double,  
 Crown with life beyond the grave.  
 James Montgomery.

393 HARWICH. H. M.

J. CRUGER.

1 Up-ward I lift mine eyes, From God is all my aid, The God that built the skies,  
 And earth and nature made; God is the tow'r to which I fly, His grace is nigh in ev-'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide  
 And fall in fatal snares,  
 Since God, my guard and guide,  
 Defends me from my fears;  
 Those wakeful eyes that never sleep  
 Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.  
 3 No burning heats by day  
 Nor blasts of ev'ning air  
 Shall take my health away,

If God be with me there;  
 Thou art my sun and Thou my shade,  
 To guard my head by night or noon.  
 4 Hast Thou not giv'n thy word  
 To save my soul from death?  
 And I can trust my Lord  
 To keep my mortal breath;  
 I'll go and come nor fear to die,  
 Till from on high Thou call me home.



# Trinity Season.—Assurance.

394 ORRINGTON. S. M.

I A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;  
Wake ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Sav - iour's name.

- 2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising power,  
Sing how He intercedes above  
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our hearts  
Ascending with our tongues,  
Sing till the love of sin departs  
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing,

Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ th' eternal King.

- 5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,  
"Ye blessed children, come;"  
Soon will He call you hence away  
And take his wand'ers home.
- 6 There shall our raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Wm. Hammond, 1745-

395 PENTONVILLE. S. M.

G. LINLEY.

I My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great,  
Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.

- 2 High as the heav'ns are rais'd  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins;  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord  
To those that fear his name

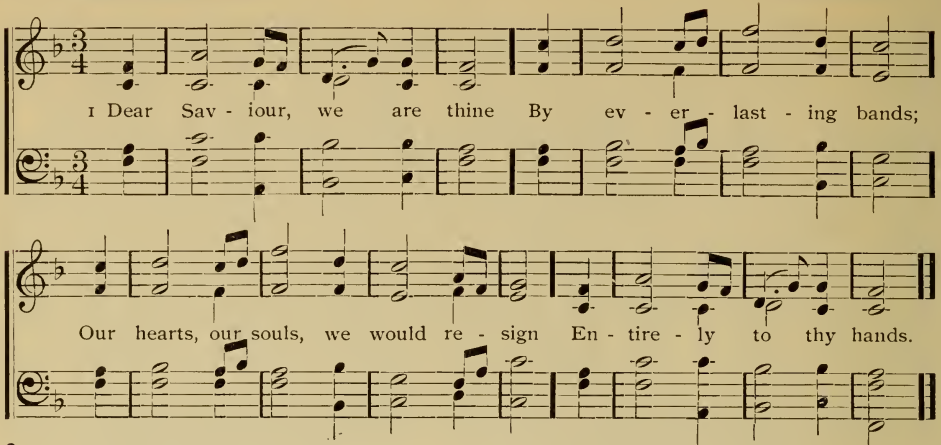
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.

- 5 Our days are as the grass  
Or like the morning flower;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure,  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

# Trinity Season.—Assurance.

396 GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

A. DAVISSON.



I Dear Sav - iour, we are thine By ev - er - last - ing bands;  
Our hearts, our souls, we would re - sign En - tire - ly to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave  
With ever-growing zeal;  
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,  
O let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite  
Our souls to Thee, our Head,  
Shall form us to thine image bright  
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide  
From these abodes of clay,  
But love shall keep us near thy side  
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,  
Why should we doubt or fear?  
If He in heaven has fixed his throne,  
He'll fix his members there.

P. Doddridge.

397

1 HARK, through the courts of heav'n  
Voices of angels sound,  
"He that was dead now lives again,  
He that was lost is found."

2 God of unfailing grace,  
Send down thy Spirit now,  
Raise the dejected soul to hope  
And make the lofty bow.

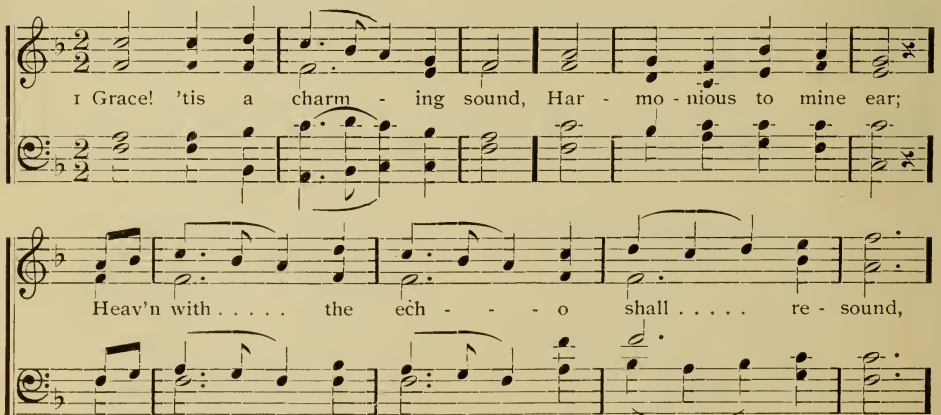
3 In countries far from home  
On earthly husks we feed;  
Back to our Father's home, O Lord,  
Our wand'ring footsteps lead.

4 Then at each soul's return  
The heav'nly harp shall sound,  
"He that was dead now lives again,  
He that was lost is found."

Henry Alford, 1844.

398 LUTHER. S. M.

THOS. HASTINGS,



I Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to mine ear;  
Heav'n with . . . . the ech - - - o shall . . . . re - sound,

# Trinity Season.—Assurance.

And all the earth shall hear, And all . . . the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.

And new supplies each hour I meet  
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

P. Doddridge.

399 BEMERTON. C. M.

HENRY W. GREATOR, 1849.

1 What grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round thy  
steps be - low, What pa - tient love was  
seen in all Thy life and death of woe!

Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

2 Forever on thy burdened heart  
A weight of sorrow hung,  
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word  
Escaped thy silent tongue.

4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,  
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve  
Far more for others' sins than all  
The wrongs that we receive.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,  
Thy friends unfaithful prove,  
Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
Thy heart could only love.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye  
In us, thy brethren, see  
The gentleness and grace that spring  
From union, Lord, with Thee.

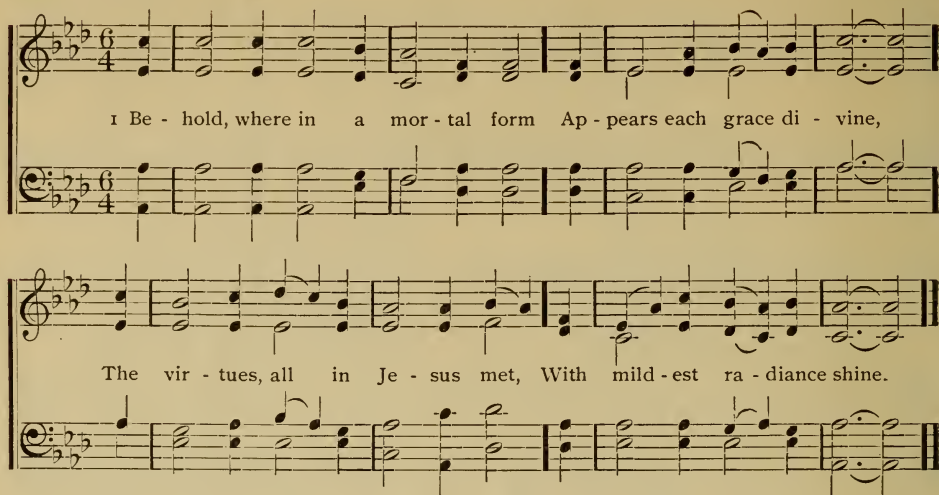
Edward Denny, 1839.



# Trinity Season.—Assurance.

400 HELENA. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



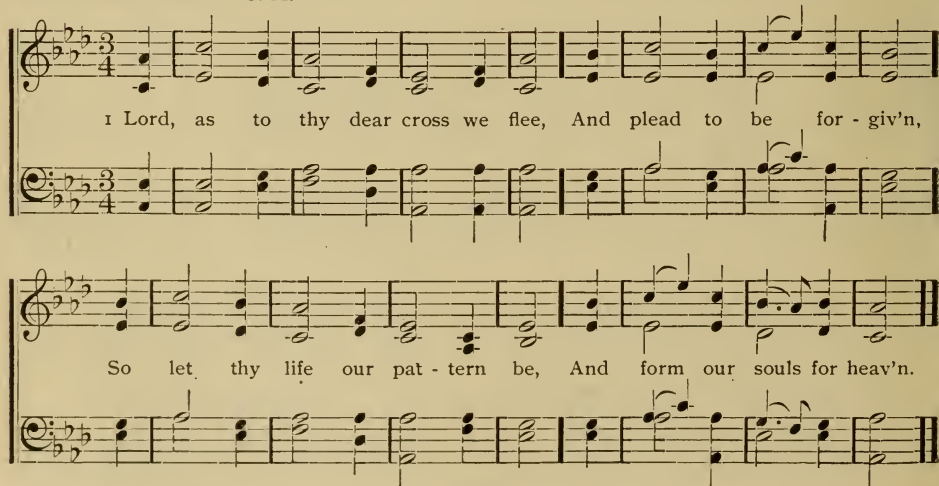
I Be - hold, where in a mor - tal form Ap - pears each grace di - vine,  
The vir - tues, all in Je - sus met, With mild - est ra - diance shine.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,<br>To give the mourner joy,<br>To preach glad tidings to the poor,<br>Was his divine employ.                    | 5 To God He left his righteous cause,<br>And still his task pursued;<br>While humble prayer and holy faith<br>His fainting strength renew'd.    |
| 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends,<br>A friend and servant found, [tears,<br>He washed their feet, He wiped their<br>And healed each bleeding wound. | 6 In the last hours of deep distress,<br>Before his Father's throne,<br>With soul resigned He bowed and said,<br>"Thy will, not mine, be done." |
| 4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,<br>Patient and meek He stood;<br>His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,<br>He labored for their good.           | 7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,<br>His image may we bear;<br>O may we tread his holy steps,<br>His joy and glory share.                  |

W. Enfield, 1772.

401 BALERMA. C. M.

R. SIMPSON.



I Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for - giv'n,  
So let thy life our pat - tern be, And form our souls for heav'n.

## Trinity Season.—Assurance.

- 2 Help us through good report and ill  
Our daily cross to bear,  
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,  
Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine,  
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,  
As free and true as thine.
- 4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly  
And grief's dark day come on,

- We in our turn would meekly cry,  
Father, thy will be done.
- 5 Should friends misjudge or foes defame,  
Or brethren faithless prove,  
Then, like thine own, be all our aim  
To conquer them by love.
- 6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife.  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
O may we lead the pilgrim's life  
And follow Thee to heaven.

John Hampden Gurney.

402

- 1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,  
Allow my humble claim;  
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,  
Disdain a Father's name.
- 2 My Father, God, how sweet the sound,  
How tender and how dear!  
Not all the harmony of heav'n  
Could so delight the ear.

- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name  
On my expanding heart,  
And show that in Jehovah's grace  
I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheered by a signal so divine  
Unwav'ring, I believe,  
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,  
Nor can the sign deceive.

P. Doddridge.

403

- 1 LORD, like the publican I stand  
And lift my heart to Thee;  
Thy pard'ning grace, O God, command,  
Be merciful to me.
- 2 I smite upon my anxious breast  
O'erwhelmed with agony;  
O save my soul by sin oppressed,  
Be merciful to me.

- 3 My guilt, my shame, I all confess,  
I have no hope nor plea  
But Jesus' blood and righteousness,  
Be merciful to me.
- 4 Here at thy cross I still would wait,  
Nor from its shelter flee,  
Till Thou, O God, in mercy great,  
Art merciful to me.

T. Raffles, 1831.

404

NAOMI. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

I Fa - ther, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,

Ac - cept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:

- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart  
And let me live to Thee.

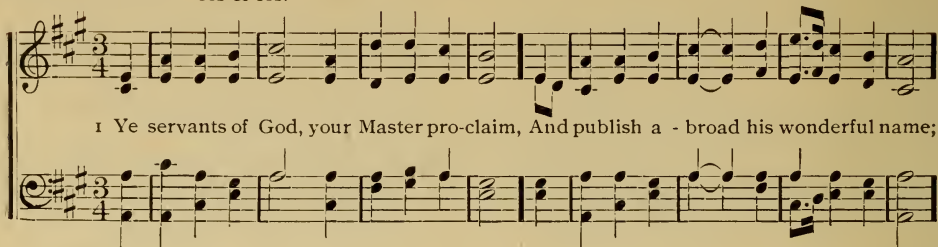
- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,  
My path of life attend,  
Thy presence through my journey shine  
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele, 1760.

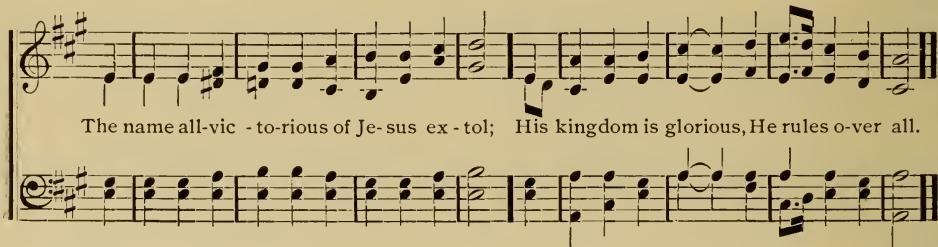
# Trinity Season.—Assurance.

405 LYONS. IOS & IIS.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



1 Ye servants of God, your Master pro-claim, And publish a - broad his wonderful name;



The name all-vic - to-rious of Je-sus ex - tol; His kingdom is glorious, He rules o-ver all.

- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,  
And still He is nigh, his presence we have;  
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,  
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;  
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore and give Him his right,  
All glory and power and wisdom and might,  
All honor and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing and infinite love.

C. Wesley, 1744

406

- 1 O WORSHIP the King, all-glorious above,  
And gratefully sing his power and his love,  
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days,  
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,  
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,  
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;  
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,  
Our maker, defender, Redeemer and friend!
- 4 O measureless might, ineffable love!  
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration shall sing to thy praise.

R. Grant, 1800.



# Trinity Season.—Assurance.

407 OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.

1 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine;  
 { Now hear me while I pray, } O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.  
 { Take all my guilt a - way, }

2 May thy rich grace impart  
 Strength to my fainting heart,  
 My zeal inspire;  
 As thou hast died for me,  
 O may my love to Thee  
 Pure, warm and changeless be,  
 A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
 And griefs around me spread,  
 Be Thou my guide;

Bid darkness turn to day,  
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
 Nor let me ever stray  
 From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
 When death's cold, sullen stream  
 Shall o'er me roll,  
 Blest Saviour, then in love  
 Fear and distrust remove,  
 O bear me safe above,  
 A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer, 1830.

408 VESPER HYMN. 8s & 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON. Arr.

1 { Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss thy love bestows, } Help, O God, my weak en -  
 { For the pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows; }

- deavor, This dull soul to rapture raise; Thou must light the flame, or never Can my love be warm'd to praise.

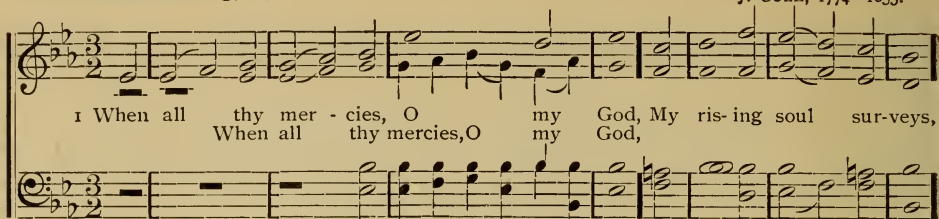
2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
 Wretched wand'rer, far astray, [thee  
 Found thee lost and kindly brought  
 From the paths of death away;  
 Praise with love's devoutest feeling  
 Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
 And, the light of hope revealing,  
 Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
 Vainly would my lips express;  
 Low before thy footstool kneeling,  
 Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;  
 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
 Love's pure flame within me raise;  
 And, since words can never measure,  
 Let my life show forth thy praise.

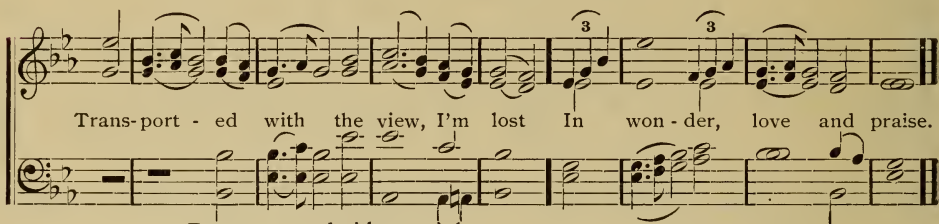
# Trinity Season.—Assurance.

409 GENEVA. C. M.

J. COLE, 1774—1855.



When all thy mercies, O my God,



Trans - port - ed with, etc.

- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

- 4 Through ev'ry period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue,  
And after death in distant worlds  
The glorious theme renew.
- 5 Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
For O eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

J. Addison, 1712.

410

- 1 MY God, how wonderful Thou art,  
Thy majesty how bright;  
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,  
In depths of burning light!
- 2 How dread are thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord,  
By saints and angels day and night  
Incessantly adored!
- 3 O how I fear Thee, living God,  
With deepest, tend'rest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling hope  
And penitential tears.

- 4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as Thou art,  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.
- 5 No earthly father loves like Thee;  
No mother, e'er so mild,  
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done  
With me thy sinful child.
- 6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,  
What rapture will it be  
Prostrate before thy throne to lie  
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

Frederick W. Faber, 1849.

411

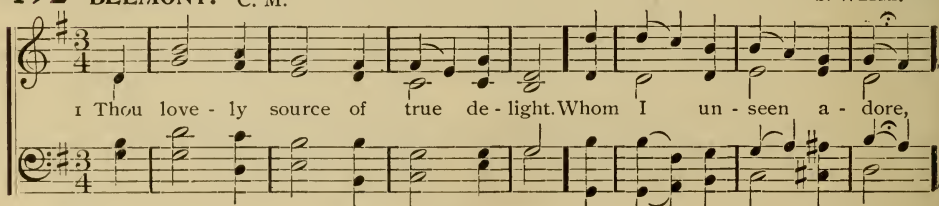
- 1 FATHER, 'tis thine each day to yield  
Our wants a fresh supply;  
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field  
And hear'st the raven's cry.
- 2 Thy love in all thy works we see,  
Thy promise, Lord, we plead,  
And humbly cast our care on Thee,  
Who knowest all our need.

- 3 Let not the world engage our love,  
Nor cares our bosoms fill,  
But fix our heart on things above,  
That we may do thy will.
- 4 The comfort of thy light bestow,  
Our faith and hope increase,  
And let us in thy presence know  
Contentment, joy and peace.

Edward Osler.

412 BELMONT. C. M.

S. WEBBE.



# Trinity Season.—Assurance.

Un - veil thy beau - ties to my sight, That I may love Thee more.

- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;  
But in thy sacred word  
I read in fairer, brighter lines  
My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,  
O come with blissful ray, [night  
Break radiant through the shades of  
And chase my fears away.
- 3 'Tis here, when'er my comforts droop  
And sins and sorrows rise,  
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope  
My fainting heart supplies.
- 5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace  
The wonders of thy love;  
But the full glories of thy face  
Are only known above.

Anne Steele, 1760.

## 413 BERWICK. C. M.

GERMAN CHORAL.

1 The Sav-iour, O what end - less charms Dwell in the bliss - ful sound;

Its in - fluence ev - 'ry fear dis - arms, And spreads sweet com - fort round.

- 2 Here pardon, life and joys divine  
In rich effusion flow,  
For guilty rebels lost in sin  
And doomed to endless woe.
- 4 O the rich depths of love divine,  
Of bliss a boundless store!  
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine,  
I cannot wish for more.
- 3 Th' almighty former of the skies,  
Stooped to our vile abode, [eyes  
While angels viewed with wondering  
And hailed th' incarnate God.
- 5 On Thee alone my hope relies,  
Beneath thy cross I fall,  
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,  
My Saviour and my all.

Anne Steele.

## 414

- 1 JESUS, we sing thy matchless grace  
That calls us as thine own;  
Give us among thy saints a place  
To make thy glories known.
- 3 Thy saints on earth and those above  
Here join in one accord,  
One body all in mutual love,  
And Thou the common Lord.
- 2 Allied to Thee, our vital Head,  
We live and grow and thrive;  
From Thee divided each is dead,  
When most he seems alive.
- 4 O may our faith each moment gain  
More of thy Spirit's grace,  
Till Thou present us all complete  
Before thy Father's face.



# Trinity Season.—Devotion.

## 415 MENDON. L. M.

GERMAN, 1822.

1 O Christ, Thou glo-rious King, we own Thee to be God's e - ter - nal Son;  
The Fa-ther's ful - ness, life di - vine, Mys - te - rious - ly are al - so thine.

- 2 When rolling years brought on the day True God and man, in person one,  
Foretold and fixed for this display, A Judge to pass our final doom.  
Our great deliv'rance to obtain  
Thou didst our nature not disdain.
- 3 At God's right hand, now, Lord, Thou'rt placed,  
And with thy Father's glory graced,
- 4 From day to day, O Lord, do we  
On high exalt and honor Thee;  
Thy name we worship and adore,  
World without end, forevermore.

## 416

- 1 NOW be my heart inspired to sing  
The glories of my Saviour King,  
Jesus, the Lord; how heavenly fair  
His form, how bright his beauties are!
- 2 O'er all the sons of human race  
He shines with a superior grace;  
Love from his lips divinely flows  
And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Dress Thee in arms, most mighty Lord, 6  
Gird on the terror of thy sword,  
In majesty and glory ride,  
With truth and meekness at thy side.
- 4 Thine anger like a pointed dart  
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;  
Or words of mercy kind and sweet  
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
- 5 Thy throne, O God, forever stands,  
Grace is the scepter in thy hands;  
Thy laws and works are just and right,  
Justice and grace are thy delight.
- 6 O God, thy God has richly shed  
His oil of gladness on thy head,  
And with his sacred Spirit blest  
Th' eternal Son above the rest.

## 417 EL PARAN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1 Now in a song of grate-ful praise To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;  
With all his saints I'll join to tell That Je - sus hath done all things well.

# Trinity Season.—Devotion.

2 Wisdom and power and love divine  
In all his works unrivaled shine,  
And force the wondering world to tell  
That He alone did all things well.

3 Howe'er mysterious are his ways,  
Or dark or sorrowful my days,

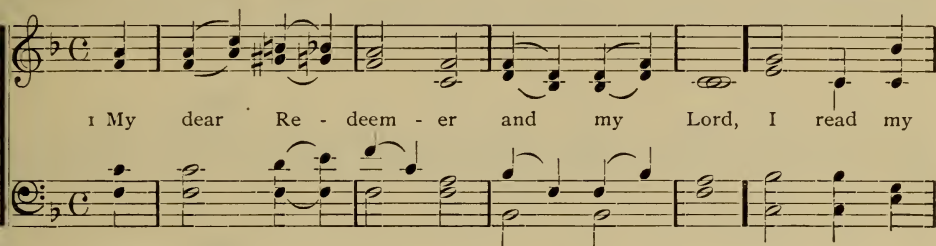
And though my spirit oft rebel,  
I know He still doth all things well.

4 And when I stand before his throne  
And all his ways are fully known,  
This note in sweetest strains shall swell,  
That Jesus hath done all things well.

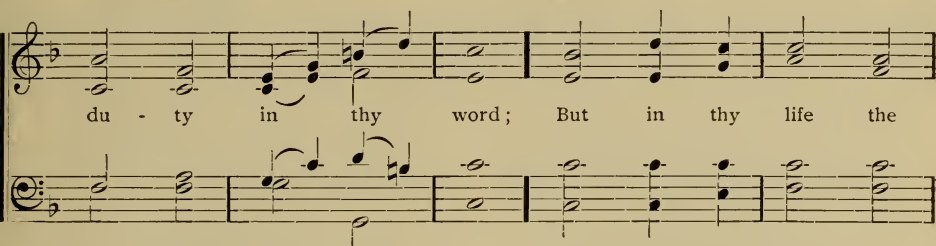
Samuel Medley.

418 HYATT. L. M.

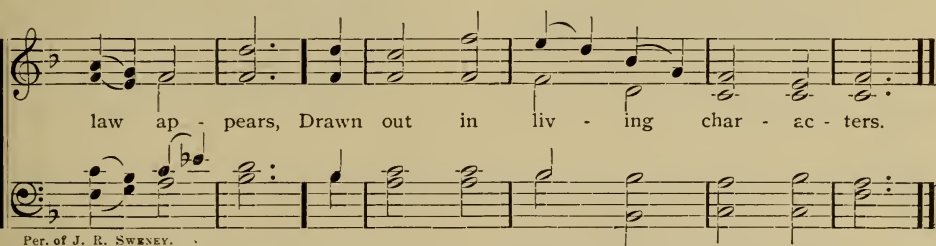
J. R. SWENEY.



1 My dear Re - deem - er and my Lord, I read my



du - ty in thy word; But in thy life the



law ap - pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.

Per. of J. R. SWENEY.

2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love and meekness, so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;

The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

419

1 SO let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess,  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our Saviour God,  
When his salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride, [love  
While justice, temperance, truth and  
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

# Trinity Season.—Devotion.

420 CLARENDON. C. M.

I. TUCKER.

1 O Je - sus, Thou the beau - ty art Of an - gel worlds a - bove;

Thy name is mu - sic to the heart, In - flam - ing it with love.

2 Celestial sweetness unalloyed,  
Who eat Thee, hunger still;  
Who drink of Thee still feel a void,  
Which naught but Thou can fill.

4 Abide with us, and let thy light  
Shine, Lord, on every heart;  
Dispel the darkness of our night  
And joy to all impart.

3 O Jesus, Saviour, hear the sighs  
Which unto Thee we send;  
To Thee our inmost spirit cries,  
To Thee our prayers ascend.

5 Jesus, our love and joy, to Thee,  
The Virgin's holy Son,  
All might and praise and glory be  
While endless ages run.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1140. Tr. by E. Caswall.

421 HADDAM. H. M.

LOWELL MASON. Arr.

1 Join all the glo - rious names Of wis - dom, love and pow'r,

That ev - er mor - tals knew, That an - gels ev - er



# Trinity Season.—Devotion.

bore, All are too mean to speak his worth,

Too mean to set my Sav - iour forth.

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless thy name;  
By Thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came,  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued and peace with heaven.

No sacrifice beside;  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,  
Offered his blood and died;  
My guilty conscience needs

4 My dear and mighty Lord,  
My conqueror and my King,  
Thy scepter and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing;  
Thine is the power; behold, I sit  
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

Isaac Watts.

422

1 COME, every pious heart  
That loves the Saviour's name,  
Your noblest powers exert  
To celebrate his fame;  
Tell all above and all below  
The debt of love to Him you owe.

In glorious triumph led;  
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,  
And reigns on high, the Saviour, God.

2 He left his starry crown  
And laid his robes aside,  
On wings of love came down,  
And wept and bled and died;  
What He endured, O who can tell,  
To save our souls from death and hell?

4 From thence He'll quickly come,  
His chariot will not stay,  
And bear our spirits home  
To realms of endless day;  
There shall we see his lovely face,  
And ever be in his embrace.

3 From the dark grave He rose,  
The mansion of the dead,  
And thence his mighty foes

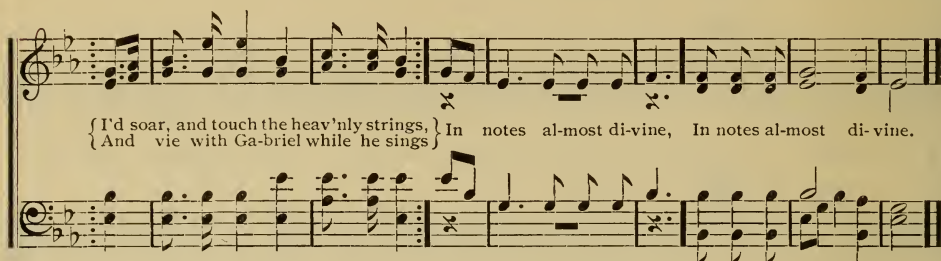
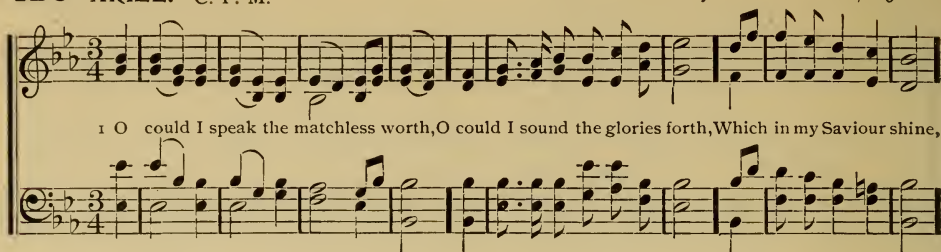
5 Jesus, we ne'er can pay  
The debt we owe thy love;  
Yet tell us how we may  
Our gratitude approve;  
Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give;  
The gift though small, do Thou receive.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

# Trinity Season.—Longing.

423 ARIEL. C. P. M.

MOZART. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1836.



2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin, and wrath divine;  
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
In which all perfect, heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears  
And all the forms of love He wears,  
Exalted on his throne;

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see his face;  
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley, 1789.

424

1 MAY we thy precepts, Lord, fulfil,  
To do on earth our Father's will,  
As angels do above,  
To walk in Christ, the living way,  
With all thy children, and obey  
The law of Christian love.

2 So may we join thy name to bless,  
Thy grace adore, thy power confess,  
From sin and strife to flee;

One is our calling, one our name,  
The end of all our hope the same,  
A crown of life with Thee.

3 Spirit of life, of joy and peace,  
Unite our hearts, our joy increase,  
Thy gracious help supply;  
To every soul the blessing give,  
In Christian fellowship to live,  
In joyful hope to die.

Edward Osler.

425

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by thee?  
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me.

2 God only knows the love of God;  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor, stony heart!

For love I sigh, for love I pine;  
This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
Be mine this better part.

3 Only thy love do I require,  
Nothing in earth below desire,  
But this in heaven above;  
Let earth and heaven and all things go,  
Give me thy only love to know,  
Impart to me thy love.

C. Wesley, 1749.

# Trinity Season.—Longing.

426 VALELAND. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

I O Saviour, who at Na - in's gate Didst dry a wid - ow's tears,  
And raise her on - ly son, the prop Of her de - clin - ing years,

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

- 2 What holy raptures, Lord, through Thee  
Thy suffering saints await,  
When raised from death by Thee they stand  
At thine own city's gate!
- 3 What ecstasies will then be theirs  
In that blest city, Lord,  
When sons to parents will by Thee  
Forever be restored!

- 4 O grant us so together, Lord,  
To live in holy love,  
That we together may be joined  
In holy bliss above.
- 5 Members of Christ our bodies are  
The Holy Spirit's shrine;  
Then grant us so to use them now,  
That they may be like thine.  
Christopher Wordsworth.

427

- 1 THE whole creation groans and waits  
Till we who love Thee, Lord,  
Shall stand within thy temple gates  
And shine, the sons of God.
- 2 The sons of God, how bright they shine  
No mortal eye can see;  
We sinners shall be made divine,  
We shall be one with Thee;

- 3 One with the Lord and all his saints,  
Thy nature in our own,  
Thy crown our rich inheritance,  
Heirs to thy royal throne.
- 4 Thy throne no joy to us would bring,  
If we from Thee were riven,  
For all our joy is in our King,  
And Thou art all our heaven.

428 RHINE. C. M.

FREDERICK BURGMULLER.

I O Je - sus, Saviour of the lost, My rock and hid - ing-place, By storms of sin and  
sor - row tost, I seek thy shelt'ring grace, I seek thy shelt'ring grace.

- 2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;  
Pursued by foes I come;  
A sinner, save me, or I die;  
An outcast, take me home.
- 3 Once safe in thine almighty arms,  
Let storms come on again;

- There danger never, never harms,  
There death itself is gain.
- 4 And when I stand before thy throne  
And all thy glory see,  
Still be my righteousness alone  
To hide myself in Thee.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1858.



# Trinity Season.—Longing.

429 DOWNS. C. M.

LOWELL MASON. 1832.

1 Let saints be - low in con - cert sing With those to glo - ry gone,

For all the ser - vants of our King In earth and heav'n are one.

- 2 One family, we dwell in Him,  
One Church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow;  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.
- 4 E'en now to their eternal home  
Some happy spirits fly,

And we are to the margin come  
And soon expect to die.

- 5 E'en now by faith we join our hands  
With those that went before,  
And greet the ransomed, blessed bands  
Upon th' eternal shore.
- 6 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide;  
And, when the word is given,  
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide  
And land us safe in heaven.

C. Wesley.

430 JERUSALEM. C. M.

Arr. from MOZART.

1 O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?

When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

- 2 Jerusalem the city is  
Of God, our King, alone;  
The Lamb of God, its light and bliss,  
Sits on his glorious throne.
- 3 O happy harbor of God's saints!  
O sweet and pleasant soil!  
In thee no sorrow may be found,  
No grief, no care, no toil.
- 4 No dimming clouds o'ershadow thee,  
No dull nor darksome night,  
But every soul shines as the sun,  
For God Himself gives light.

- 5 Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,  
I love and long to see;  
O that my sorrows had an end,  
That I might dwell in thee!
- 6 Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
Thy bulwarks diamond-square;  
Thy gates are made of orient pearl,  
O God, if I were there,
- 7 With cherubim and seraphim,  
And holy souls of men,  
To sing thy praise, O God of hosts,  
Forever and amen!

# Trinity Season.—The Church.

431 APPLETON. L. M.

WILLIAM BOYCE.

1 God is our ref - uge in dis - tress, A pres - ent help when dan - gers press;  
On Him for safe - ty we re - lied, And in his strength we will con - fide,

- 2 Though earth were from her center tost, 4 A gentler stream, that ever flows  
And mountains in the ocean lost, And joy to all around bestows,  
Or lofty hills from their abode The city of the Lord shall fill,  
Torn piecemeal by the roaring flood. The city where He's worshiped still.
- 3 Let angry waves together rolled 5 God dwells in Zion, whose strong towers,  
Rage on with fury uncontrolled; Shall mock th' assault of earthly powers;  
We will not fear, whilst we depend And his almighty aid is nigh  
On God who is our constant friend. To those who on his strength rely.

432

- 1 O THOU who makest souls to shine 4 Give those who learn the willing ear,  
With light from lighter worlds above, The spirit meek, the guileless mind;  
And droppest glistening dew divine Such gifts will make the lowliest here  
On all who seek a Saviour's love, Far better than a kingdom find.
- 2 Do Thou thy benediction give 5 O bless the shepherd, bless the sheep,  
On all who teach, on all who learn, That guide and guided both be one,  
That so thy Church may holier live One in the faithful watch they keep,  
And every lamp more brightly burn. Until this hurrying life be done.
- 3 Give those who teach pure hearts and 6 If thus, good Lord, thy grace be  
wise, [prayer; given,  
Faith, hope and love, all warmed by In Thee to live, in Thee to die,  
Themselves first training for the skies, Before we upward pass to heaven  
They best will raise their people there. We taste our immortality.

John M. Neale.

433

- 1 O GUARDIAN of the Church divine, 3 Spirit of truth, on us bestow  
The sevenfold gifts of grace are thine, The faith in all its power to know,  
And kindled by thy hidden fires That with the saints of ages gone  
The soul to highest aims aspires. And those to come we may be one.
- 2 Thy ministers, O Lord, endure 4 Protect thy Church from ev'ry foe,  
With wisdom, and their zeal renew; And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;  
Turn all their weakness into might, Convert the world, make all confess  
O Thou, the source of life and light. Thy mercy, truth and righteousness.

T. Chamberlain.

# Trinity Season.—The Church.

434 ANVERN. L. M.

GERMAN. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1840.

1 Tri-umph-ant Zi-on, lift thy head From dust and darkness and the dead; Though humbled

long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength. *ritard.*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,<br/>And let thine excellence be known;<br/>Then, decked in robes of righteousness,<br/>The world thy glories shall confess.</p> <p>3 No more shall foes unclean invade,<br/>And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;</p> | <p>No more shall hell's insulting host<br/>Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.</p> <p>4 God from on high thy groans will hear,<br/>His hand thy ruins shall repair;<br/>Nor will thy watchful monarch cease<br/>To guard thee in eternal peace.</p> |
|---|--|

435 DAUGHTER OF ZION. IIS.

LOWELL MASON, 1839.

1 Daugh-ter of Zi-on, a-wake from thy sad-ness, A-wake,—for thy

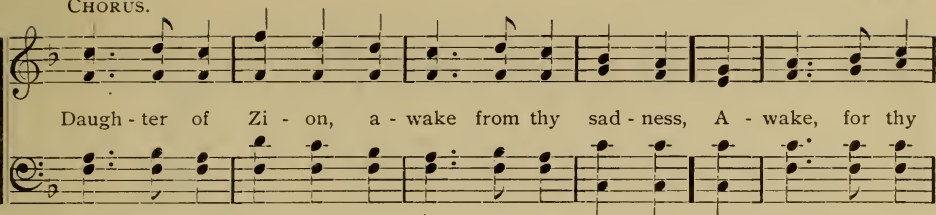
foes shall op-press thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the

day-star of glad-ness; A-rise,—for the night of thy sor-row is o'er.



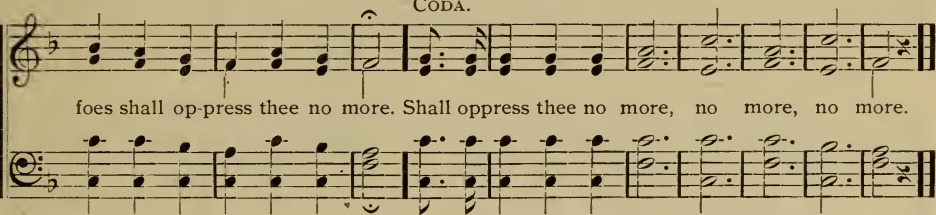
# Trinity Season.—The Church.

## CHORUS.



Daugh - ter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad - ness, A - wake, for thy

## CODA.



foes shall opp - press thee no more. Shall oppress thee no more, no more, no more.

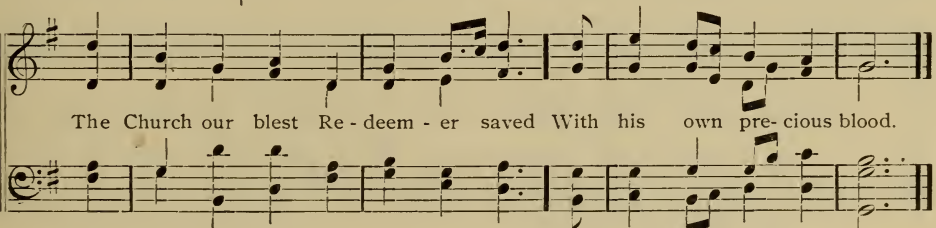
2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath  
subdued them [mightier far; saved thee [should be;  
And scattered their legions was Extolled with the harp and the timbrel  
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge Shout, for the foe is destroyed that en-  
that pursued them, slaved thee,  
Vain were their steeds and their Th' oppressor is vanquished and Zion  
chariots of war.—CHO. is free.—CHO.

## 436 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL, 1685—1759.



I I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode,



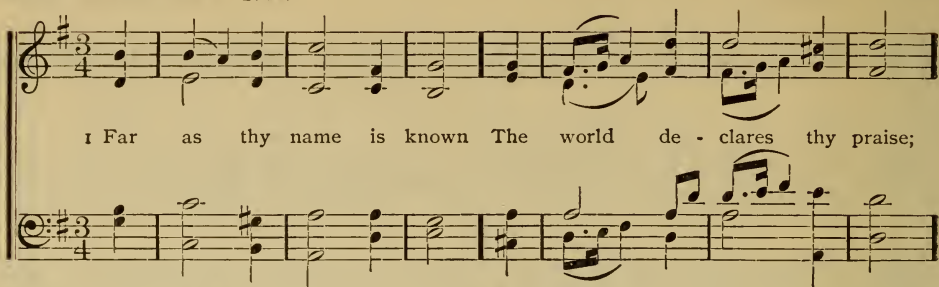
The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 I love thy Church, O God;<br/>Her walls before Thee stand,<br/>Dear as the apple of thine eye,<br/>And graven on thy hand.</p> <p>3 For her my tears shall fall,<br/>For her my prayers ascend,<br/>To her my cares and toils be given,<br/>Till toils and cares shall end.</p> <p>4 Beyond my highest joy<br/>I prize her heavenly ways,</p> | <p>Her sweet communion, solemn vows,<br/>Her hymns of love and praise.</p> <p>5 Jesus, Thou friend divine,<br/>Our Saviour and our King,<br/>Thy hand from every snare and foe<br/>Shall great deliv'rance bring.</p> <p>6 Sure as thy truth shall last,<br/>To Zion shall be given<br/>The brightest glories earth can yield<br/>And brighter bliss of heaven.</p> |
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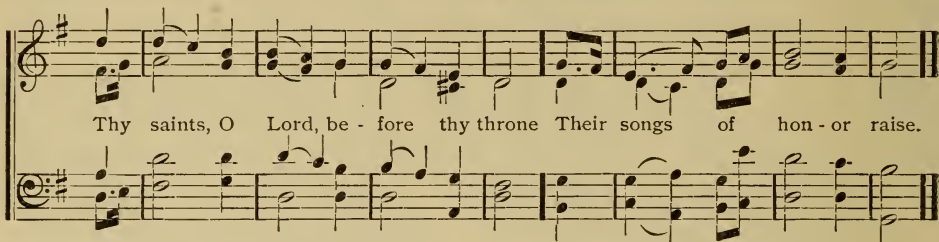
# Trinity Season.—The Church.

437 AMANTUS. S. M.

C. BRYAN, 1840.



I Far as thy name is known The world de - clares thy praise;



Thy saints, O Lord, be - fore thy throne Their songs of hon - or raise.

2 With joy thy people stand  
On Zion's chosen hill,  
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand  
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around  
The city where we dwell,  
Compass and view thy holy ground  
And mark the building well,

4 The order of thy house,  
The worship of thy court,

The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,  
And make a fair report.

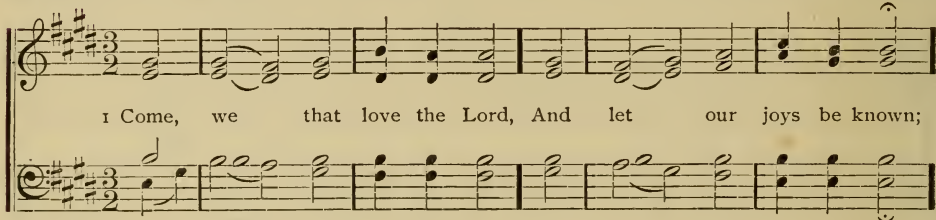
5 How decent and how wise,  
How glorious to behold!  
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes  
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now  
Will guide us till we die,  
Will be our God while here below  
And ours above the sky.

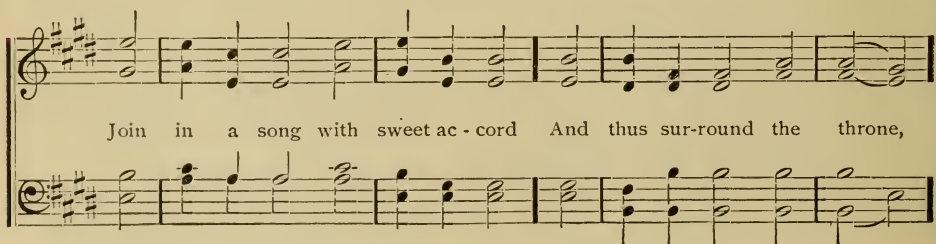
Isaac Watts.

438 SELVIN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON. Arr.

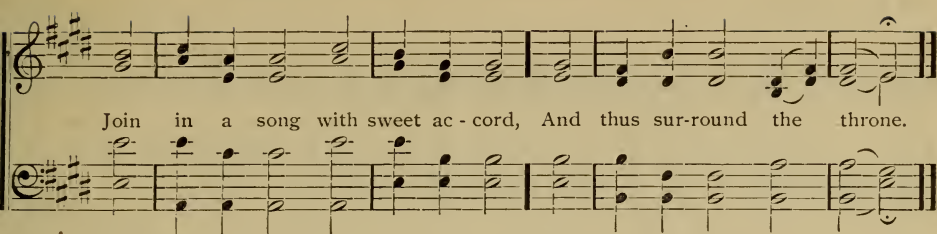


I Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;



Join in a song with sweet ac - cord And thus sur-round the throne,

## Trinity Season.—The Church.



Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur-round the throne.

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God;  
But favorites of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.

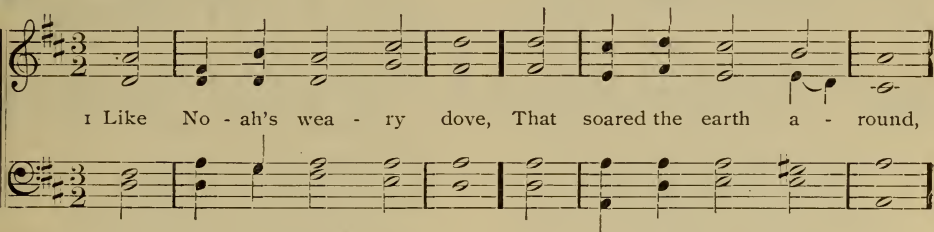
4 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets  
Before we reach the heavenly fields  
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry; [ground,  
We're marching through Immanuel's  
To fairer worlds on high.

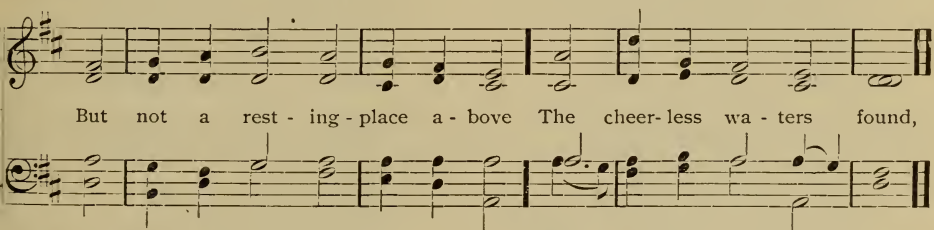
Isaac Watts, 1707.

## 439 DOVER. S. M.

FROM AARON WILLIAMS' COLL.



I Like No - ah's wea - ry dove, That soared the earth a - round,



But not a rest - ing - place a - bove The cheer-less wa - ters found,

2 O cease, my wandering soul,  
On restless wing to roam;  
All this wide world to either pole  
Hath not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God!  
Behold the open door!

O haste to gain that dear abode  
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There safe thou shalt abide,  
There sweet shall be thy rest,  
And every longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blest.

W. A. Muhlenberg.

## 440

1 O LORD, refresh thy flock,  
Athirst to Thee we cry;  
Thou art the spiritual rock,  
Whence we must drink, or die.

2 Preserve us, Lord, from death;  
Thou art the Lamb whose blood  
Sprinkled on Israel's doors in faith  
A token was for good.

3 With many a bitter thought  
Of cherished sin subdued,  
'Tis meet that, drest in pilgrim garb,  
We take Thee for our food.

4 Away the signs are cast  
And now Thyself we see;  
Yet let each sign that cheered the past  
Still lift our hearts to Thee.

Jos. Anstice.



# Trinity Season.—The Church.

441 AURELIA. 7s & 6s. D.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1868.

1 The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ, her Lord; She is his new cre -

a - tion By wa - ter and the word; From heav'n He came and sought her, To

be his ho - ly bride; With his own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,  
Yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of salvation  
One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
One holy name she blesses,  
Partakes one holy food,  
And to one hope she presses,  
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder  
Men see her sore oppress,  
By schisms rent asunder,  
By heresies distressed,  
Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
And soon the night of weeping  
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace forevermore;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth had union  
With God the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won.  
O happy ones and holy!  
Lord, give us grace that we  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with Thee.

S. J. Stone, 1866

442

1 O BREAD, to pilgrims given,  
O food, that angels eat,  
O manna, sent from heaven,  
For heaven-born natures meet,  
Give us for Thee long pining,  
To eat till richly filled,  
Till earth's delights resigning,  
Our every wish is stilled.

2 O water, life-bestowing,  
From out the Saviour's heart,  
A fountain purely flowing,  
A fount of love Thou art;

O let us, freely tasting,  
Our burning thirst assuage;  
Thy sweetness, never wasting,  
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,  
We Thee unseen adore,  
Thy faithful word believing,  
We take, and doubt no more;  
Give us, Thou true and loving,  
On earth to live in Thee,  
Then, death the veil removing,  
Thy glorious face to see.

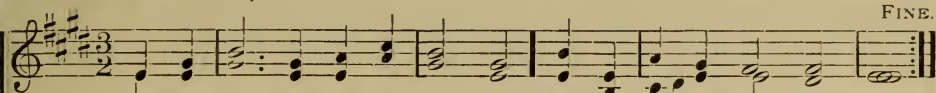
Latin Hymn. Tr. by Ray Palmer, 1858.

# Trinity Season.—The Church.

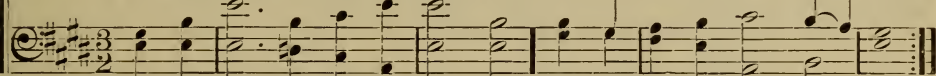
443 RIPLEY. 8s & 7s. D.

Art. by LOWELL MASON.

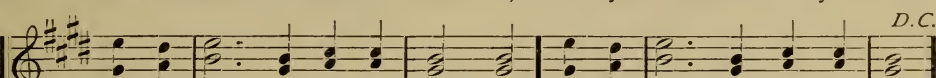
FINE.



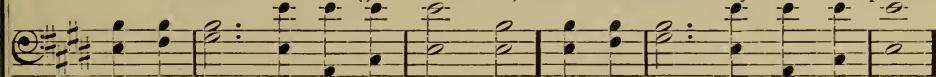
1 { Glo-rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God; }  
He, whose word can not be bro - ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode; }



D. C.—With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.



On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?



Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

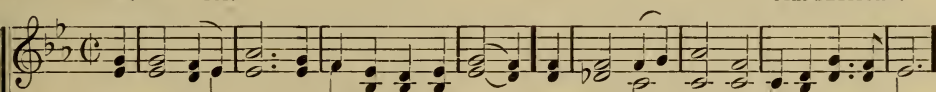
- 2 Thine the streams of living waters  
Springing from the throne above,  
Thither speed thy sons and daughters,  
There all thirst they slake in love;  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever will their thirst assuage,  
Grace which like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age?
- 3 On their way, around them hovering,  
Pillared cloud or fire appear,  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near;

- From their banner thus deriving  
Light by night and shade by day,  
Bread from heaven, all heart-reviving,  
For their daily food have they.
- 4 Saviour, we of Zion's city  
Members through thy grace became;  
Though the world deride or pity,  
We will glory in thy name.  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know.

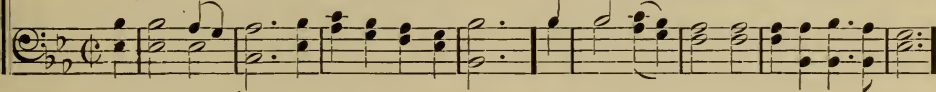
John Newton, 1779.

444 BERLIN. 10s.

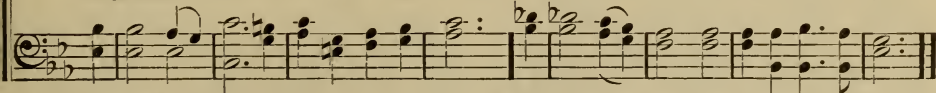
MENDELSSOHN.



1 As pants the wea-ried hart for cool-ing springs, That sinks ex - haust-ed in the summer's chase,



So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings, So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling place.



- 2 Lord, thy sure mercies ever in my sight 3 Why faint, my soul, why doubt Jehovah's  
My heart shall gladden through the aid? [shall prove;  
tedious day; [of night, Thy God the God of mercy still  
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades Within his courts thy thanks shall yet  
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grate- be paid; [love.  
ful lay. Unquestion'd be his faithfulness and

# Trinity Season.—Pilgrimage.

445 TAPPAN. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1 Light of the lone - ly pilgrim's heart, Star of the com - ing day, A - rise, and  
with thy morning beams, Arise, and with thy morning beams Chase all our griefs a - way.

2 Come, blessed Lord, let every shore  
And answering island sing  
The praises of thy royal name,  
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now  
To the bright world above,  
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy  
In memory of thy love.

4 Jesus, thy fair creation groans,  
The air, the earth, the sea,  
In unison with all our hearts,  
And calls aloud for Thee.

5 Thine was the cross with all its fruits  
Of grace and peace divine;  
Be thine the crown of glory now,  
The palm of victory thine.

E. Denny.

446

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed,  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led,

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before thy throne of grace;  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.

Philip Doddridge, 1737. Michael Bruce, 1781.

447

1 WHEN from the city of our God  
Man wandered far away,  
He fell into the tempter's hands,  
Was stripped and wounded lay.

2 Christ bound our wounds and poured in  
And wine with tender care, [oil  
And bore us to an inn, his Church,  
And safely lodged us there.

3 He gave us to the host in charge,  
And "at that future day

When I shall come again," He said,  
"I will thy pains repay."

4 What beams of grace and mercy, Lord,  
In thine example shine!  
O may we give Thee thanks and praise  
By showing love like thine.

5 So may we at that future day,  
With joy thy coming see,  
And hear that blessing, "What ye did  
To mine, ye did to Me."

Christopher Wordsworth,

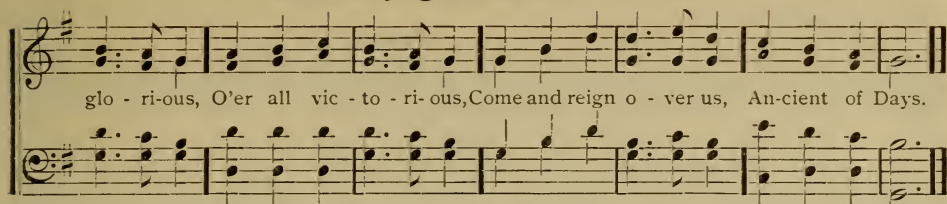
448 ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

F. GIARDINI, 1716—1796.

1 Come, Thou al- might- y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father, all



# Trinity Season.—Security.



2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword,  
Our prayer attend;  
Come, and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour;

Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.

4 To Thee, great One in Three,  
The highest praises be  
Hence evermore;  
Thy sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley.

449

1 THOU, whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight,  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And where the gospel's day  
Sheds not its glorious ray  
"Let there be light."

2 Thou, who didst come to bring  
On thy redeeming wing  
Healing and sight,

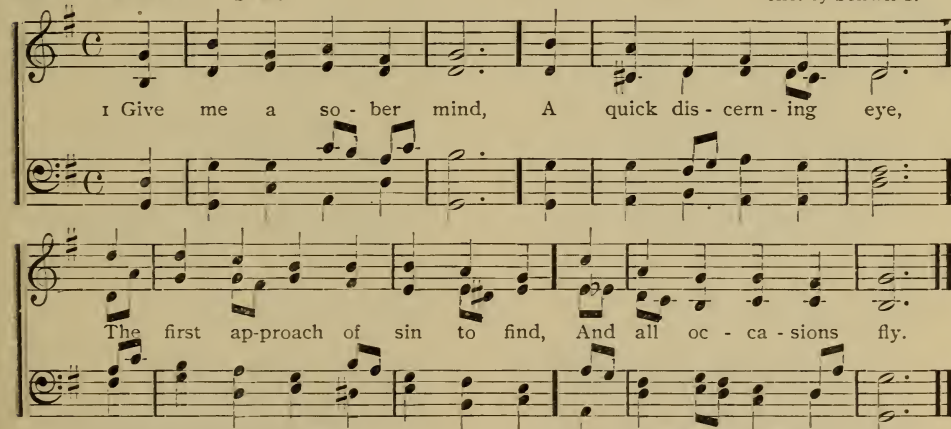
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind,  
O now to all mankind  
"Let there be light."

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth thy flight;  
Move o'er the water's face,  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
"Let there be light."

John Marriott, 1813.

450 WELLER. S. M.

Arr. by SCHWING.



2 Still may I cleave to Thee,  
And nevermore depart,  
But watch with godly jealousy  
Over my evil heart.  
3 Thus may I pass my days  
Of sojourning beneath,

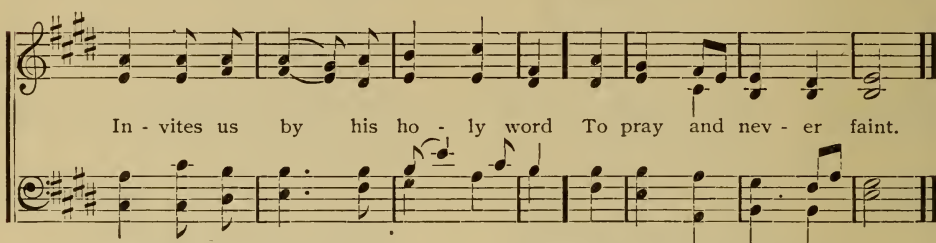
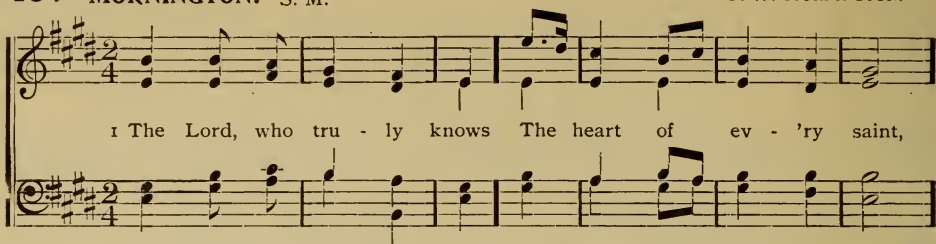
And languish to conclude my race,  
And render up my breath;  
4 In humble love and fear  
Thine image to regain,  
And see Thee in the clouds appear  
And rise with Thee to reign.



# Trinity Season.—Security.

451 MORNINGTON. S. M.

G. W. MORNINGTON.



- 2 He bows his gracious ear,  
We never plead in vain;  
Yet we must wait till He appear,  
And pray and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest,  
Why should we longer wait;  
He bids us never give Him rest,  
But be importunate.
- 4 'Twas thus the widow poor,  
Without support or friend,

Beset the unjust judge's door,  
And gained at last her end.

- 5 And shall not Jesus hear  
His chosen when they cry?  
Yes, though He may awhile forbear,  
He'll not their suit deny.
- 6 Then let us earnest be  
And never faint in prayer;  
He loves our importunity  
And makes our cause his care.

452

- 1 JESUS, I live to Thee,  
The loveliest and best;  
My life in Thee, thy life in me,  
In thy blest love I rest.
- 2 Jesus, I die to Thee,  
Whenever death shall come;  
To die in Thee is life to me  
In my eternal home.

- 3 Whether to live or die,  
I know not which is best;  
To live in Thee is bliss to me,  
To die is endless rest.
- 4 Living or dying, Lord,  
I ask but to be thine;  
My life in Thee, thy life in me,  
Makes heaven forever mine.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh

453

- 1 TO God, the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death  
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,  
Unblemished and complete,

Before the glory of his face  
With joys divinely great.

- 4 Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet before the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace  
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God,  
Wisdom and power belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty  
And never-ending songs.

Isaac Watts, 1709

# Trinity Season.—Security.

454 LAKE ENON. S. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



O what, if we are Christ's, Is earth - ly shame or loss?  
Bright shall the crown of glo - ry be When we have borne the cross.

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 Keen was the trial once,  
Bitter the cup of woe,  
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,  
Christ's sufferings shared below.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,  
Like them in faith to bear  
All that of sorrow, grief or pain  
May be our portion here.

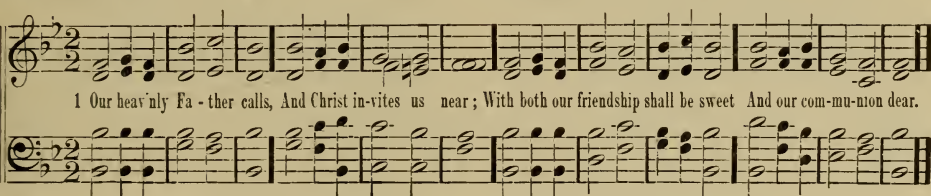
3 Bright is their glory now,  
Boundless their joy above,  
Where on the bosom of their God  
They rest in perfect love.

5 Enough, if Thou at last  
The word of blessing give,  
And let us rest in thine own home,  
Where saints and angels live.

Henry W. Baker, 1852.

455 OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. from GREGORIAN by DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792—1872.



1 Our heav'nly Fa - ther calls, And Christ in - vites us near; With both our friendship shall be sweet And our com - mu - nion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs,  
He pardons every day,  
Almighty to protect our souls  
And wise to guide our way.

4 Jesus, our living Head,  
We bless thy faithful care,  
Our Advocate before the throne  
And our forerunner there.

3 How large his bounties are,  
What various stores of good,  
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand  
And purchased with his blood!

5 Here fix my roving heart,  
Here wait my warmest love,  
Till the communion be complete,  
In nobler scenes above.

Philip Doddridge.

456

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save  
And fit it for the sky.

3 Arm me with jealous care  
As in thy sight to live;  
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.

2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil,  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.

4 Help me to watch and pray  
And on Thyself rely,  
Assured if I my trust betray  
I shall forever die.

C. Wesley.

# Trinity Season.—Security.

457 HERMANN. C. M.

N. HERMANN.

1 Thou, who hast call'd us by thy word The mar-riage feast to share

Of thy dear Son, our on - ly Lord, Thy bid - den guests pre - pare.

2 No vain excuse we dare to make,  
Thy call we do not slight;  
We come unworthy; for his sake  
Help us to come aright.

4 And Thou, to whom the Father's love  
The wedding guests has brought,  
Who ever helpst from above  
Those whom thy blood has bought,

3 Thy marriage garment we require,  
Thyself to us impart,  
And with thy precious gifts inspire  
A pure and thankful heart.

5 Lord of the feast, our coming bless,  
And round our souls entwine  
The garment of thy righteousness,  
In which thy saints shall shine.

John Ernest Bode, 1860.

458

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men  
On their own works have built,  
Their hearts by nature all unclean  
And all their actions guilt.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law  
To justify us now,  
Since to convince and to condemn  
Is all the law can do.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,  
Without a murmuring word,  
And the whole race of Adam stand  
Guilty before the Lord.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!  
When in thy name we trust  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

459

1 O THOU, the Lord and life of those  
Who rest their hope in Thee,  
Whose love from everlasting woes  
Hath set thy people free,

3 To Thee, O Lord, we lift our heart,  
Thy mercy we implore;  
Help us to choose the better part,  
And go, and sin no more.

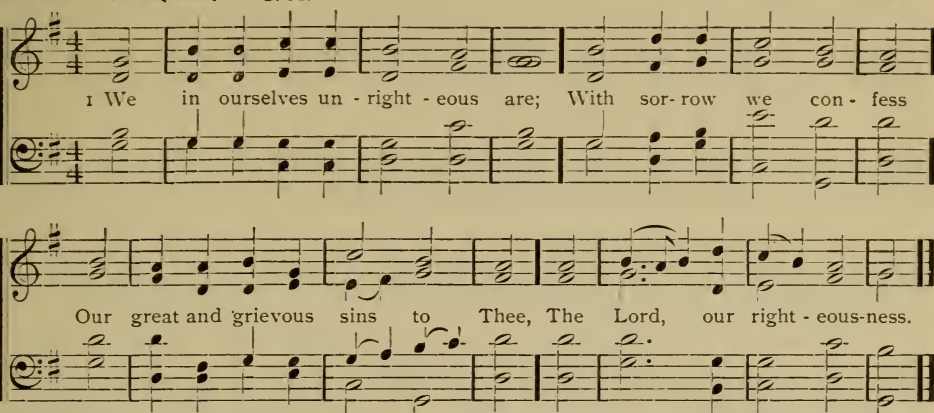
2 Thine agony and death display  
The curse our guilt should bear,  
Thy resurrection points the way  
To bliss that we may share.

4 Help us Thee, Saviour, to confess,  
In whom our life we see;  
And O may fruits of holiness  
Prove that we live to Thee.

# Trinity Season.—Security.

460 PETERBORO. C. M.

R. HARRISON.



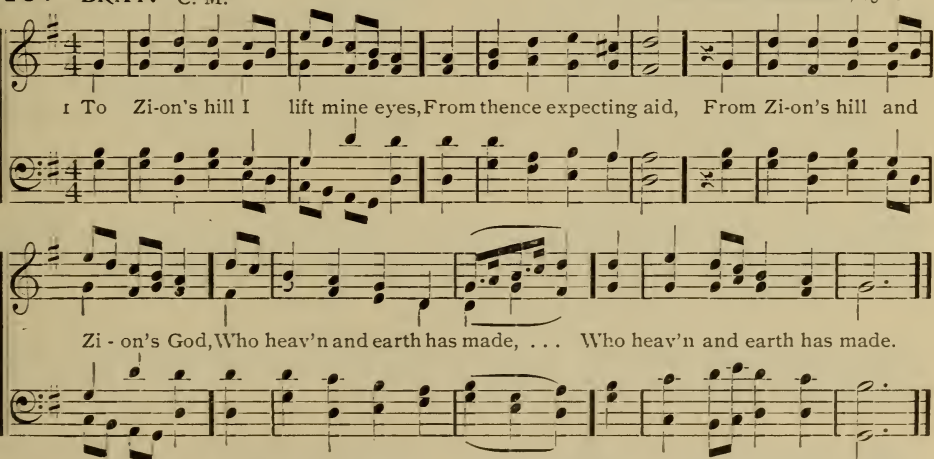
1 We in ourselves un-right-eous are; With sor-row we con-fess  
Our great and grievous sins to Thee, The Lord, our right-eous-ness.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Not to thine angels nor to saints<br/>Do we our prayers address;<br/>We fly to Thee and only Thee,<br/>The Lord, our righteousness.</p> <p>3 Thou, Christ, the great Jehovah art,<br/>The fount of holiness;<br/>And, God with us, Thou art become<br/>The Lord, our righteousness.</p> <p>4 O wash us with thy blood, and clothe<br/>With thy pure spotless dress;<br/>O hide us in Thyself, and be<br/>The Lord, our righteousness.</p> | <p>5 Make us by grace to be in deed<br/>What we in word profess;<br/>O make us like unto Thyself,<br/>The Lord, our righteousness.</p> <p>6 Pour on us plenteous showers of grace,<br/>Increase our fruitfulness,<br/>That we may yield thine own to Thee,<br/>The Lord, our righteousness.</p> <p>7 So in thy glorious image raised,<br/>May we thy mercy bless,<br/>And sing for ever praise to Thee,<br/>The Lord, our righteousness.</p> |
|--|--|

Christopher Wordsworth.

461 BRAY. C. M.

NICOLAUS HERMANN, 1561.



1 To Zi-on's hill I lift mine eyes, From thence expecting aid, From Zi-on's hill and  
Zi-on's God, Who heav'n and earth has made, . . . Who heav'n and earth has made.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Thou, then, my soul, in safety rest,<br/>Thy guardian will not sleep;<br/>His watchful care that Israel guards,<br/>Will thee in safety keep.</p> <p>3 Sheltered beneath th' Almighty's wings,<br/>Thou shalt securely rest,</p> | <p>Where neither sun nor moon shall thee<br/>By day or night molest.</p> <p>4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,<br/>Thy God shall thee defend,<br/>Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage<br/>Safe to thy journey's end.</p> |
|---|---|



# Trinity Season.—Warfare.

462 LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.

I Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise And put your ar - mor on,  
Strong in the strength which God sup - plies, Through his e - ter - nal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts  
And in his mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,  
With all his strength endued,  
And take to arm you for the fight  
The panoply of God;

4 That, having all things done  
And all your conflicts past,

You may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle and fight and pray,  
Tread all the powers of darkness down  
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,  
In all his soldiers, "Come,"  
Till Christ, the Lord, descends from high  
And takes the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley, 1745.

463

1 MY soul, be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch and fight and pray,  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day  
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won  
Nor once at ease sit down;  
Thine arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee at thy parting breath  
Up to his blest abode.

George Heath, 1787.

464 LUX BENIGNA. 108 & 48.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.

1 Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is  
dark and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I

# Trinity Season.—Dependence.

do not ask to see . . . The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on; [now  
I loved to choose and see my path; but  
Lead Thou me on.  
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not  
past years.

3 So long thy power has blest me, sure  
Will lead me on, [it still  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and  
The night is gone; [torrent till  
And with the morn those angel faces  
smile, [awhile.  
Which I have loved long since and lost  
John Henry Newman, 1833.

## 465 HE LEADETH ME. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1816—1868.

1 He leadeth me, O blessed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, wher-

REFRAIN.  
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me. He leadeth me, He lead - eth me, By

his own hand He leadeth me; His faithful follow'r I would be, For by his hand He leadeth me.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,  
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.  
—REF.

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When by thy grace the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.  
—REF.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine,

J. H. Gilmore, 1861

# Trinity Season.—Dependence.

466 SEGUR. 8s, 7s & 4s.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1 Lead us, heav'n - ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pest-u-ous sea;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee,

Yet poss-ess - ing ev - 'ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.

Per. of Mrs. J. P. HOLBROOK.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,  
All our weakness Thou dost know;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy;  
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1820.

467

1 SHEPHERD of thine Israel, lead us,  
Pilgrims, o'er this barren sand;  
Thou who hast from bondage freed us,  
Guard us by thine outstretched hand;  
Guide thy chosen  
Safely to the promised land.

2 Feed us with the heavenly manna,  
Fainting, may we feel thy might;  
Go before us as our banner,

Cloud by day and fire by night;  
Great Redeemer,  
Shine around us, Thou art light.

3 When we come to death's dark river,  
Bid the swelling stream divide;  
Thou who canst our life deliver,  
Bear us through the Sundered tide;  
Praises, praises  
Will we sing on Canaan's side.

Josiah Conder. 1856.

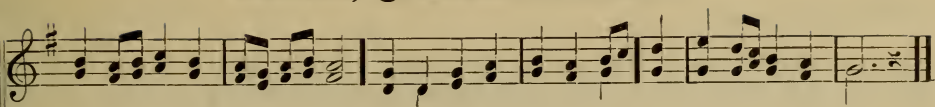
468 AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. D.

Att. by JAMES NARES, 1780.

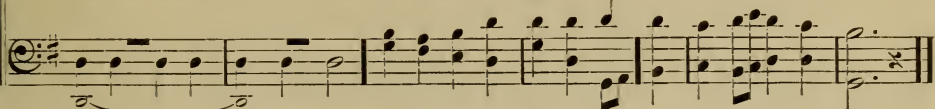
1 { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings. Thy better portion trace; } Sun and moon and stars decay,  
{ Rise from transi-to-ry things Tow'rd heav'n, thy native place. }



# Trinity Season.—Dependence.



Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared above.



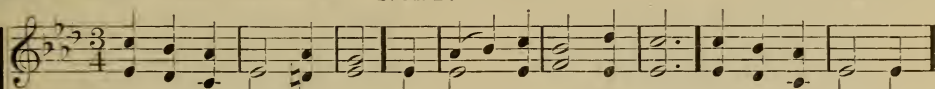
2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course,  
Fire ascending seeks the sun,  
Both speed them to their source;  
So a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face,  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon our Saviour will return  
Triumphant in the skies;  
Yet a season, and you know  
Happy entrance will be given,  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth exchanged for heaven.

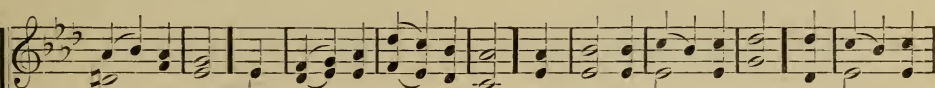
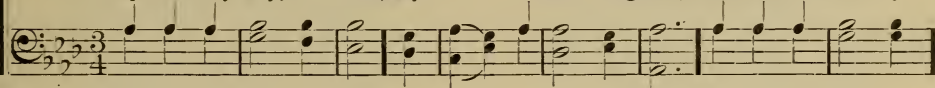
Robert Seagrave, 1748.

## 469 KEEP THOU MY WAY. S. M. D.

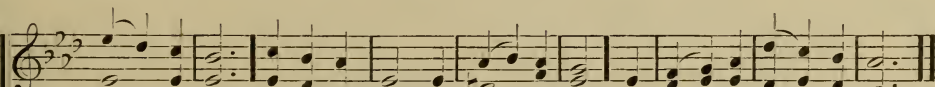
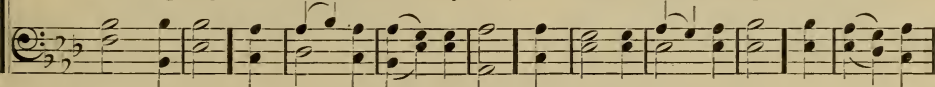
HUBERT P. MAIN.



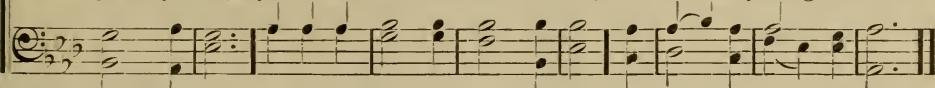
I Keep Thou my way, O Lord; My - self I can - not guide; Nor dare I trust my



err - ing steps One mo - ment from thy side; I can not think a - right, Un - less in -



spired by Thee; My heart would fail with - out thine aid, Choose Thou my thoughts for me.



Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 For every act of faith  
And every pure design,  
For all of good my soul can know,  
The glory, Lord, be thine.  
Free grace my pardon seals  
Through thine atoning blood;  
Free grace the full assurance brings  
Of peace with Thee, my God.

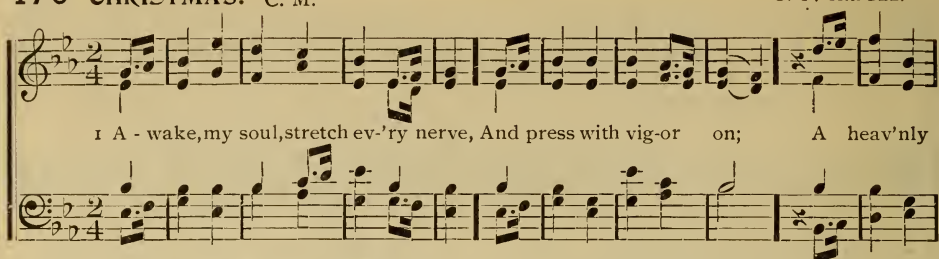
3 O speak and I will hear,  
Command and I obey;  
My willing feet with joy shall haste  
To run the heavenly way;  
Keep Thou my wand'ring heart,  
And bid it cease to roam;  
O bear me safe o'er death's cold wave  
To heaven my blissful home.

Fanny J. Crosby.

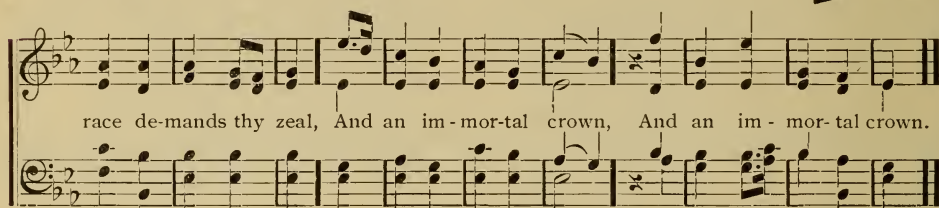
# Trinity Season.—Dependence.

470 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.



I A - wake, my soul, stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with vig-or on; A heav'nly



race de-mands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod  
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high,

'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.

- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee  
Have I my race begun,  
And crowned with victory at thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

471

- 1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise,  
What snares beset my way!  
To heaven O let me lift mine eyes  
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain  
And melt in flowing tears,  
My weak resistance, ah! how vain,  
How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,  
My feeble efforts aid;

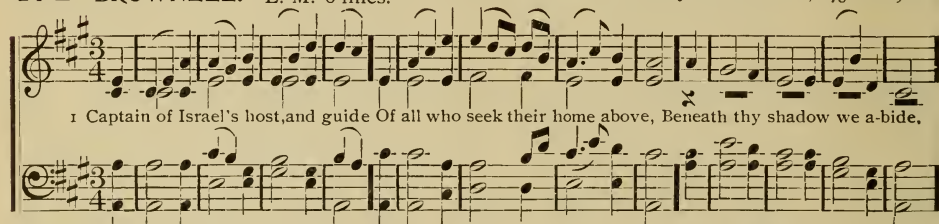
Help me to watch and pray and strive,  
Though trembling and afraid.

- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
When foes and fears prevail,  
And bear my fainting spirit up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 O keep me in thy heavenly way,  
And bid the tempter flee,  
And let me never, never stray  
From happiness and Thee.

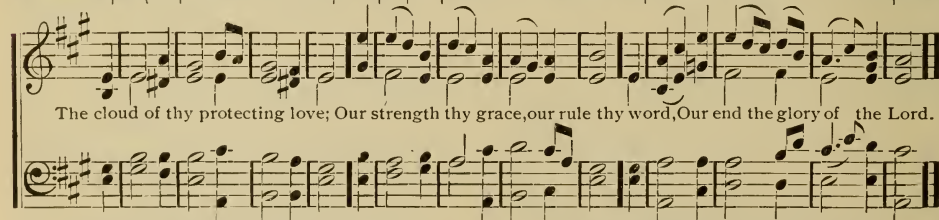
A. Steele.

472 BROWNELL. L. M. 6 lines.

From FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1732—1809.



1 Captain of Israel's host, and guide Of all who seek their home above, Beneath thy shadow we a-bide,



The cloud of thy protecting love; Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word, Our end the glory of the Lord.

- 2 By thine unerring Spirit led  
We shall not in the desert stray;  
By thy paternal bounty fed

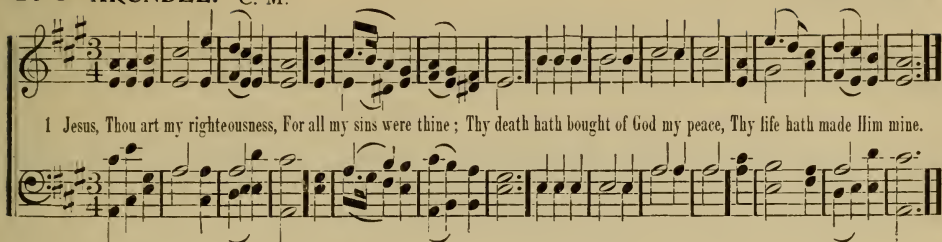
We shall not lack in all our way,  
As far from danger as from fear,  
While thine almighty love is near.

C. Wesley.

# Trinity Season.—Warfare.

## 473 ARUNDEL. C. M.

S. WEBBE.



1 Jesus, Thou art my righteousness, For all my sins were thine; Thy death hath bought of God my peace, Thy life hath made Him mine.

2 Spotless and just in Thee I am,  
I feel my sins forgiven;  
I taste salvation in thy name  
And antedate my heaven.

3 Forever here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side;  
This all my hope and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour died.

4 My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin, .

Sprinkle me ever with thy blood  
And cleanse and keep me clean.

5 Wash me, and make me thus thine own,  
Wash me, and mine Thou art,  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.

6 The atonement of thy blood apply  
Till faith to sight improve,  
Till hope in full fruition die  
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

## 474

1 WHY should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter, descend and bring  
Some tokens of thy grace.

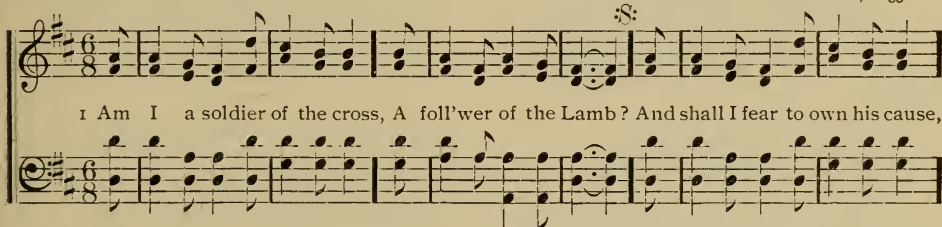
2 Dost Thou not dwell in all thy saints,  
And seal them heirs of heaven?  
When wilt Thou banish my complaints  
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In my Redeemer's blood,  
And bear thy witness with my heart,  
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
The pledge of joys to come;  
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
Will safe convey me home. Isaac Watts,

## 475 SPOHR. C. M. D.

L. SPOHR, 1835.

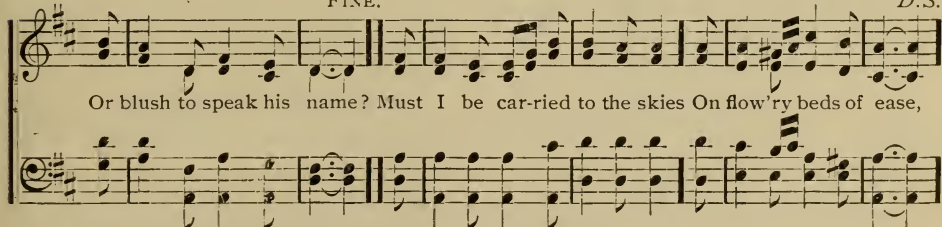


I Am I a soldier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause,

D. S.—While others fought to win the prize

FINE.

D. S.



Or blush to speak his name? Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,

And sail'd thro' bloody seas?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?  
Sure I must fight, if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.

3 Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They view the triumph from afar  
And seize it with their eye.  
When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thine armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts, 1723.



# Trinity Season.—Aspiration.

476 JUDEA. C. M.

WM. ARNOLD, 1791

I Not to the ter - rors of the Lord, The tem - pest, fire and smoke,

Not to the thun - der of that word Which God on Si - nai spoke,

- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill  
The city of our God,  
Where milder words declare his will  
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host  
Of angels clothed in light,  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is turned to sight!
- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,  
Whose names are writ in heaven,

And God, the Judge of all, declare  
Their vilest sins forgiven!

- 5 The saints on earth and all the dead  
But one communion make;  
All join in Christ, their living Head,  
And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this  
My weary soul would rest;  
The man that dwells where Jesus is  
Must be forever blest.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

477

- 1 JESUS, exalted far on high,  
To whom a name is given,  
A name surpassing every name  
That's known in earth or heaven,
- 2 Before whose throne shall every knee  
Bow down with one accord,  
Before whose throne shall every tongue  
Confess that Thou art Lord,
- 3 Jesus, who in the form of God  
Didst equal honor claim,

Yet to redeem our guilty souls,  
Didst stoop to death and shame,

- 4 O may that mind in us be formed  
Which shone so bright in Thee,  
A humble, meek and lowly mind,  
From pride and envy free.
- 5 May we to others stoop, and learn  
To emulate thy love;  
So shall we bear thine image here  
And share thy throne above.

Thomas Cotterill, 1812

478

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free,  
A heart that's sprinkled with thy blood,  
So freely shed for me;
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone;
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true and clean,

Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within;

- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine,  
Perfect and right and pure and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine!
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

# Trinity Season.—Aspiration.

479 PHUVAH. C. M.

MELCHOIR VULPIUS, 1609.

1 On Jor - dan's rug - ged banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - sess - ions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight,  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God, the Son, forever reigns  
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, no poisonous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place  
And be forever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face  
And in his bosom rest?

Sam'l Stennett, 1737.

480

1 FORTH to the land of promise bound,  
Our desert path we tread,  
God's fiery pillar for our guide,  
His captain at our head.

2 E'en now we faintly trace the hills  
And catch their distant blue,  
And the bright city's gleaming spires  
Rise dimly on our view.

3 Soon, when the desert shall be crossed,  
The flood of death passed o'er,  
Our pilgrim hosts shall safely land  
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

4 There love shall have its perfect work,  
And prayer be lost in praise,  
And all the servants of our God  
Their endless anthems raise.

Henry Alford, 1827.

481 SICILY. 8s & 7s.

SICILIAN MELODY.

1 Round the Lord in glo - ry seat-ed, Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim

Filled his tem - ple, and re - peat-ed Each to each th'al - ter - nate hymn:

2 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fulness stored;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,  
Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,  
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high!"

4 With his seraph train before Him,  
With his holy Church below,  
Thus conspire we to adore Him,  
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

5 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fulness stored;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

Richard Mant.

# Trinity Season.—Aspiration.

## 482 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL, 1757—1831.

1 Chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, As ye jour - ney sweet - ly sing;  
Sing your Sav - iour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.

2 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,  
Zion's city is in sight;  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.

4 Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only Thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee

5 Seal our love, our labors end,  
Let us to thy bliss ascend,  
Let us to thy kingdom come,  
Lord, we long to be at home.

John Cennick, 1742.

## 483

1 BLESSED are the sons of God;  
They are bought with Jesus' blood,  
They are ransomed from the grave,  
Life eternal they shall have.

2 They are justified by grace,  
They enjoy a solid peace;  
All their sins are washed away,  
They shall stand in God's great day.

3 They have fellowship with God,  
Through the Mediator's blood;  
One with God, through Jesus one,  
Glory is in them begun.

4 They alone are truly blest;  
Heirs with God, joint heirs with Christ,  
They with love and peace are filled,  
They are by his Spirit sealed.

Jos. Humphreys, 1743.

## 484

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,  
Let us in thy name agree;  
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace,  
Bid all strife forever cease.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful and kind,  
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,  
Altogether like our Lord.

3 Let us for each other care,  
Each the other's burden bear,  
To thy Church the pattern give,  
Show how true believers live.

4 Free from anger and from pride  
Let us thus in God abide,  
All the depths of love express,  
All the heights of holiness.

Charles Wesley.

## 485 ANGELS. L. M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1623.

1 Ex - alt - ed high at God's right hand, Near - er the throne than cher - ubs stand,  
With glo - ry crown'd, in white ar - ray, My wond'ring soul says, "Who are they?"



## Trinity Season.—Aspiration.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 These are the saints beloved of God,<br/>Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood;<br/>More spotless than the purest white<br/>They shine in uncreated light.</p> <p>3 Brighter than angels, lo, they shine,<br/>Their glories great and all divine;<br/>Tell me their origin, and say<br/>Their order what, and whence came they?</p> <p>4 Through tribulation great they came,<br/>They bore the cross and scorned the<br/>Within the living temple blest [shame;<br/>In God they dwell and on Him rest.</p> | <p>5 Unknown to mortal ears they sing<br/>The sacred glories of their King;<br/>Tell me the subject of their lays,<br/>And whence their loud exalted praise?</p> <p>6 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;<br/>They sing the wonders of his name,<br/>To Him ascribing power and grace,<br/>Dominion and eternal praise.</p> <p>7 Amen, they cry, to Him alone<br/>Who dares to fill his Father's throne;<br/>They give Him glory, and again<br/>Repeat his praise and say, Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

**486** CYPRUS. 7s.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809—1847.

1 Son of God, e - ter - nal Word, Glo - rious day-spring, Christ the Lord,

Shine up - on us with thy rays, While we cel - e - brate thy praise.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 When Thou madest heaven and earth,<br/>Angels shouted at their birth;<br/>Morning stars in chorus sang,<br/>When the world from darkness sprang.</p> <p>3 When in sin and death we lay,<br/>Thou didst wake us into day;<br/>Thou in human nature born<br/>Wast to us a glorious morn.</p> <p>4 When Thou didst arise from death,<br/>We were quickened by thy breath;</p> | <p>We arose with Thee, our Head,<br/>First-begotten from the dead.</p> <p>5 Keep us safe from harm and sin,<br/>Foes around us and within;<br/>May we know Thee ever nigh,<br/>Ever walk as in thine eye.</p> <p>6 Lead us onward, Lord, we pray,<br/>To the pure and perfect day,<br/>Where we may the glory see<br/>Of the blessed Trinity.</p> |
|---|---|

Christopher Wordsworth.

**487**

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,<br/>Dwell the raptured saints above;<br/>Far beyond our feeble sight,<br/>Happy in Immanuel's love.</p> <p>2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,<br/>Once they knew, like us below,<br/>Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,<br/>Torturing pain and heavy woe.</p> | <p>3 But these days of weeping o'er,<br/>Passed this scene of toil and pain,<br/>They shall feel distress no more,<br/>Never, never weep again.</p> <p>4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,<br/>'Mid th' angelic lyres above,<br/>Hark, their songs melodious rise,<br/>Songs of praise to Jesus' love.</p> |
|--|--|

Thomas Raffles, 1812.

# Trinity Season.—Aspiration.

## 488 LOVE DIVINE. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY, 1848. Arr. by H. P. MAIN.

I Je - sus, my love, my chief de-light, For Thee I long, for Thee I pray,

A - mid the shadows of the night, A - mid the bus - 'ness of the day.

- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face,  
Which I thro' faith have often seen?  
Arise, Thou sun of righteousness,  
Dispel the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God  
To sinners weary and distrest,  
The first of all his gifts bestowed  
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Could I but say this gift is mine,  
I'd tread the world beneath my feet,  
No more at pain or want repine,  
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 This precious jewel let me keep  
And lodge it deep within my heart;  
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,  
It never shall from thence depart.

## 489

- 1 REDEEMED from guilt, redeemed from  
My soul enlarged and dried my tears, [fears,  
What can I do, O love divine,  
What, to repay such gifts as thine?
- 2 What can I do, so poor, so weak,  
But from thy hands new blessings seek,  
A heart to feel thy mercies more,  
A soul to know Thee and adore?
- 3 O teach me at thy feet to fall,  
And yield Thee up myself, my all,  
Before thy saints my debts to own,  
And live and die to Thee alone.
- 4 Thy Spirit, Lord, at large impart,  
Expand and raise and fill my heart;  
So may I hope my life shall be  
Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

## 490 BEETHOVEN. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

I We sing his love who once was slain, Who soon o'er death re - vived a - gain,

That all his saints thro' Him might have E - ter - nal conquests o'er the grave.

- 2 The saints, who now in Jesus sleep,  
His own almighty power shall keep,  
Till dawns the bright illustrious day,  
When death itself shall die away.
- 3 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day  
And this delightful scene display, [rise,  
When all thy saints from death shall  
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.

Rowland Hill, 1796.

# Trinity Season.—Aspiration.

491 AMES. L. M.

SIGISMUND NEUKOMM, 1778—1858.

In all our wand'rings here be - low We see Thee, Lord, where'er we go;  
When wa - ters flow from smit - ten rock, Thy blood sup - plies thy thirst - ing flock.

- 2 Thy word and holy festival,  
Thy Church, we see Thee in them all;  
When manna from the heavens refresh,  
Then Jesus feeds us with his flesh.
- 3 In all the gleams of grace divine  
We see thy holy presence shine;  
Beneath the cloud baptized are we,  
And Jesus leads us through the sea.  
No arm can save us from the foe  
But thine; no other hope we know;
- We lean not on ourselves; thy rod  
Is all our trust, Thou Son of God.
- 5 In all our long and weary way,  
Pilgrims of Canaan, lest we stray  
Be Thou our guide, thy grace afford  
And make us thine in will and word.
- 6 So may we through life's desert go,  
And come where fruits of Eshcol grow,  
Gain the rich promise of thy word  
And rest forever with the Lord.
- C. Wordsworth.

492 ERNAN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

I No more, my God, I boast no more Of all the du - ties I have done;  
I quit the hopes I held be - fore, To trust the mer - its of thy Son.

- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count but loss;  
My former pride I call my shame  
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
- O may my soul be found in Him  
And of his righteousness partake.
- 4 The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before thy throne,  
But faith can answer thy demands  
By pleading what my Lord has done.
- Isaac Watts, 1709.



# Baptism and Confirmation.

493 MAGDALENE. C. M.

J. CONGER, 1688.

1 My God, thy cov - e - nant of love A - bides for - ev - er sure,

And in its match-less grace I feel My hap - pi - ness se - cure. A - men.

- 2 Since Thou, the everlasting God,  
My Father art become,  
Jesus, my guardian and my friend,  
And heaven my final home,
- 3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,  
For all that will is love;

- And when I know not what Thou dost,  
I wait the light above.
- 4 Thy covenant in darkest gloom  
Shall heavenly rays impart,  
Which, when mine eyelids close in death,  
Shall warm my chilling heart.

494 OUR RULER. 8s, 7s & 7s.

W. H. MONK.

1 { On the fount of life e - ter - nal Gaz - ing wist - ful and a - thirst, }  
Yearn-ing, strain - ing, from the pris - on Of con - fin - ing flesh to burst, }

Here the soul an ex - ile sighs For her na - tive Par - a - dise.

- 2 Who can paint that lovely city,  
City of true peace divine,  
Whose pure gates forever open  
Each in pearly splendor shine,  
Whose abodes of glory clear  
Naught defiling cometh near?
- 3 There no stormy winter rages,  
There no scorching summer glows;  
But through one perennial springtide,  
Blooms the lily with the rose;  
And the Lamb with purest ray  
Scatters round eternal day.
- 4 There the saints of God, resplendent  
As the sun in all his might,  
Evermore rejoice together,

- Crowned with diadems of light,  
And from peril safe at last  
Reckon up their triumphs past.
- 5 There, in strains harmonious blending,  
They their sweetest anthems sing,  
And, on harps divinely thrilling,  
Glorify their glorious King.  
Aided by whose arm of might  
They were victors in the fight.
- 6 Look, O Jesus, on thy soldiers,  
Worn and wounded in the fight;  
Grant, O grant us rest for ever  
In thy beatific sight,  
And Thyself our guerdon-be-  
Through a long eternity.

Pietro Damiani. Tr. E. Caswall.

# Baptism and Confirmation.

495 BANKOKE. S. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1 The Sav - iour kind - ly calls, Our chil - dren to his breast;  
 2 "Let them ap - proach," He cries, "Nor scorn their hum - ble claim;

He folds them in his gra - cious arms, Him - self de - clares them blest.  
 The heirs of heaven are such as these, For such as these I came."

Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

496

- 1 LORD, what our ears have heard  
 Our eyes delighted trace,  
 Thy love in long succession shown  
 To every faithful race.
- 2 Our children Thou dost claim,  
 O Lord, our God, as thine;  
 Ten thousand blessings to thy name  
 For goodness so divine.
- 3 Thy cov'nant may they keep,  
 And bless the happy bands  
 Which closer still engage their hearts  
 To honor thy commands.
- 4 Thee let the fathers own,  
 Thee let the sons adore,  
 Joined to the Lord in solemn vows  
 To be forgot no more.
- 5 How great thy mercies, Lord,  
 How plenteous is thy grace,  
 Which in the promise of thy love  
 Includes our rising race!
- 6 Our offspring, still thy care,  
 Shall own their fathers' God,  
 To latest times thy blessings share  
 And sound thy praise abroad.

H. U. Onderdonk.

497 WATCHMAN. S. M.

JAMES LEACH.

1 Great God, now con - de - scend To bless our ris - ing race; Soon  
 may their will - ing spir - its bend, The sub - jects of thy grace.

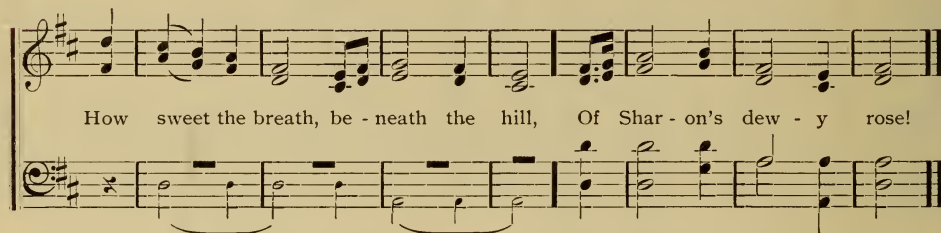
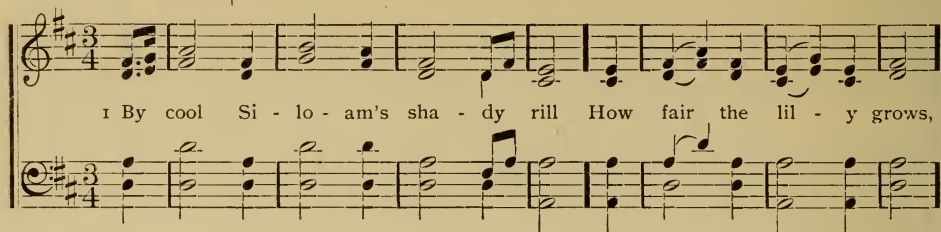
- 2 O what a pure delight  
 Their happiness to see!  
 Our warmest wishes all unite  
 To lead their souls to Thee.
- 3 Now bless, Thou God of love,  
 This ordinance divine;  
 Send thy good Spirit from above,  
 And make these children thine.

J. Fellows.

# Baptism and Confirmation.

498 SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Lo, such the child whose early feet<br/>The paths of peace have trod,<br/>Whose secret heart with influence sweet<br/>Is upward drawn to God.</p> <p>3 By cool Siloam's shady rill<br/>The lily must decay;<br/>The rose that blooms beneath the hill<br/>Must shortly fade away;</p> <p>4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour<br/>Of man's maturer age</p> | <p>May shake the soul with sorrow's power<br/>And stormy passion's rage.</p> <p>5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found<br/>Within thy Father's shrine, [crowned<br/>Whose years with changeless virtue<br/>Were all alike divine,</p> <p>6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,<br/>We seek thy grace alone,<br/>In childhood, manhood, age and death,<br/>To keep us still thine own.</p> |
|--|--|

Reginald Heber.

499

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 THOU art my portion, O my God;<br/>Soon as I know thy way<br/>My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,<br/>And suffers no delay.</p> <p>2 I choose the path of heavenly truth<br/>And glory in my choice;<br/>Not all the riches of the earth<br/>Could make me so rejoice.</p> <p>3 The testimonies of thy grace<br/>I set before mine eyes;<br/>Thence I derive my daily strength<br/>And there my comfort lies.</p> | <p>4 If once I wander from thy path,<br/>I think upon my ways,<br/>Then turn my feet to thy commands<br/>And trust thy pard'ning grace.</p> <p>5 Now I am thine, forever thine,<br/>O save thy servant, Lord;<br/>Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,<br/>My hope is in thy word.</p> <p>6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine<br/>Thy statutes to fulfil,<br/>And thus till mortal life shall end<br/>Would I perform thy will.</p> |
|---|---|

Isaac Watts.

500

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands<br/>With all-engaging charms;<br/>Hark, how He calls the tender lambs<br/>And folds them in his arms.</p> <p>2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,<br/>"Nor scorn their humble name,</p> | <p>For 'twas to bless such souls as these<br/>The Lord of angels came."</p> <p>3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,<br/>And yield them up to Thee;<br/>Joyful that we ourselves are thine,<br/>Thine let our offspring be.</p> |
|--|---|

Philip Doddridge, 1740



# Baptism and Confirmation.

501 BRADFORD. C. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, 1741.

1 Plant - ed in Christ, the liv - ing vine, This day with one ac - cord

Our - selves with hum - ble faith and joy We yield to Thee, O Lord.

- 2 Joined in one body may we be,  
One inward life partake;  
One be our heart, one heavenly hope  
In every bosom wake.
- 3 In prayer, in effort, tears and toils  
One wisdom be our guide;

Taught by one Spirit from above,  
In Thee may we abide.

- 4 Then, when among the saints in light  
Our joyful spirits shine,  
Shall anthems of immortal praise,  
O Lamb of God, be thine.

S. F. Smith.

502 NAVARIN. C. M.

L. L. WHITE, 1832.

1 My God, ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways thine,

That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de - cline.

- 2 Before the cross of Him who died,  
Behold, I prostrate fall;  
Let every sin be crucified,  
And Christ be all in all.
- 3 Anoint me with thy heavenly grace  
And seal me for thine own,  
That I may see thy glorious face  
And worship near thy throne.

- 4 Let every thought and work and word  
To Thee be ever given;  
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,  
And death the gate of heaven.

- 5 All glory to the Father be,  
All glory to the Son,  
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
While endless ages run.

503

- 1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now  
Before the Lord we speak;  
To Him we make our solemn vow,  
A vow we dare not break,
- 2 That long as life itself shall last  
Ourselves to Christ we yield,  
Nor from his cause will we depart,  
Or ever quit the field.

- 3 We trust not in our native strength,  
But on his grace rely,  
That with returning wants the Lord  
Will all our need supply.

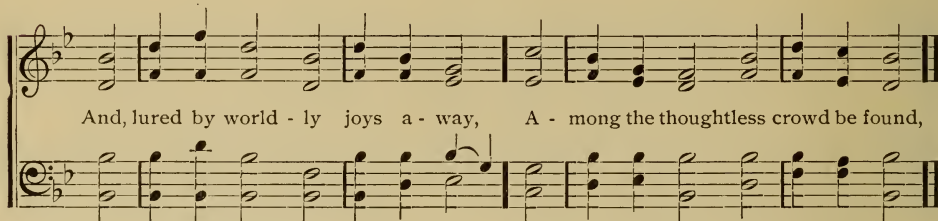
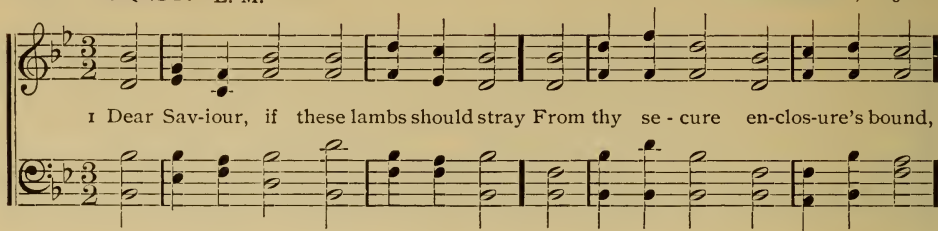
- 4 O guide our doubtful feet aright  
And keep us in thy ways,  
And while we turn our vows to prayers  
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

Benj. Beddome.

# Baptism and Confirmation.

504 FOREST. L. M.

I. P. COLE, 1813.



- 2 Remember still that they are thine,  
That thy dear sacred name they bear;  
Think that the seal of love divine,  
The sign of cov'nant grace, they wear.
- Remember all the prayers and tears  
Which made them consecrate to Thee.
- 4 And when these lips no more can pray,  
These eyes can weep for them no more,  
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way,  
The wanderers to thy fold restore.
- 3 In all their erring, sinful years  
O let them ne'er forgotten be;

A. B. Hyde.

505

- 1 THIS child we consecrate to Thee,  
O God of grace and purity;  
Shield it from sin and threatening  
wrong  
And let thy love its life prolong.
- 2 O may thy Spirit gently draw  
Its willing soul to keep thy law;  
May virtue, piety and truth  
Dawn even with its dawning youth.
- 3 We too before thy gracious sight  
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,  
And would renew its solemn vow  
With love and thanks and praises now.
- 4 Grant that with true and faithful heart  
We still may act the Christian's part,  
Cheered by each promise Thou hast  
given  
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

506

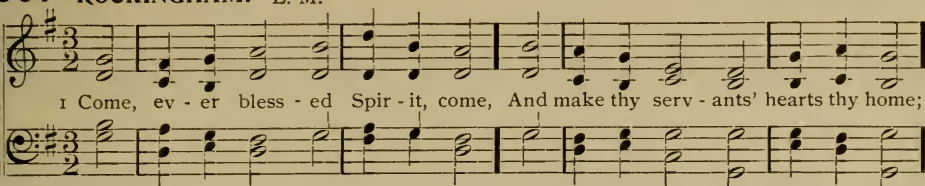
- 1 DEAR Lord, I give my heart to Thee;  
Its throbs of griefs will never cease,  
Till yearning faith be taught to see  
In Christ the risen Prince of Peace.
- 2 My time is flitting day by day;  
Sad conscience weaves in restless loom  
A shroud whose dusky lines portray  
The travails of eternal gloom,
- 3 The bitter fruits of wasted years,  
The empty store of worldly gain,  
Hope's blighted flowers, rank with tears,  
And mem'ry's ashes mixed with pain.
- 4 This weighty sum of life I bring  
To Calv'ry's gleaming, lofty tree;  
Lo, at its foot the load I fling  
And to its arms for refuge flee.
- 5 My guilt, the spear that pierced thy side,  
My death once swelled thy dying cry;  
O cleanse my sins in mercy's tide,  
Still ebbing earthward from the sky.
- 6 Thine eye doth read the soul's distress,  
When mourning for thy peace it pleads;  
Let thy forgiveness, Jesus, bless,  
And fill my spirit's piteous needs.

R. S. Mathews, 1859.

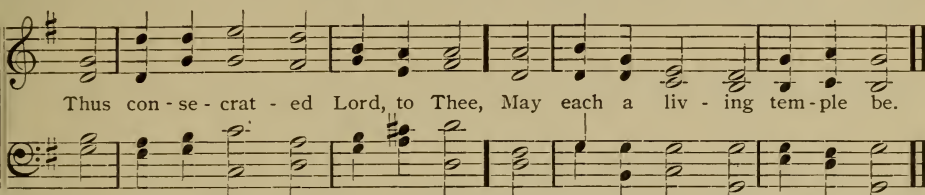
# Baptism and Confirmation.

507 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



I Come, ev - er bless - ed Spir - it, come, And make thy serv - ants' hearts thy home;



Thus con - se - crat - ed Lord, to Thee, May each a liv - ing tem - ple be.

2 Enrich that temple's holy shrine  
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;  
With wisdom, light and knowledge bless,  
Strength, counsel, fear and godliness.

3 O Trinity in Unity,  
One only God in persons Three,

In whom, through whom, by whom we live,  
In Thee we praise and glory give.

4 O grant us so to use thy grace  
That we may see thy glorious face,  
And ever with the heavenly host  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Christopher Wordsworth.

508

1 LORD I am thine, entirely thine,  
Purchased and saved by blood divine;  
With full consent thine would I be,  
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Here, O my Lord, my soul, my all,  
I yield to Thee beyond recall;  
Accept thine own, so long withheld,  
Accept what I so freely yield.

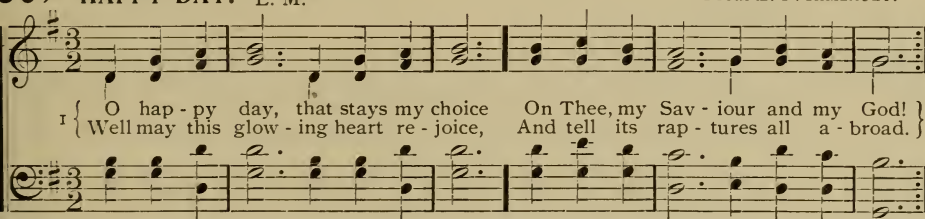
3 Grant one poor sinner more a place  
Among the children of thy grace,  
A wretched sinner lost to God,  
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

4 The vow is past beyond repeal,  
Now will I set the solemn seal;  
Thine would I live, thine would I die.  
Be thine through all eternity.

Samuel Davies.

509 HAPPY DAY. L. M.

FROM E. F. RIMBAULT.

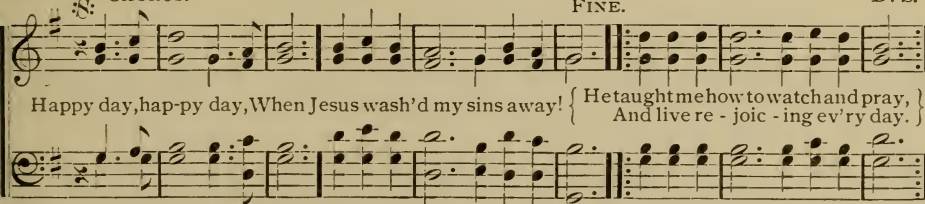


I { O hap - py day, that stays my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God! }  
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }

CHORUS.

FINE.

D. S.



Happy day, hap - py day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }  
And live re - joic - ing ev'ry day. }

2 O happy bond that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love;  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to his sacred throne I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,  
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine;  
Help me through grace to follow on,  
Glad to confess thy voice divine.

4 Here rest, my oft divided heart,  
Fixed on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;  
Who with the world would grieve to part,  
When called on angel's food to feast?

5 High heaven that hears the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

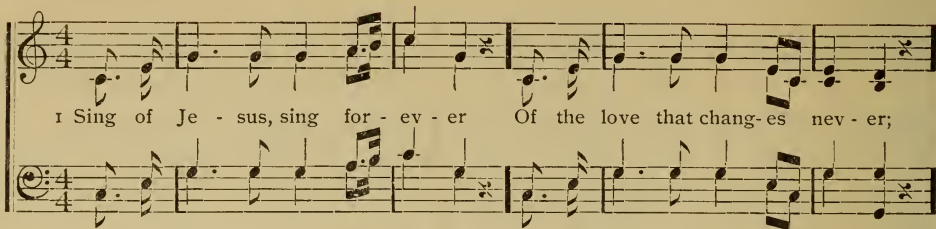
Philip Doddridge.



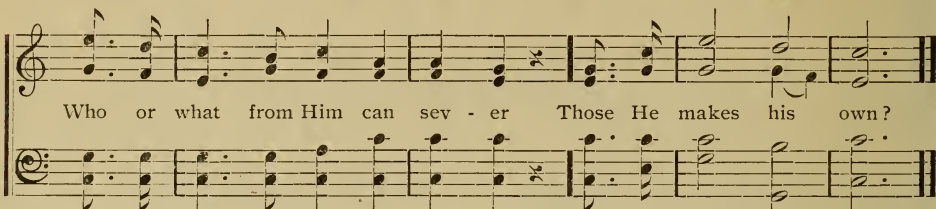
# Baptism and Confirmation.

510 SONG. 8s & 5s.

GERMAN MELODY.



1 Sing of Je - sus, sing for - ev - er Of the love that chang-es nev - er;

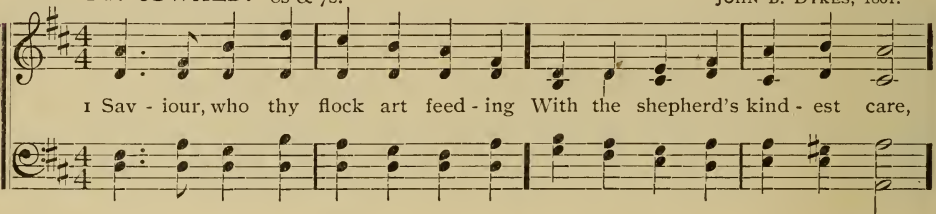


Who or what from Him can sev - er Those He makes his own?

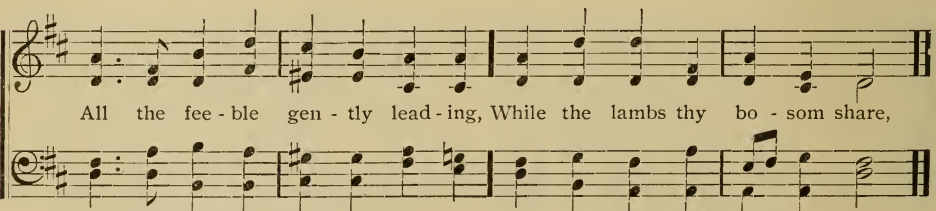
- 2 With his blood the Lord has bought them; [them,  
When they knew Him not He sought  
And from all their wanderings brought  
His the praise alone. [them;
- 3 Through the desert Jesus leads them,  
With the bread of heaven He feeds them,  
And through all the way He speeds them  
To their home above.
- 4 There they see the Lord who bought them, [them,  
Him who came from heaven and sought
- 5 Let his people sing with gladness;  
Other mirth than this is madness,  
Mirth it is that ends in sadness,  
Be it far away.
- 6 'Tis the saints have solid treasure,  
They can sing with holy pleasure,  
And their joy will know no measure  
In the final day. Thomas Kelley, 1815

511 ST. OSWALD. 8s & 7s.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



1 Sav - iour, who thy flock art feed - ing With the shepherd's kind - est care,



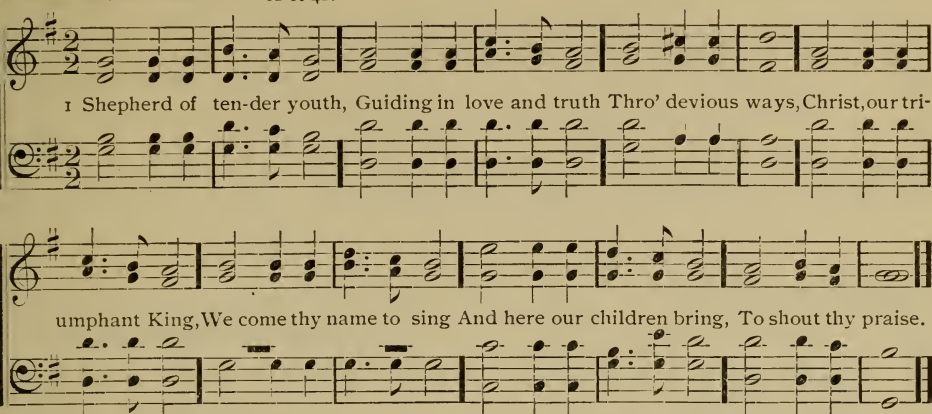
All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs thy bo - som share,

- 2 Now these little ones receiving,  
Fold them in thy gracious arm;  
There we know, thy word believing,  
Only there secure from harm.
- 3 Never from thy pasture roving  
Let them be the lion's prey;
- 4 Let thy tenderness so loving  
Keep them all life's dangerous way.
- 5 Then within thy fold eternal  
Let them find a resting-place,  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

# Baptism and Confirmation.

512 NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1 Shepherd of ten-der youth, Guiding in love and truth Thro' devious ways, Christ, our tri-  
umphant King, We come thy name to sing And here our children bring, To shout thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,  
The all-subduing Word,  
Healer of strife;  
Thou didst Thyself abase,  
That from sin's deep disgrace  
Thou mightest save our race  
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest,  
Thou hast prepared the feast  
Of heavenly love;  
While in our mortal pain  
None calls on Thee in vain,  
Help Thou dost not disdain,  
Help from above.

4 Ever be Thou our guide,  
Our Shepherd and our pride,  
Our staff and song,  
Jesus, Thou Christ of God;  
By thy perennial word  
Lead us where Thou hast trod,  
Make our faith strong.

5 So now and till we die  
Sound we thy praises high  
And joyful sing;  
Let all the holy throng  
Who to thy Church belong  
Unite and swell the song  
To Christ, our King.

Clement of Alexandria, 200. Tr. by H. M. Dexter.

513 SCUDAMORE. 7s.

R. R. CHOPE.



1 Par-don'd thro' re-deem-ing grace, In thy bless-ed Son re-veal'd,  
Wor-ship-ing be-fore thy face, Lord, to Thee our-selves we yield.

2 Thou the sacrifice receive,  
Humbly offered through the Son;  
Quicken us in Him to live,  
Lord, in us thy will be done.

3 By the hallowed outward sign,  
By the cleansing grace within,

Seal and make us wholly thine,  
Wash and keep us pure from sin.

4 Called to bear the Christian name,  
May our vows and life accord,  
And our every deed proclaim  
"Holiness unto the Lord."

# Baptism and Confirmation.

514 ELLESDIE. 8s & 7s. D.

From J. O. W. A. MOZART.

I Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow Thee; Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
D.S.—Yet how rich is my condition,

FINE.

Thou from hence my all shalt be; Perish ev'ry fond ambition, All I've sought or hop'd or known,  
God and heav'n are still my own.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Let the world despise and leave me,<br/>They have left my Saviour too;<br/>Human hearts and looks deceive me,<br/>Thou art not like them untrue;<br/>O while Thou dost smile upon me,<br/>God of wisdom, love and might,<br/>Foes may hate and friends disown me,<br/>Show thy face and all is bright.</p> <p>3 Man may trouble and distress me,<br/>'Twill but drive me to thy breast;<br/>Life with trials hard may press me,<br/>Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.</p> | <p>O 'tis not in grief to harm me,<br/>While thy love is left to me;<br/>O 't were not in joy to charm me,<br/>Were that joy unmixed with Thee.</p> <p>4 Go then earthly fame and treasure,<br/>Come disaster, scorn and pain;<br/>In thy service pain is pleasure,<br/>With thy favor loss is gain.<br/>I have called Thee Abba, Father,<br/>I have stayed my heart on Thee;<br/>Storms may howl and clouds may gather,<br/>All must work for good to me.</p> |
|---|--|

H. F. Lyte.

515 ABIDE IN ME.

ARTHUR H. D. TROYTE, d. 1859.

I Abide in me, O Lord, and | I in | Thee, || From this good hour, O leave me | nev-er | more;

Then shall the discord cease, the | wound be | healed, || The life-long bleeding of the | soul be | o'er.

- 2 Abide in me; o'ershadow | by thy | love  
Each half-formed purpose and dark | thought of | sin;  
Quench ere it rise each selfish, | low de- | sire,  
And keep my soul as thine, calm | and di- | vine.



## Baptism and Confirmation.

- 3 As some rare perfume in a | vase of | clay  
Pervades it with a fragrance | not its | own,  
So, when Thou dwellest in a | mortal | soul,  
All heaven's own sweetness seems a- | round it | thrown.
- 4 Abide in me; there have been | moments | blest,  
When I have heard thy voice and | felt thy | power;  
Then evil lost its grasp; and | passion, | hushed,  
Owned the divine enchantment | of the | hour.
- 5 These were but seasons beauti- | ful and | rare,  
Abide in me and they shall | ever | be;  
Fulfil at once thy precept | and my | prayer,  
Come, and abide in me, and | I in | Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

516 SANTOLIUS. 8s & 7s. D.

1 Take me, O my Fa-ther, take me, Take me, save me thro' thy Son;  
That which Thou wouldst have me, make me, Let thy will in me be done.  
Long from Thee my foot-steps stray - ing, Thorn - y proved the way I trod;  
Wear - y come I now, and pray - ing, Take me to thy love, my God. A - men.

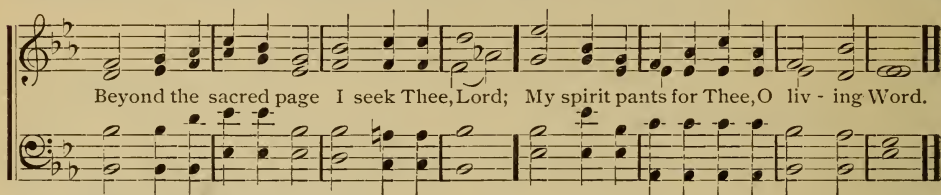
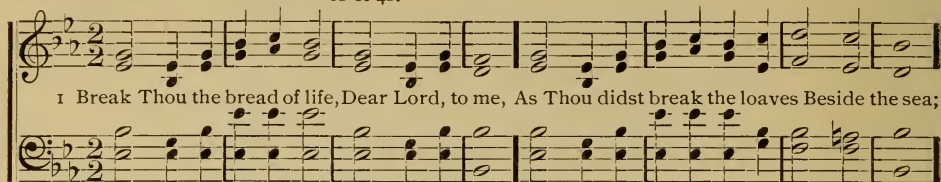
- 2 Fruitless years of grief recalling,  
Humbly I confess my sin;  
At thy feet, O Father, falling,  
To thy household take me in;  
Freely now to Thee I proffer  
This relenting heart of mine;  
Freely life and soul I offer,  
Gift unworthy love like thine.

- 3 Once the world's Redeemer dying,  
Bore our sins upon the tree;  
On that sacrifice relying,  
Now I look in hope to Thee;  
Father, take me, all forgiving  
Fold me to thy loving breast;  
In thy love forever living  
I must be forever blest.

# Holy Communion.

## 517. BREAD OF LIFE. 6s & 4s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



Per. of BISHOP J. H. VINCENT, OWNER of Copyright.

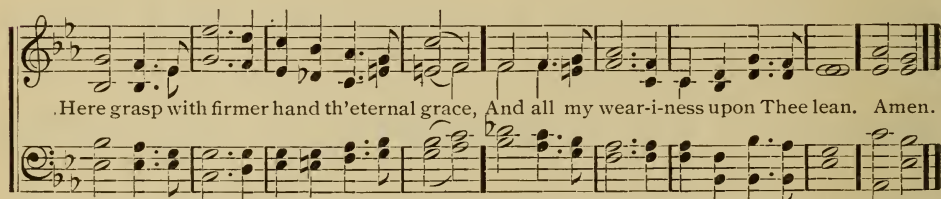
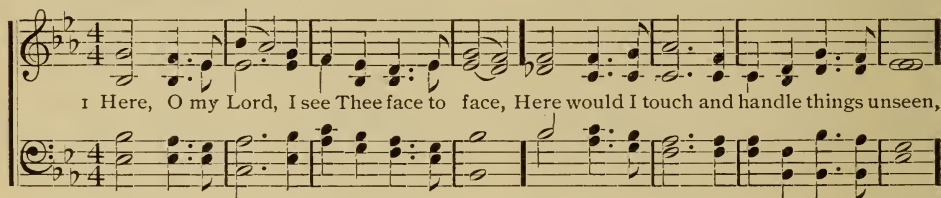
2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,  
To me, to me,  
As Thou didst bless the bread  
By Galilee;

Then shall all bondage cease,  
All fetters fall,  
And I shall find my peace,  
My all in all.

M. A. Lathbury.

## 518 COMMUNION. 10s.

MEDELSSOHN.



2 Here would I feed upon the bread of  
God,  
Here drink with Thee the royal wine  
of heaven,  
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin for-  
given.

Now wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,  
None teaching do I crave save thine alone.

5 Mine is the sin, but thine the righteous-  
ness;

Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleans-  
ing blood;

Here is my robe, my refuge and my peace,  
Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord,  
my God.

3 I have no help but thine; nor do I need  
Another arm save thine to lean upon;  
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;  
My strength is in thy might, thy  
might alone.

6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,  
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast  
above,

4 I have no wisdom, save in Him who is  
My wisdom and my teacher, both in  
one;

Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,  
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss  
and love.

Horatius Bonar, 1856.

# Holy Communion.

519 MELTON. 108.

LOWELL MASON.

1 This is my bod - y, which is giv'n for you; Do this" He said, and  
brake, "re - mem - b'ring Me." O Lamb of God, our pas - chal of - f'ring true,  
To us the bread of life each mo - ment be. A - men.

- 2 "This is my blood, for sin's remission shed,"  
He spake, and passed the wine-stained chalice round;  
So let us drink, and on life's fulness fed 5  
With heav'nly joy each quickening pulse shall bound.  
3 The hour is come; with us in peace sit down,  
Thine own beloved, O love us to the end; [dark frown  
Serve us one banquet ere the night's Veil from our sight the presence of our friend.  
4 Girded with love still wash thy servants' feet, [adore;  
While they submissive wonder and  
Bathed in thy blood our spirits every whit  
Are clean, yet cleanse our goings more and more.  
Some will betray Thee; "Master, is it I?"  
Leaning upon thy love we ask in fear;  
Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry  
To Thee, the strong, for strength when sin is near.  
6 But round us fall the evening shadows dim,  
A saddened awe pervades our dark-ened sense;  
In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn,  
And hear thy voice, "Arise, let us go hence."  
C. L. Ford.

520

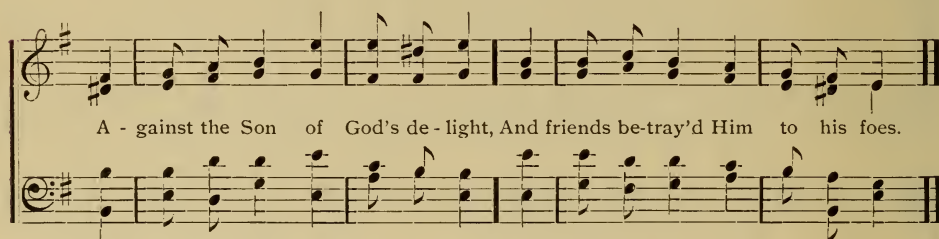
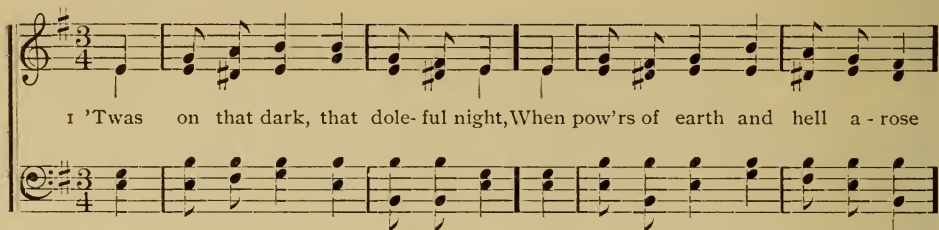
- 1 Draw nigh and take the body of the Lord, [poured;  
And drink the holy blood for you out-Saved by that body and that holy blood,  
With souls refreshed we render thanks to God.  
2 Salvation's giver, Christ, God's only Son,  
By his dear cross and blood the vict'ry won;  
Offered was He for greatest and for least,  
Himself the victim and Himself the Priest.  
3 He, ransom from death, and light from shade,  
Now gives his holy grace his saints to aid; [hunger whole,  
With heav'nly bread makes them that Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.  
4 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,  
And take the safeguard of salvation here;  
He that in this world rules his saints and shields,  
To all believers life eternal yields.  
7th century, Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1854.



# Holy Communion.

521 WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Before the mournful scene began<br/>He took the bread and blest and brake;<br/>What love through all his actions ran,<br/>What wondrous words of grace He spake!</p> <p>3 "This is my body, broke for sin;<br/>Receive and eat the living food;"<br/>Then took the cup and blessed the wine,<br/>" 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."</p> <p>4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,<br/>He bore the scourge, He felt the thorn,</p> | <p>And justice poured upon his head<br/>Its heavy vengeance in our stead.</p> <p>5 "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,<br/>In memory of your dying friend;<br/>Meet at my table, and record<br/>The love of your departed Lord."</p> <p>6 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,<br/>We show thy death, we sing thy name,<br/>Till Thou return and we shall eat<br/>The marriage supper of the Lamb.</p> |
|--|---|

Isaac Watts, 1707.

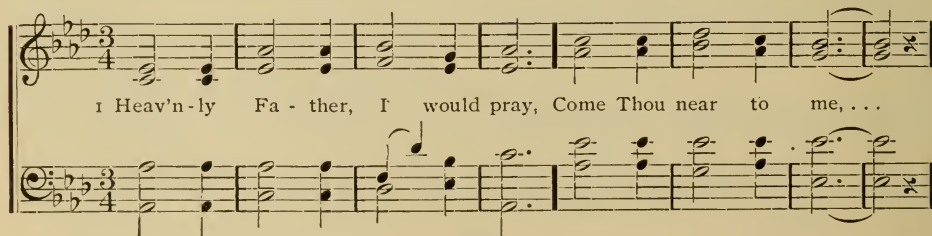
522

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 BODY of Jesus, O sweet food,<br/>Blood of my Saviour, precious blood;<br/>On these thy gifts, eternal Priest,<br/>Grant Thou my soul in faith to feast.</p> <p>2 Weary and faint I thirst and pine<br/>For Thee, my bread, for Thee, my wine,<br/>Till strengthened, as Elijah trod,<br/>I journey to the mount of God.</p> | <p>3 There clad in white, with crown and palm,<br/>At the great supper of the Lamb,<br/>Be mine with all thy saints to rest,<br/>Like him that leaned upon thy breast.</p> <p>4 Saviour, till then I fain would know<br/>That feast above by this below,<br/>This bread of life, this wondrous food,<br/>Thy body and thy precious blood.</p> |
|--|---|

Arthur C. Cox, 1858.

523 HEAVENLY FATHER. 7s & 5s.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



## Holy Communion.

Teach me what to do and say, How to hon - or Thee...

Per. of J. H. KURZENKNABE.

2 Blessed Jesus, I would ask  
For a gentle will;  
Help Thou me my every task  
Faithful to fulfil.

3 Holy Spirit, loving guide,  
Lead me day by day;  
Guard my steps on every side,  
Lest I go astray.

## 524 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER, 1800.

1 What strange perplex - i - ties a - rise, What anxious fears and jeal - ous - ies,

What crowds in doubt - ful light ap - pear, How few, a - las! ap-prov'd and clear!

2 And what am I? My soul, awake  
And an impartial survey take;  
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,  
In practice or in heart appear?

4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still,  
The secrets of my soul reveal,  
My fears remove; let me appear  
To God and my own conscience clear.

3 What image does my spirit bear?  
Is Jesus formed and living there?  
Say, do his lineaments divine  
In thought and word and action shine?

5 May I, consistent with thy word,  
Approach thy table, O my Lord?  
O quicken, clothe and feed my soul,  
Forgive my sins and make me whole.

## 525

1 ETERNAL King, enthroned above,  
Look down in faithfulness and love;  
Prepare our hearts to seek thy face,  
And grant us thy reviving grace.

3 O let us hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And bid our mourning hearts rejoice;  
Revive our souls, our faith renew,  
Prepare for duties now in view.

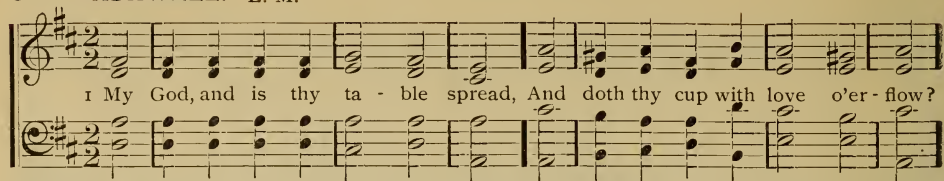
2 Unworthy to approach thy throne,  
Our trust is fixed on Christ alone;  
In Him thy cov'nant stands secure,  
And will from age to age endure.

4 Make all our spices flow abroad,  
A grateful incense to our God;  
Let hope and love and joy appear,  
And every grace be active here.

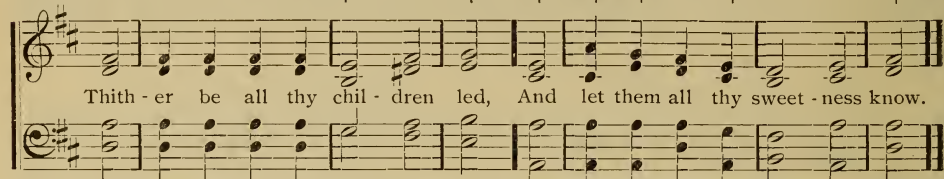
# Holy Communion.

526 ASHWELL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1 My God, and is thy ta - ble spread, And doth thy cup with love o'er - flow?



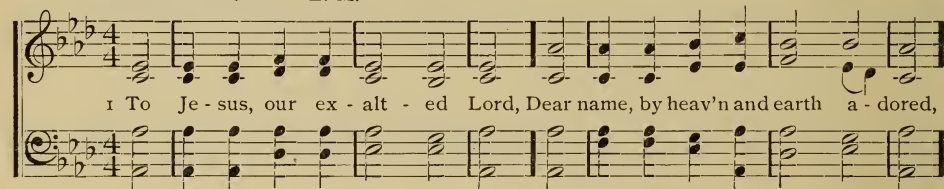
Thith - er be all thy chil - dren led, And let them all thy sweet - ness know.

- 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
- 4 Was not for them the victim slain?  
Are they forbid the children's bread?  
O let thy table honored be,  
And furnished well with joyful guests;  
And may each soul salvation see  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

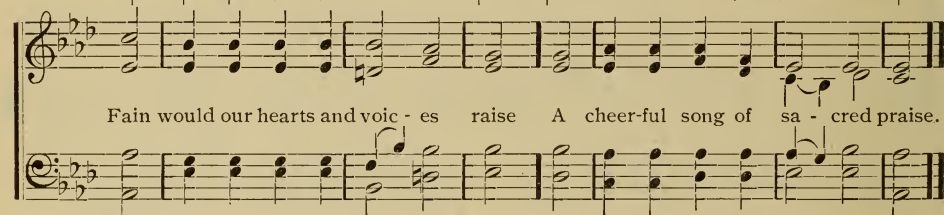
Philip Doddridge.

527 OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1 To Je - sus, our ex - alt - ed Lord, Dear name, by heav'n and earth a - dored,



Fain would our hearts and voic - es raise A cheer - ful song of sa - cred praise.

Per. of Biglow & Main.

- 2 But all the notes which mortals know  
Are weak and languishing and low;  
Far, far above our mortal songs,  
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet while around his board we meet  
And worship at his glorious feet,  
O let our warm affections move  
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Let faith our feeble senses aid  
To see thy wondrous love displayed,  
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,  
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 5 Let humble penitential woe  
With painful, pleasing anguish flow,  
And thy forgiving smiles impart  
Life, hope and joy to every heart.

Anne Steele, 1760.

528

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind  
And fit me to approach my God;  
Remove each vain, each worldly thought  
And lead me to thy blest abode.
- 2 Hast Thou imparted to my soul  
A living spark of holy fire?
- 3 O kindle now the sacred flame,  
Make me to burn with pure desire.
- 4 A brighter faith and hope impart  
And let me now my Saviour see;  
O soothe and cheer my burdened heart  
And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

John Stewart.



# Holy Communion.

529 GENEVA. P. M.

E. W. BULLINGER.

1 Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis-tress'd?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing Be . . . at rest." A - men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,<br/>If He be my guide?<br/>In his feet and hands are wound-prints,<br/>And his side.</p> <p>3 Is there diadem, as monarch,<br/>That his brow adorns?<br/>Yea, a crown in very surety,<br/>But of thorns.</p> <p>4 If I find Him, if I follow,<br/>What his guerdon here?<br/>Many a sorrow, many a labor,<br/>Many a tear.</p> | <p>5 If I still hold closely to Him,<br/>What hath He at last?<br/>Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,<br/>Jordan passed.</p> <p>6 If I ask Him to receive me,<br/>Will He say me nay?<br/>Not till earth and not till heaven<br/>Pass away.</p> <p>7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,<br/>Is He sure to bless?<br/>Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs<br/>Answer yes.</p> |
|--|---|

Stephen of St. Sabas. 725—794. Tr. by John M. Neale, 1851.

530 CRUCIFIX. 7s & 6s. D.

GREEK MELODY.

1 { We stand in deep repentance Before thy throne of love; } Behold us while with weeping  
 { O God of grace, for-give us, The stain of guilt remove; }

We lift our eyes to Thee, And all our sins sub-du-ing, Our Father, set us free.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 O should'st Thou from us fallen<br/>Withhold thy grace to guide,<br/>Forever we should wander<br/>From Thee and peace aside;<br/>But Thou to spirits contrite<br/>Dost light and life impart,<br/>That man may learn to serve Thee<br/>With thankful joyous heart.</p> | <p>3 Our souls, on Thee we cast them,<br/>Our only refuge Thou;<br/>Thy cheering words revive us,<br/>When pressed with grief we bow;<br/>Thou bear'st the trusting spirit<br/>Upon thy loving breast,<br/>And givest all thy ransomed<br/>A sweet, unending rest.</p> |
|---|--|

# Holy Communion.

531 NAUFORD. P. M.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1 By Christ redeem'd, in Christ re - stor'd, We keep the mem - o - ry a - dored

And show the death of our dear Lord, Un - til He come.

2 His body broken in our stead  
Is here in this memorial bread;  
And so our feeble love is fed  
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night  
With the last advent we unite  
The shame, the glory, by this rite  
Until He come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,  
His life-blood shed for us we see;  
The cup shall tell the mystery  
Until He come.

5 O blessed hope! with this elate,  
Let not our hearts be desolate,  
But strong in faith, in patience wait  
Until He come.

G. Rawson.

532 STILLINGFLEET. S. M.

SWISS COLL.

1 A part - ing hymn we sing A - round thy ta - ble, Lord,

A - gain our grate - ful trib - ute bring, Our sol - emn vows re - cord.

2 Here have we seen thy face  
And felt thy presence here;  
So may the savor of thy grace  
In word and life appear.

The path our dear Redeemer trod  
May we rejoicing tread.

3 The purchase of thy blood,  
By sin no longer led,

4 In self-forgetting love  
Be our communion shown,  
Until we join the Church above  
And know as we are known.

# Holy Communion.

533 VIGILS. C. M.

W. A. MOZART.

I Lord, when we bend be - fore thy throne And our con - fes - sions pour,

Teach us to feel the sins we own And hate what we de-plore. A - men.

- 2 Our broken spirit pitying see,  
True penitence impart;  
Then let a kindling glance from Thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign,
- 4 And not a thought our bosoms share  
Which is not wholly thine.
- 4 May faith each weak petition fill  
And waft it to the skies,  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it or denies.
- J. D. Carlyle, 1805.

534

- 1 O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,  
Thy presence may we feel,  
And thus inspired with holy fear  
Before thine altar kneel.
- 2 Here may thy faithful people know  
The blessings of thy love,  
The streams that through the desert flow,  
The manna from above.
- 3 We come, obedient to thy word,  
To feast on heavenly food;  
Our meat the body of the Lord,  
Our drink his precious blood.
- 4 Thus would we all thy words obey,  
For we, O God, are thine,  
And go rejoicing on our way,  
Renewed with strength divine.
- Edward Osler, 1836.

535

- 1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet  
To feed on food divine;  
Thy body is the bread we eat,  
Thy precious blood the wine.
- 2 He that prepares this rich repast,  
Himself comes down and dies,  
And then invites us thus to feast  
Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 Sure, there was never love so free,  
Dear Saviour, so divine;  
Well Thou may'st claim that heart of me,  
Which owes so much to thine.
- 4 Yes, Thou shalt surely have my heart,  
My soul, my strength, my all;  
With life itself I'll freely part,  
My Jesus, at thy call.
- Samuel Stennett, 1787.

536

- 1 THE blest memorials of thy grief,  
The suff'rings of thy death,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,  
But would receive with faith.
- 2 The tokens sent us to relieve  
Our spirits when they droop,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,  
But would receive with hope.
- 3 The pledges Thou wast pleased to leave  
Our mournful minds to move,
- 4 We come, dear Saviour, to receive,  
But would receive with love.
- 4 Here in obedience to thy word  
We take the bread and wine,  
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,  
For all beyond is thine.
- 5 Increase our faith and hope and love;  
Lord, give us all that's good;  
We would thy full salvation prove,  
And share thy flesh and blood.



# Holy Communion.

537 DEVIZES. C. M.

I. TUCKER.

1 Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne; Ten thousand  
thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus;"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For He was slain for us."  
3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky  
And air and earth and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high  
And speak thine endless praise.  
5 The whole creation join in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him who sits upon the throne  
And to adore the Lamb. Isaac Watts.

538

- 1 LET us adore th' eternal Word,  
'Tis He our souls hath fed;  
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,  
And Thou th' immortal bread.  
2 Blest be the Lord that gives his flesh,  
To nourish dying men,  
And often spreads his table fresh,  
Lest we should faint again.

- 3 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath  
Whilst Jesus finds supplies;  
Nor shall our graces sink to death,  
For Jesus never dies.  
4 The God of mercy be adored,  
Who calls our souls from death,  
Who saves by his redeeming word  
And new-creating breath. Isaac Watts.

539 ST. JOHN. C. M.

JAMES TURLE.

1 Ac-cord-ing to thy gra-cious word, In meek hu-mil-i-ty  
This will I do, my dy-ing Lord, I will re-mem-ber Thee.

- 2 Thy body broken for me, take  
My bread from heaven's table be,  
Thy sacramental cup I take  
And thus remember Thee.  
3 Can I Gethsemane forget  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee?  
4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes  
And rest on Calvary,

- O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee,  
5 Remember Thee and all thy pains,  
And all thy love to me,  
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember Thee.  
6 And when these failing lips grow dumb  
And mind and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me.

# Holy Communion.

540 HOLLEY. 7s.

GEO. HEWS.

I Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At thy feet we hum - bly bow;

O do not our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

- 2 In thine own appointed way  
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;  
Lord, from hence we would not go  
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word  
That may joy and peace afford;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.

- 4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let the time of joy return;  
Those who are cast down lift up,  
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 5 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a God supremely kind;  
Heal the sick, the captive free,  
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

William Hammond.

541

- 1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord,  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?
- 2 "I delivered thee when bound  
And when bleeding healed thy wound,  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done,  
Partner of my throne shalt be;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee and adore,  
O for grace to love Thee more.

William Cowper.

542

- 1 THINE forever, God of love,  
Hear us from thy throne above;  
Thine forever may we be,  
Here and in eternity.
- 2 Thine forever, Lord of life,  
Shield us through the earthly strife;  
Thou the life, the truth, the way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine forever, O how blest  
They who find in Thee their rest!

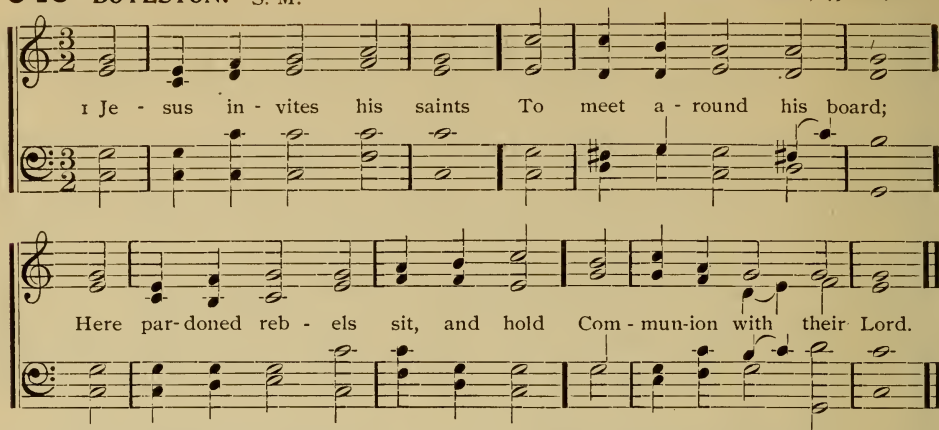
- Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,  
O defend us to the end.
- 4 Thine forever, Saviour, keep  
These thy frail and trembling sheep.  
Safe alone beneath thy care,  
Let us all thy goodness share.
  - 5 Thine forever, Thou our guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied,  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary F. Maude.

# Holy Communion.

543 BOYLSTON. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792—1872.



I Je - sus in - vites his saints To meet a - round his board;  
Here par-doned reb - els sit, and hold Com - mun-ion with their Lord.

2 For food He gives his flesh,  
He bids us drink his blood;  
Amazing favor, matchless grace  
Of our descending God!

3 The sacred elements  
Remain mere wine and bread,  
But signify and seal the love  
Of Christ, our cov'nant Head.

4 This holy bread and wine  
Maintains our fainting breath  
By union with our living Lord  
And interest in his death.

5 Our heavenly Father calls  
Christ and his members one,  
We the young children of his love,  
And He the first-born Son.

6 We are but several parts  
Of the same broken bread;  
One body hath its several limbs,  
But Jesus is the Head.

7 Let all our powers be joined  
His glorious name to raise;  
Pleasure and love fill every mind,  
And every voice be praise.

Isaac Watts.

544

1 JESUS, we thus obey  
Thy last and kindest word,  
And in thine own appointed way  
We come to meet Thee, Lord.

2 Thus we remember Thee,  
And take this bread and wine  
As thine own dying legacy  
And our redemption's sign.

3 Thy presence makes the feast;  
Now let our spirits feel

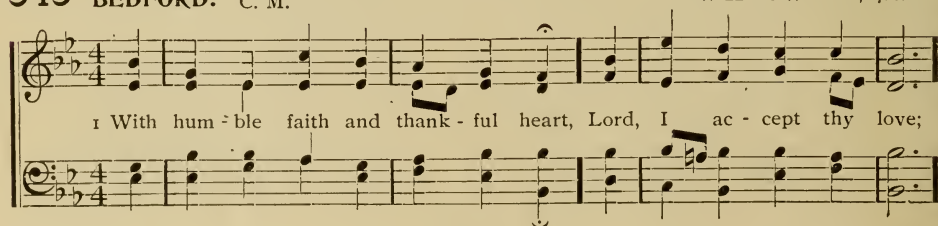
The glory not to be expressed,  
The joy unspeakable.

4 With high and heavenly bliss  
Thou dost our spirits cheer;  
Thy house of banqueting is this,  
And Thou hast brought us here.

5 Now let our souls be fed  
With manna from above,  
And over us thy banner spread  
Of everlasting love.

545 BEDFORD. C. M.

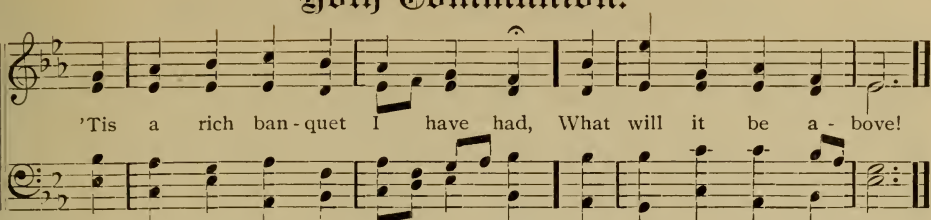
WILLIAM WHEALL, 1720.



I With hum - ble faith and thank - ful heart, Lord, I ac - cept thy love;



## Holy Communion.




'Tis a rich ban-quet I have had, What will it be a - bove!

2 Ye saints below and hosts of heaven,  
Join all your praising powers;  
No theme is like redeeming love,  
No Saviour is like ours.

3 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,  
I'd give them all to Thee;  
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all  
Should join the harmony.

546 DIX. 7s. 6 lines.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK. Arr.



1 "Till He come:" O let the words Lin - ger on the tremb - ling chords;  
Let the "lit - tle while be - tween" In their gold - en light be seen;  
Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be - yond that "Till He come."

2 When the weary ones we love  
Enter on their rest above,  
Seems the earth so poor and vast,  
All our life-joy overcast,  
Hush, be every murmur dumb,  
It is only "Till He come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,  
Drink the wine and break the bread,  
Sweet memorials, till the Lord  
Call us round his heavenly board,  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only "Till He come."

E. H. Bickersteth.

547

1 BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,  
For thy flesh is meat indeed;  
Ever may our souls be fed  
With this true and living bread,  
Day by day with strength supplied  
Through the life of Him that died.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice;  
Lord, thy wounds our healing give,  
To thy cross we look and live;  
Jesus, may we ever be  
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

# Ordination and Installation.

548 MONSON. C. M.

REV. — BROWN.

I Fa - ther of mer - cies, con - des - cend To hear our fer - vent pray'r,

While these our breth - ren we com - mend To thy pa - ter - nal care.

- 2 Before them set an open door,  
Their various efforts bless;  
On them thy Holy Spirit pour  
And crown them with success.
- 3 Endow them with a heavenly mind,  
Supply their every need;

Make them in spirit meek, resigned,  
But bold in word and deed.

- 4 In every tempting, trying hour  
Uphold them by thy grace,  
And guard them by thy mighty power,  
Till they shall end their race.

Thomas Morell, 1818.

549 BERA. L. M.

J. E. GOULD.

I Lord, pour thy Spir - it from on high And thine or - dain - ed ser - vants bless;

Gra - ces and gifts to each sup - ply And clothe thy priests with right - eous - ness.

- 2 Within thy temple when they stand,  
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,  
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand  
Let all thy Church's pastors be.
- 3 Wisdom and zeal and love impart,  
Firmness and meekness from above,  
To bear thy people in their heart [love;  
And love the souls whom Thou dost

- 4 To love and pray and never faint,  
By day and night their guard to keep,  
To warn the sinner, form the saint,  
To feed thy lambs and tend thy sheep.

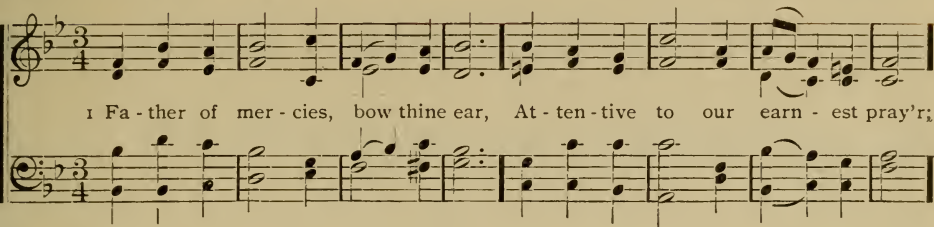
- 5 So, when their work is finished here,  
They may in hope their charge resign;  
So, when their Master shall appear,  
They may with crowns of glory shine.

James Montgomery.

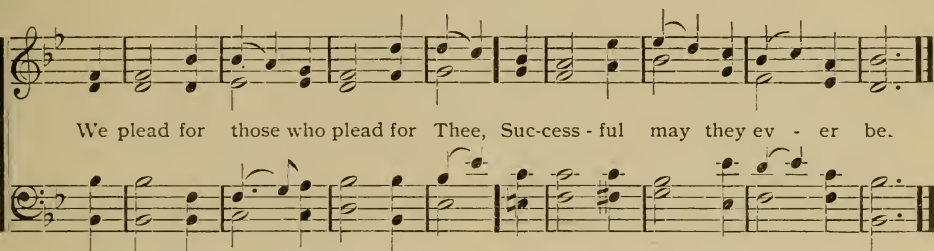
# Ordination and Installation.

550 GERMANY. L. M.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN, 1770—1827.



1 Fa-ther of mer-cies, bow thine ear, At-ten-tive to our earn-est pray'r;



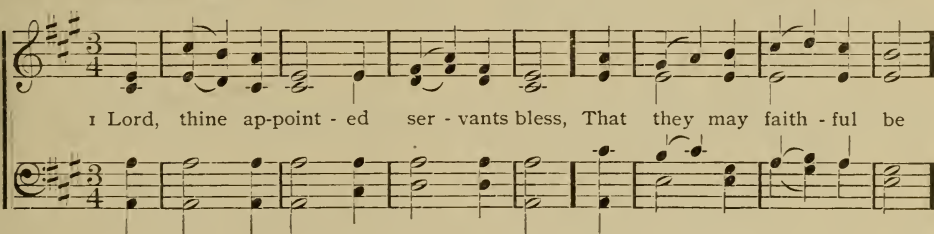
We plead for those who plead for Thee, Suc-cess-ful may they ev-er be.

- 2 Clothe Thou with energy divine  
Their words, and let those words be  
thine;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain,  
Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.
- 3 Let thronging multitudes around  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;  
And light through distant realms be  
spread,  
Till Zion rears her drooping head.

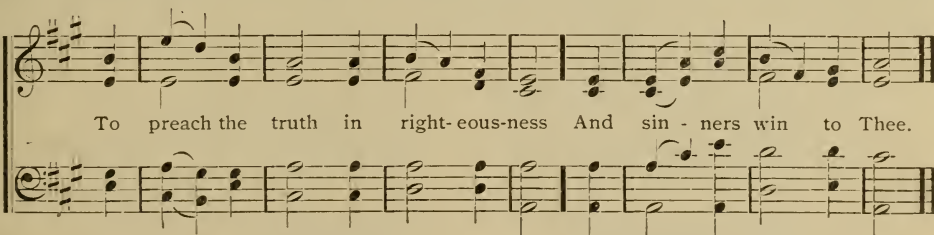
B. Beddome.

551 DEDICATION. C. M.

W. W. BENTLEY.



1 Lord, thine ap-point-ed ser-vants bless, That they may faith-ful be



To preach the truth in right-eous-ness And sin-ners win to Thee.

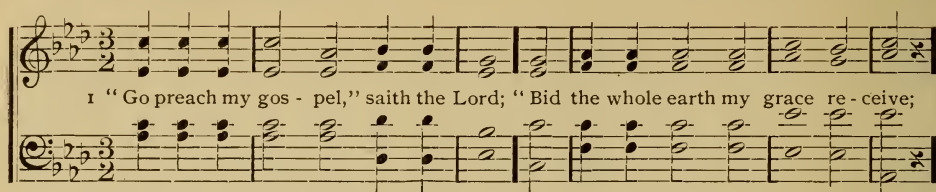
- 2 Uphold them by almighty power,  
Thy strength divine impart,  
And in each dark and trying hour  
Cheer Thou their fainting heart.
- 3 In holy watchfulness and prayer  
O keep them near thy side;
- May they with loving zeal declare  
A Saviour crucified.
- 4 Great Shepherd of the sheep, draw near,  
Thy Spirit now be given, [hear  
That they who preach and those who  
May sing thy praise in heaven.



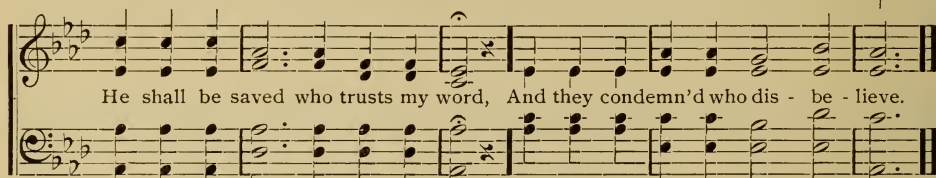
# Ordination and Installation.

552 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

H. C. ZEUNER,



1 "Go preach my gos - pel," saith the Lord; "Bid the whole earth my grace re - ceive;



He shall be saved who trusts my word, And they condemn'd who dis - be - lieve.

- 2 "I'll make your great commission known, All power is trusted in my hands,  
And ye shall prove my gospel true I can destroy and I defend."  
By all the works that I have done,  
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 4 He spake, and light shone round his head,  
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode;  
They to the farthest nations spread  
The grace of their ascended God.
- 3 "Teach all the nations my commands,  
I'm with you till the world shall end;

Isaac Watts, 1707.

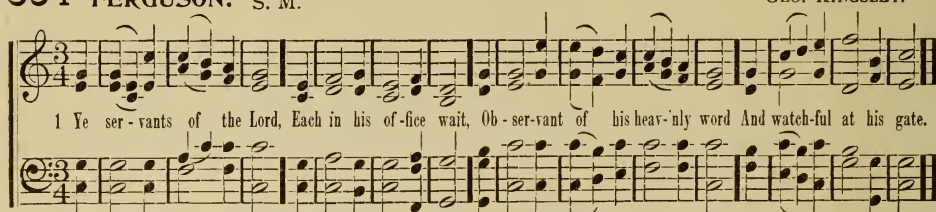
553

- 1 YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim Bid raging winds their fury cease  
Salvation through Immanuel's name; And hush the tempest into peace.  
To distant climes the tidings bear  
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,  
Then we shall meet to part no more,  
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,  
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,

B. H. Draper, 1803.

554 FERGUSON. S. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



1 Ye ser-vants of the Lord, Each in his of-fice wait, Ob-ser-vant of his heav-nly word And watch-ful at his gate.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright Mark the first signal of his hand  
And trim the golden flame; And ready all appear.  
Gird up your loins as in his sight,  
For awful is his name.
- 4 O happy servant he,  
In such a posture found;  
He shall his Lord with rapture see  
And be with honor crowned.
- 3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,  
And while we speak He's near;

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

555

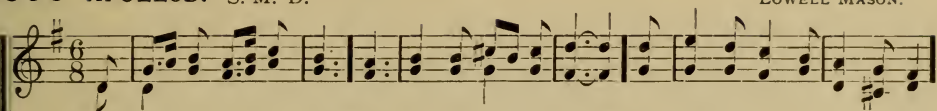
- 1 SOW in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain;  
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garner in the sky.
- 2 And duly shall appear  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.
- 4 Then, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, shall come,  
The angel reapers shall descend  
And heaven sing "harvest-home."

Jas. Montgomery.

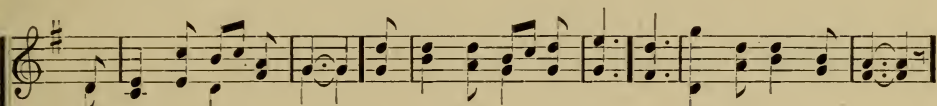
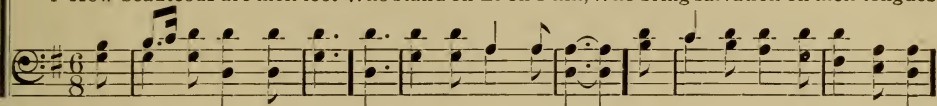
# Ordination and Installation.

556 APOLLOS. S. M. D.

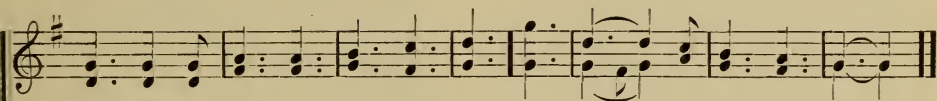
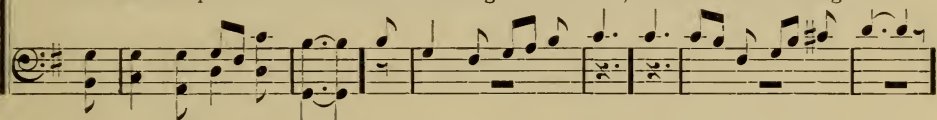
LOWELL MASON.



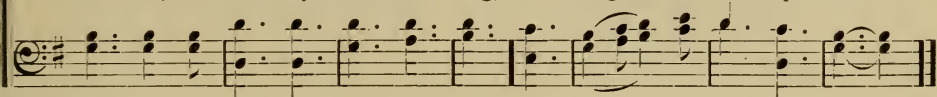
1 How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi-on's hill, Who bring salvation on their tongues



And words of peace re-veal! How charming is their voice, How sweet their tidings are!



"Zi-on, be-hold thy Sav-iour King, He reigns and tri-umphs here."



2 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for  
And sought, but never found!  
How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light!  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.

3 The watchmen join their voice  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs  
And deserts learn the joy.  
The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

557

1 LORD of the harvest, hear  
Thy needy servants cry;  
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,  
And all our wants supply.  
On Thee we humbly wait,  
Our wants are in thy view;  
The harvest truly, Lord, is great,  
The laborers are few.

2 Convert and send forth more  
Into thy Church abroad,  
And let them speak thy word of power,  
As workers with their God.

Give the pure gospel word,  
The word of general grace;  
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,  
The Saviour of our race.

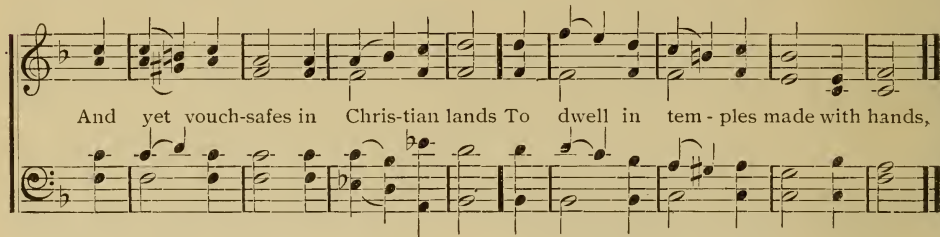
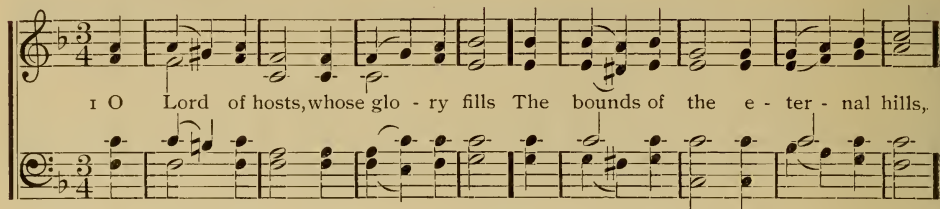
3 O let them spread thy name,  
Their mission fully prove,  
Thy universal grace proclaim,  
Thy all-redeeming love.  
On all mankind forgiven  
Empower them still to call,  
And tell each creature under heaven  
That Thou hast died for all.

Charles Wesley.

# Corner-Stone, and Church Consecration.

558 ALEXANDER. L. M.

C. EVEREST.



- 2 O grant that we, who here to-day  
Rejoicing this foundation lay,  
May be in very deed thine own,  
Built on the precious corner-stone.
- 3 Endue the creatures with thy grace,  
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place;  
The beauty of the oak and pine,  
The gold and silver, they are thine.
- 4 To Thee they all pertain, to Thee  
The treasures of the earth and sea;

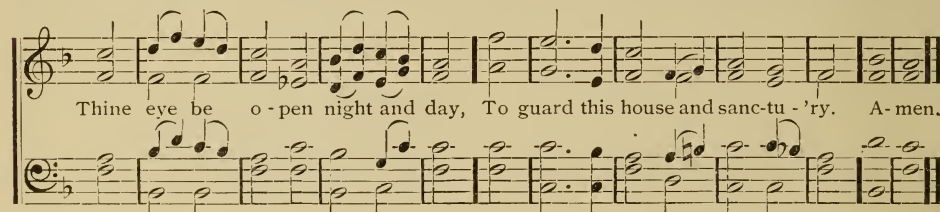
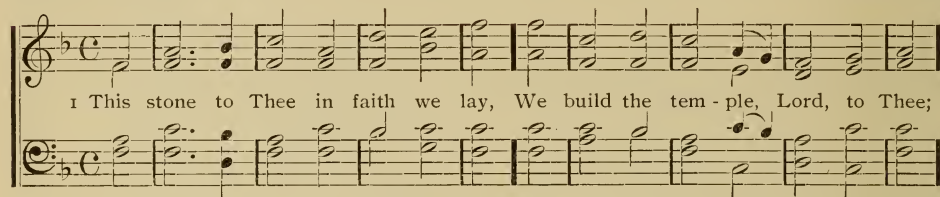
And when we bring them to thy throne,  
We render, Lord, to Thee thine own.

- 5 The architects endue with skill,  
The hands that work preserve from ill;  
May all who build this house to Thee  
Built in thy heavenly temple be.
- 6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect  
The temple of thine own elect;  
Be Thou in them and they in Thee,  
O ever blessed Trinity.

John M. Neale.

559 SAMPSON. L. M.

HANDEL.



- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,  
And dying sinners pray to live,  
Hear Thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,  
And when Thou hearest, O forgive.
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim  
The blessed gospel of thy Son,  
Still by the power of his great name  
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna to their heavenly King,  
When children's voices raise that song,

Hosanna, let their angels sing,  
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

- 5 But will indeed Jehovah deign  
Here to abide, no transient guest?  
Will here the world's Redeemer reign,  
And here the Holy Spirit rest?
- 6 That glory never hence depart?  
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;  
Thy kingdom come to every heart,  
In every bosom fix thy throne.

James Montgomery.



# Corner-Stone, and Church Consecration.

560 WALTHAM. Ss & 7s. 6 lines.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1 Christ is made the sure foundation And the precious corner-stone, Who, the two-fold walls surmounting,

Binds them closely in- to one, Ho- ly Zion's help for- ev- er And her con- fidence a- lone.

2 All that dedicated city,  
Dearly loved by God on high,  
In exultant jubilation  
Pours perpetual melody,  
God the one, and God the trinal,  
Singing everlastingly.

3 To this temple where we call Thee,  
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day,  
With thy wonted loving kindness  
Hear thy people as they pray,  
And thy fullest benediction  
Shed within its walls for aye.

4 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants  
What they supplicate to gain,  
Here to have and hold forever  
Those good things their prayers obtain,  
And hereafter in thy glory  
With thy blessed ones to reign.

5 Laud and honor to the Father,  
Laud and honor to the Son,  
Laud and honor to the Spirit,  
Ever Three and ever One,  
Consubstantial, coeternal,  
While unending ages run.

Latin Hymn. Tr. by John M. Neale.

561 HOWARD. C. M.

S. HOWARD.

1 Be - hold the sure foun - da - tion stone Which God in Zi - on lays,

To build our heav'n-ly hopes up - on, And his e - ter - nal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,  
How glorious is thy name;  
Saints trust their whole salvation here,  
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,  
Reject it with disdain;

Yet on this rock the Church shall rest,  
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,  
Yet must this building rise;  
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,  
And wondrous in our eyes.

Isaac Watts.

# Corner-Stone, and Church Consecration.

562 SUTHERLAND. H. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1844.

I Christ is our cor - ner-stone, On Him a - lone we build; With his true saints a -

lone The courts of heav'n are fill'd; On his . . . great love . . . our

hopes . . we place . . Of pres - ent grace . . and joys a - bove.

2 O then with hymns of praise  
These hallow'd courts shall ring;  
Our voices we will raise,  
The Three in One to sing,  
And thus proclaim in joyful song  
Both loud and long that glorious name.

And mark each suppliant sigh;  
In copious shower on all who pray  
Each holy day thy blessings pour.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou  
Forevermore draw nigh,  
Accept each faithful vow,

4 Here may we gain from heaven  
The grace which we implore,  
And may that grace once given  
Be with us evermore,  
Until that day when all the blest  
To endless rest are called away.

563 MONKLAND. 7s.

JOHN P. WILKES.

I Lord of hosts, to Thee we raise Here a house of pray'r and praise;

# Corner-Stone, and Church Consecration.

Thou thy peo - ple's hearts pre - pare Here to meet for praise and pray'r.

2 Let the living here be fed  
With thy word, the heavenly bread;  
Here in hope of glory blest  
May the dead be laid to rest.

Here reveal thy mercy sure,  
While the sun and moon endure.

3 Here to Thee a temple stand,  
While the sea shall gird the land;

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky  
To the joyful sound reply;  
Hallelujah! hence ascend  
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

## 564 ST. JOHN'S. C. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

1 O Thou, whose own vast tem - - ple stands, Built

o - ver earth and sea, Ac - cept the walls that

hu - man hands Have raised to wor - ship Thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,  
Within these courts to bide,  
The peace that dwelleth without end  
Serenely by thy side.

And they who mourn and they who fear  
Be strengthened as they pray.

3 May erring minds that worship here  
Be taught the better way,

4 May faith grow firm and love grow warm  
And pure devotion rise,  
While round these hallow'd walls the  
Of earth-born passion dies. [storm

W. C. Bryant.



# Corner-Stone, and Church Consecration.

565 GRIGG. C. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

O God, who lov - est to a - bide In Zi - on's cho - sen gate

More than the thous - and tents be - side, Where Is - rael's faith - ful wait,

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Accept our works and hear our vows,<br/>Unworthy though we be,<br/>And look in mercy on the house<br/>We dedicate to Thee.</p> <p>3 Here answer Thou, as Thou art wont,<br/>Thy people when they pray;<br/>Here in the waters of thy font<br/>Let sin be washed away.</p> <p>4 Here set thy confirmation's seal<br/>For ghostly strength and good;<br/>Here give thy people, as they kneel,<br/>Their Saviour's flesh and blood.</p> | <p>5 If after sin they seek thy face<br/>And by thy precepts live,<br/>Hear Thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,<br/>And when Thou hear'st forgive.</p> <p>6 If there be famine in the land<br/>Or pestilence or foe, [hand,<br/>Stretch out from heaven thy strong right<br/>When here thy flock fall low.</p> <p>7 Bless those, O Lord, and hear their cry<br/>That raised thy temple here,<br/>That in thy house beyond the sky<br/>With joy they may appear.</p> |
|---|---|

John M. Neale.

566 LUTZEN. C. M.

NICHOLAUS HERMANN.

A - rise, O King of grace, a - rise And en - ter to thy rest;

Lo, thy Church waits with long - ing eyes Thus to be owned and blest.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Enter with all thy glorious train,<br/>Thy Spirit and thy word;<br/>All that the ark did once contain<br/>Could no such grace afford.</p> <p>3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,<br/>Here let thy praise be spread,<br/>Bless the provisions of thy house<br/>And fill thy poor with bread.</p> | <p>4 Here let the Son of David reign,<br/>Let God's anointed shine,<br/>Justice and truth his court maintain<br/>With love and power divine.</p> <p>5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne;<br/>And as his kingdom grows<br/>Fresh honors shall adorn his crown<br/>And shame confound his foes.</p> |
|---|--|

# Corner-Stone, and Church Consecration.

567 GLADSTONE. L. M.

W. H. GLADSTONE.

1 And wilt Thou, O e - ter - nal God, On earth es - tab - lish thine a - bode?

Then look pro - pi - tious from thy throne And take this tem - ple for thine own.

2 These walls we to thine honor raise,  
Long may they echo in thy praise,  
And Thou descending fill the place  
With the rich tokens of thy grace.

3 Here may the great Redeemer reign  
With all the graces of his train,

While power divine his word attends,  
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

4 And in the last decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear  
Thousands were born for glory here.  
Philip Doddridge.

568 BUSCHE. L. M.

Arr. by SCHWING.

1 The per - fect world by Ad - am trod Was the first tem - ple built to God;

His fi - at laid the cor - ner - stone And heav'd its pil - lars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,  
The broad, illimitable sky;  
He spread its pavement, green and bright,  
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood;  
The sea, the sky and all was good;  
And when its first few praises rang,  
The morning stars together sang.

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea  
And earth and sky a house for Thee;  
But in thy sight our offering stands,  
A humbler temple, made with hands.

5 We cannot bid the morning star  
To sing how bright thy glories are;  
But, Lord, if Thou wilt meet us here,  
Thy praise shall be the Christian's tear  
Nathaniel P. Willis, 1849

# Corner-Stone, and Church Consecration.

569 PILESGROVE. L. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

1 O bow thine ear, e - ter - nal One, On Thee our heart a - dor - ing calls:

To Thee the fol-lowers of thy Son Have raised and now de - vote these walls.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Here let thy holy days be kept;<br/>And be this place to worship given,<br/>Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,<br/>The house of God, the gate of heaven.</p> <p>3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,<br/>As incense, let thy children's prayer,<br/>From contrite hearts and lips sincere,<br/>Rise on the still and holy air.</p> | <p>4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung,<br/>Here let thy truth beam forth to save,<br/>As when of old thy Spirit hung<br/>On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.</p> <p>5 And when the lips, that with thy name<br/>Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,<br/>On others may devotion's flame<br/>Be kindled here and purely burn.</p> |
|--|--|

J. Pierpont.

570 MARKET STREET. S. M.

ENGLISH.

1 Je - sus, most lov - ing Lord, Bless us who now re - joice

The glo - ries of this hal - low'd house To tell with glad - some voice.

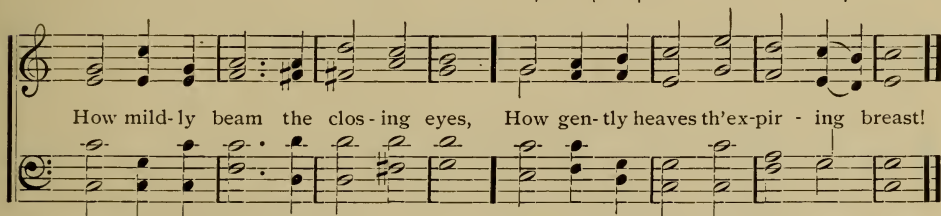
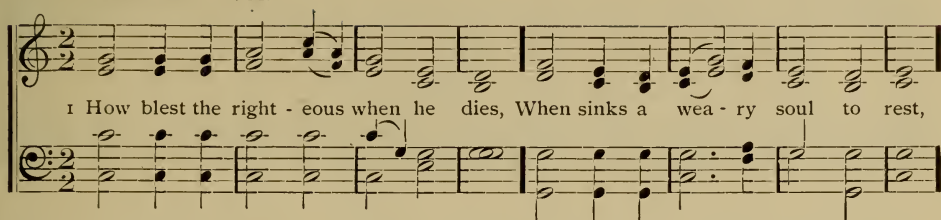
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Here are the healing streams<br/>To cleanse the sin-defiled;<br/>Here God, the Spirit, with his strength<br/>Endows the new-born child.</p> <p>3 Here Jesus to his own<br/>His body gives for food, [divine<br/>And stays their thirst with draughts<br/>Of his most precious blood.</p> | <p>4 For sick and guilty souls<br/>Sure mercies here abound;<br/>The Judge in tenderness acquits,<br/>Grace heals the deadly wound.</p> <p>5 Yea, God, whose throne is heaven,<br/>Deigns here to dwell, and train<br/>The souls that worship Him and strive<br/>His home above to gain.</p> |
|---|--|



# Burial.

571 ZEPHYR. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844.



- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,  
So sinks the gale when storms are  
o'er,  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys, 5  
And naught disturbs that peace pro-  
found  
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate  
dwell;  
How bright the th'unchanging morn  
appears,  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.
- 5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies,  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
How blest the righteous when he dies!

A. L. Barbauld

572

- 1 WHY should we start and fear to die? 3 O if my Lord would come and meet,  
What timorous worms we mortals  
are!  
Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans and dying strife 4  
Fright our approaching souls away;  
We still shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Isaac Watts

573

- 1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,  
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;  
High was thy throne ere heaven was made  
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.
- 2 But man, weak man, is born to die,  
Made up of guilt and vanity;  
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,  
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."
- 3 A thousand of our years amount  
Scarce to a day in thine account,
- 4 Like yesterday's departed light  
Or the last watch of ending night.
- 4 Death, like an overflowing stream,  
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream,  
An empty tale, a morning flower  
Cut down and withered in an hour.
- 5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,  
And kindly lengthen out our span,  
Till faith and love and piety  
Fit us to die and dwell with Thee.

Isaac Watts.

# Burial.

574 REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1816—1863.

1 A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep,

A calm and un - dis - turb'd re - pose Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet,  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death hath lost his venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me  
May such a blissful refuge be!  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay, 1832.

575

1 THE God of love will sure indulge  
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,  
When righteous persons fall around,  
When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious murmuring thought  
Should with our mourning passions  
blend;

Nor would our bleeding hearts forget  
Th' almighty, ever-living friend.

3 Beneath a numerous train of ills  
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail,

Yet shall our hope in Thee, our God,  
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Parent and husband, guard and guide,  
Thou art each tender name in one;  
On Thee we cast our every care,  
And comfort seek from Thee alone.

5 Our Father, God, to Thee we look,  
Our rock, our portion and our friend,  
And on thy cov'nant love and truth  
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

576

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,  
Take this new treasure to thy  
trust,  
And give these sacred relics room  
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain nor grief nor anxious fear  
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son  
Passed through the grave and blessed  
the bed; [throne  
Rest here, blessed saint, till from his  
The morning break and pierce the  
shade.

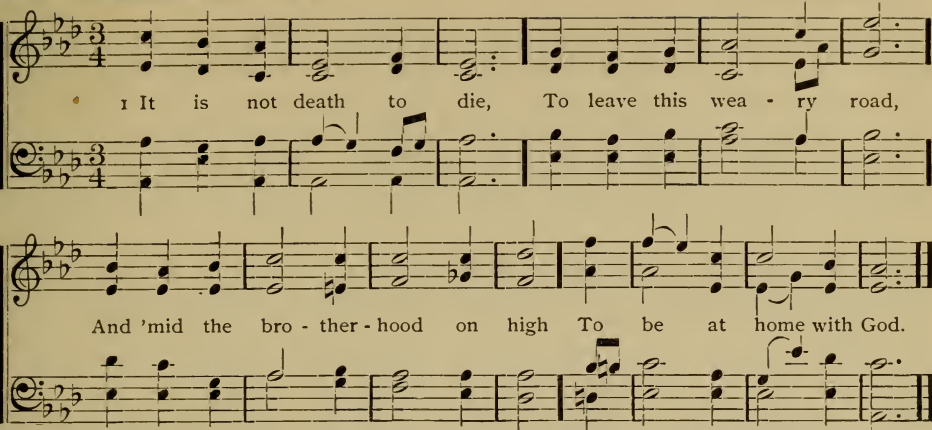
4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;  
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word,  
Restore thy trust; a glorious form  
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

# Burial.

## 577 GREENWOOD. S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.



1 It is not death to die, To leave this wea - ry road,  
And 'mid the bro - ther - hood on high To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,

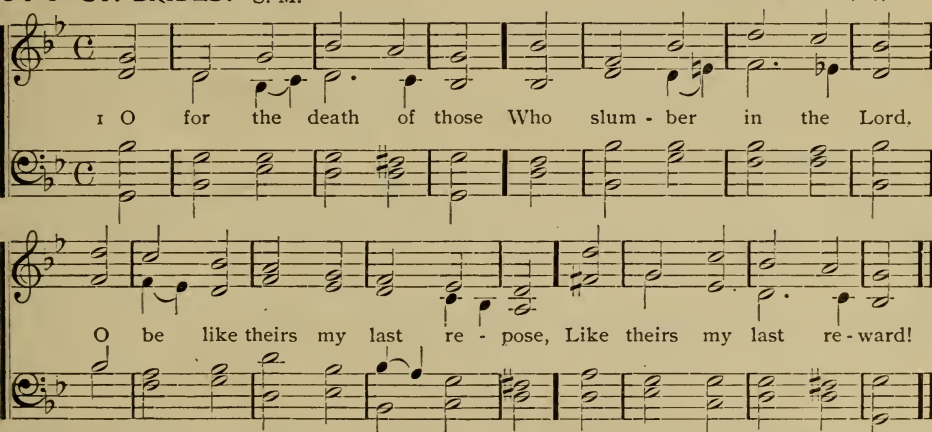
And rise on strong exulting wing  
To live among the just.

4 Jesus, Thou Prince of life,  
Thy chosen cannot die;  
Like Thee they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with Thee on high.

George W. Bethune, 1847.

## 578 ST. BRIDES. S. M.

SAMUEL HOWARD, 1770.



1 O for the death of those Who slum - ber in the Lord,  
O be like theirs my last re - pose, Like theirs my last re - ward!

2 Their bodies in the ground  
In silent hope may lie,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound  
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar  
On wings of faith and love  
To meet the Saviour they adore  
And reign with Him above.

4 With us their names shall live  
Through long, succeeding years,  
Enbalm'd with all our hearts can give,  
Our praises and our tears.

5 O for the death of those  
Who slumber in the Lord,  
O be like theirs my last repose,  
Like theirs my last reward!

J. Montgomery.

## 579

1 THE pity of the Lord  
To those that fear his name  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,  
Scattered with every breath;  
His anger like a rising wind  
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass  
Or like the morning flower;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure,  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts.



# Burial.

580 VIGIL. S. M.

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.

1 There is no night in heav'n; In that blest world a - bove

Work nev - er can bring wea - ri - ness, For work it - self is love.

- 2 There is no grief in heaven;  
For life is one glad day,  
And tears are of those former things  
Which all have passed away.
- 3 There is no want in heaven;  
The Lamb of God supplies  
Life's tree of twelve-fold fruitage still,  
Life's spring which never dries.
- 4 There is no sin in heaven;  
Behold that blessed throng,

All holy is their spotless robe,  
All holy is their song.

- 5 There is no death in heaven;  
For they who gain that shore  
Have won their immortality,  
And they can die no more.
- 6 There is no death in heaven;  
But when the Christian dies,  
The angels wait his parted soul  
And waft it to the skies.

F. W. Knollis.

581 ORIEL. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1 There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea - ry pil - grims found;

They soft - ly lie and sweet - ly sleep, Low in the ground, low in the ground.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 The storm that sweeps the wintry sky  
No more disturbs their deep repose  
Than summer evening's latest sigh  
That shuts the rose, that shuts the rose.
- 3 Then, traveller in the vale of tears,  
To realms of everlasting light,

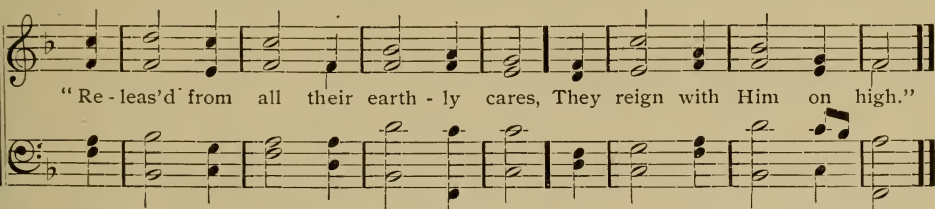
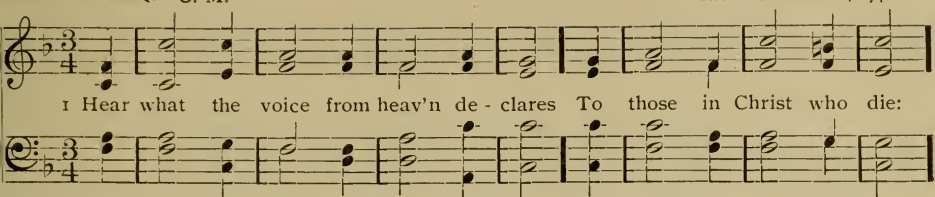
- Through time's dark wilderness of years  
Pursue thy flight, pursue thy flight.
- 4 Thy soul, renewed by grace divine  
In God's own image, freed from clay  
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,  
A star of day, a star of day.

James Montgomery.

# Burial.

582 MEAR. C. M.

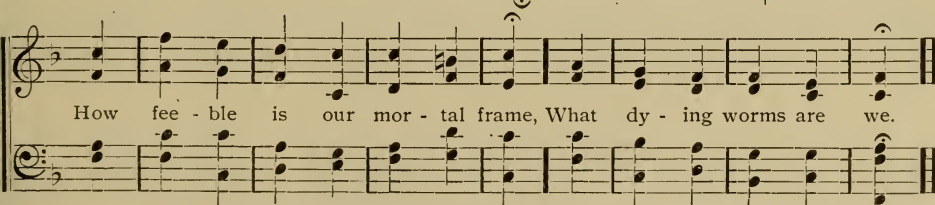
AMERICAN TUNE, 1740.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Then why lament departed friends<br/>Or shake at death's alarms?<br/>Death's but the servant Jesus sends<br/>To call us to his arms.</p> <p>3 If sin be pardoned we're secure,<br/>Death hath no sting beside;<br/>The law gave sin its strength and power,<br/>But Christ, our ransom, died.</p> | <p>4 The graves of all his saints He blessed,<br/>When in the grave He lay;<br/>And rising thence their hopes He raised<br/>To everlasting day.</p> <p>5 Then joyfully, while life we have,<br/>To Christ, our life, we'll sing:<br/>"Where is thy victory, O grave,<br/>And where, O death, thy sting?"</p> |
|--|--|

583 DUNDEE. C. M.

G. FRANC.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,<br/>As months and days increase;<br/>And every beating pulse we tell<br/>Leaves the small number less.</p> <p>3 The year rolls round, and steals away<br/>The breath at first it gave;<br/>Whate'er we do, where'er we be,<br/>We're traveling to the grave.</p> <p>4 Dangers stand thick through all the<br/>To push us to the tomb, [ground<br/>And fierce diseases wait around<br/>To hurry mortals home.</p> | <p>5 Great God, on what a slender thread<br/>Hang everlasting things,<br/>Th' eternal state of all the dead<br/>Upon life's feeble strings.</p> <p>6 Infinite joy or endless woe<br/>Attends on every breath,<br/>And yet how unconcerned we go<br/>Upon the brink of death!</p> <p>7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense<br/>To walk this dangerous road;<br/>And if our souls are hurried hence,<br/>May they be found with God.</p> |
|---|--|

# Burial.

## 584 CHERITH. C. M.

L. SPOHR, 1840.

1 As Je - sus died, and rose a - gain Vic - to - rious from the dead,

So his dis - ci - ples rise, and reign With their tri - umph-ant Head.

- 2 The time draws nigh when from the clouds  
Christ shall with shouts descend,  
And the last trumpet's awful voice  
The heavens and earth shall rend.
- 3 Then they who live shall changed be  
And they who sleep shall wake,  
The graves shall yield their ancient charge  
And earth's foundations shake.

- 4 The saints of God from death set free  
With joy shall mount on high,  
The heavenly host with praises loud  
Shall meet them in the sky.
- 5 Together to their Father's house  
With joyful hearts they go,  
And dwell forever with the Lord  
Beyond the reach of woe.

Michael Bruce, 1768.

## 585 CHINA. C. M.

SWAN.

1 Hear what the voice from heav'n pro - claims For all the pi - ous dead;

Sweet is the sa - vor of their names And soft their sleep - ing bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus and are bless'd,  
How kind their slumbers are!  
From suff'rings and from sin released  
And freed from every snare.

- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife  
They're present with the Lord;  
The labors of their mortal life  
End in a large reward.

Isaac Watts.

## 586

- 1 MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave  
And trample on the tomb;  
I know that my Redeemer lives  
And on the clouds shall come.
- 2 I know that He shall soon appear  
In power and glory meet,  
And death, the last of all his foes,  
Lie vanquished at his feet.
- 3 Then, though the grave my flesh devour  
And hold me for its prey,

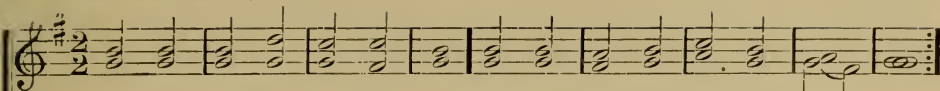
- I know my sleeping dust shall rise  
On the last judgment-day.
- 4 I in my flesh shall see my God,  
When He on earth shall stand;  
I shall with all his saints ascend  
To dwell at his right hand.
- 5 Then shall He wipe all tears away  
And hush the rising groan,  
And pains and sighs and griefs and fears  
Shall ever be unknown.



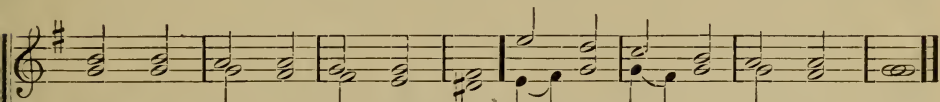
# Burial.

587 MEINHOLD. 7s, 8s & 7s.

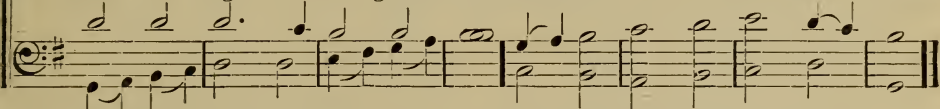
BACH.



1 { Ten - der Shepherd, Thou hast still'd Now thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep - ing; }  
Ah! how peace - ful, pale and mild, In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep - ing! }



And no sigh of an - guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more.

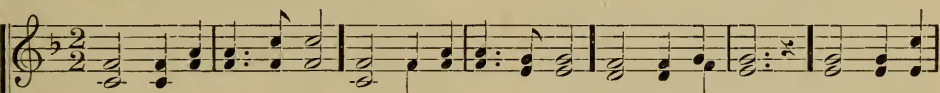


2 In this world of care and pain,  
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;  
To the sunny heavenly plain  
Thou dost now with joy receive it;  
Clothed in robes of spotless white,  
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

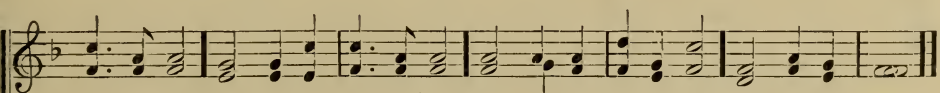
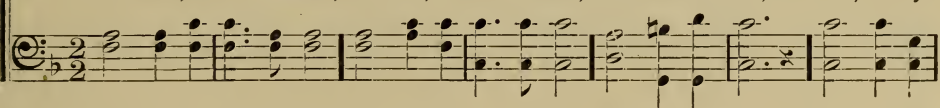
3 Ah! Lord Jesus, grant that we  
Where it lives may soon be living,  
And the lovely pastures see  
That its heavenly food are giving;  
Then the gain of death we prove,  
Though Thou take what most we love.

588 CRAIG. 6s & 4s.

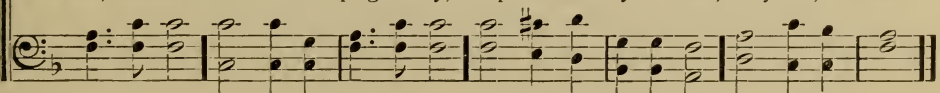
THOS. O'NEILL.



1 Fa - ther, O hear me now, Fa - ther, O hear me now, Fa - ther di - vine; Thou, on - ly



Thou, canst see The heart's deep ag - o - ny; Help me to say to Thee, "Thy will, not mine."



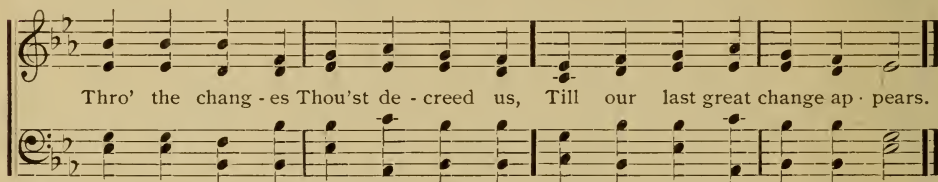
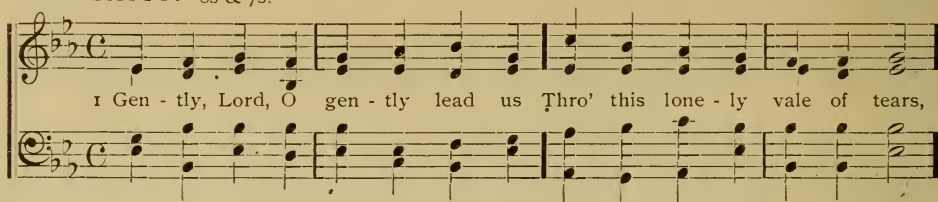
2 O God, be Thou my stay,  
O God, be Thou my stay  
In this dark hour;  
Kindly each sorrow hear,  
Hush every troubled fear,  
Then let me still revere,  
Still own thy power.

3 In Thee alone I trust,  
In Thee alone I trust,  
Thou holy One;  
Humbly to Thee I pray  
That through each troubled day  
Of life I still may say,  
"Thy will be done."

# Burial.

589 BATTY. 8s & 7s.

GERMAN.



- 2 When temptation's darts assail us, Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
When in devious paths we stray, Suffer not our souls to fear.  
Let thy goodness never fail us,  
Lead us in thy perfect way.
- 4 And when mortal life is ended  
Bid us on thy bosom rest,  
Till by angel bands attended  
We awake among the blest.
- 3 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,

Thos. Hastings.

590

- 1 EVERY thing we love and cherish  
Hastens onward to the grave;  
Earthly joys and pleasures perish,  
Time can nothing, nothing save.
- 2 All is fading, all is fleeing;  
Earthly flames must cease to glow,  
Earthly beings cease from being,  
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.
- 3 Yet unchanged, while all decayeth,  
Jesus lives, the first, the last,  
Lean on Me alone, He sayeth,  
Hope and love and firmly trust.
- 4 O abide, abide with Jesus,  
Who Himself forever lives,  
Who from death eternal frees us  
And who life eternal gives.

591 BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

THOS. TALLIS.

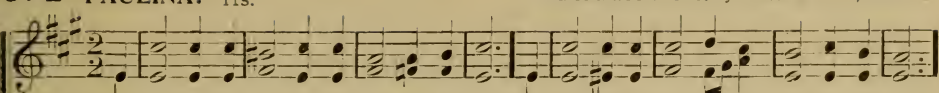


- 1 Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord | from hence- | forth; || yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.
- 2 Our days on earth are as a shadow and there is | none a- | bidding; || we are but of yesterday; there is but a | step between | us and | death.
- 3 Man's days are as grass; as a flower of the field, | so he | flourisheth; || he appeareth for a little time, then | van-ish- | eth a- | way.
- 4 Watch, for ye know not what hour your | Lord doth | come; || be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the | Son of | Man — | cometh.
- 5 It is the Lord; let Him do what | seemeth Him | good; || the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and | blessed be the | name of the | Lord.
- 6 Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord | from hence | forth; || yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.

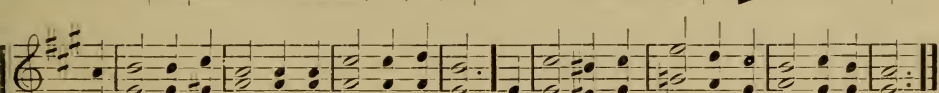
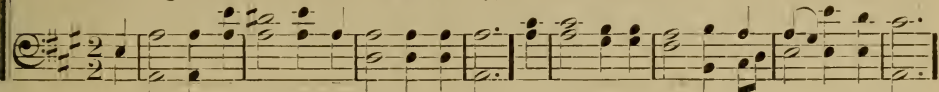
# Burial.

592 PAULINA. IIS.

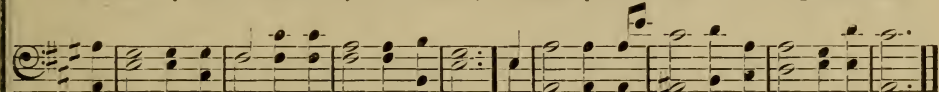
DONIZETTI. Arr. by L. W. BACON, 1866.



1 The things of the earth in the earth let us lay, The ash-es with ash-es, the dust with the clay;



But lift up the heart and the eye and the love, O lift up the soul to the re-gions a-bove.

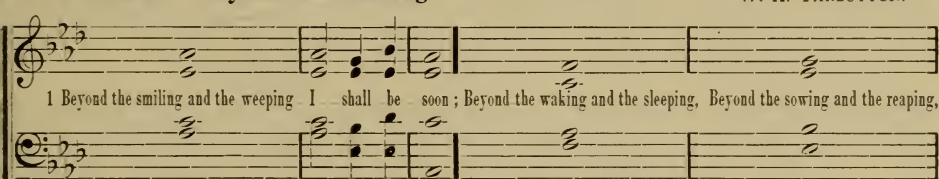


- 2 Since He the immortal hath entered the gate,  
So too shall we mortals, or sooner or late;  
Then stand we on Christ; let us mark Him ascend,  
For his is the glory and life without end.
- 3 On earth with his own ones, the giver of good,  
Bestowing his blessing, a little while  
Now nothing can part us, nor distance nor foes,  
For lo, He is with us and who can oppose?
- 4 So, Lord, we commit this our brother to Thee,  
Whose body is dead, but whose spirit is  
We know that through grace, when our life here is done,  
We live still in Thee and forever in one.
- 5 All glory to Thee, Father, Spirit and Son,  
Who Three art in person, in substance but One,  
In whom we have victory over the grave,  
Who lovest thy people to pardon and save.

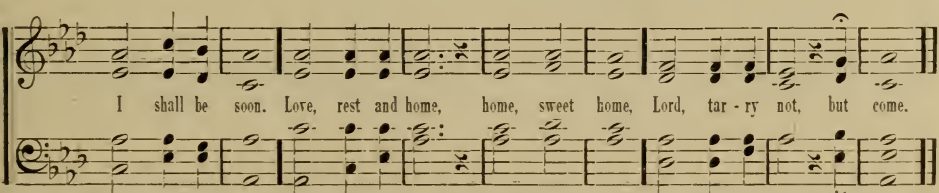
From the Greek. Tr. by Jno. M. Neale, 1864.

593 CHANT.—Beyond the Smiling.

W. A. TARBUTTON.



1 Beyond the smiling and the weeping I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping,



I shall be soon. Love, rest and home, home, sweet home, Lord, tar-ry not, but come.

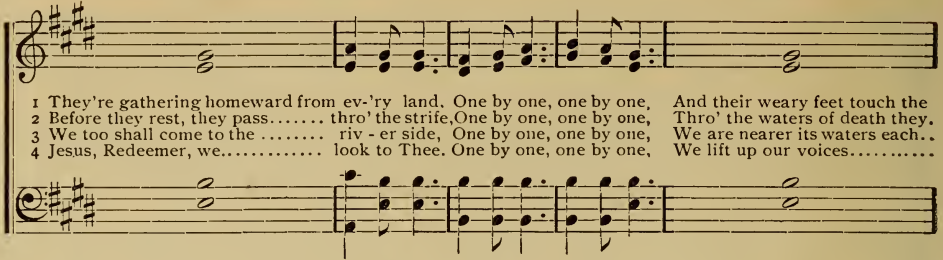
- 2 Beyond the blooming and the fading  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the shining and the shading,  
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
I shall be soon.
- 3 Beyond the parting and the meeting  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
- 4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,  
Beyond the ever and the never,  
I shall be soon.



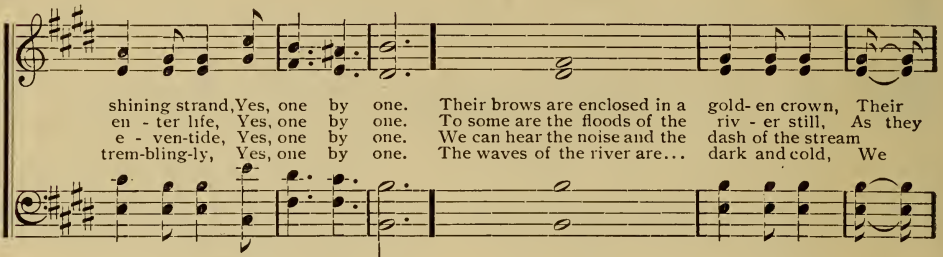
# Burial.

594 CHANT.—Gathering Home.

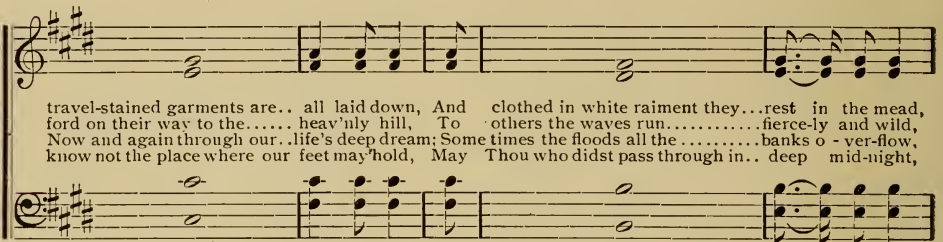
W. O. PERKINS.



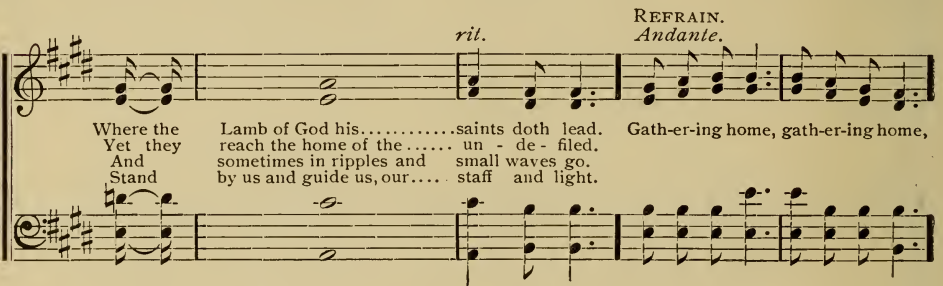
1 They're gathering homeward from ev'-ry land. One by one, one by one. And their weary feet touch the  
 2 Before they rest, they pass..... thro' the strife, One by one, one by one. Thro' the waters of death they.  
 3 We too shall come to the ..... riv - er side. One by one, one by one. We are nearer its waters each..  
 4 Jesus, Redeemer, we..... look to Thee. One by one, one by one. We lift up our voices.....



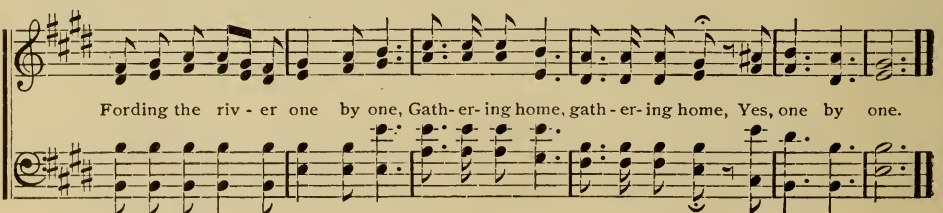
shining strand, Yes, one by one. Their brows are enclosed in a gold-en crown, Their  
 en - ter life, Yes, one by one. To some are the floods of the riv - er still, As they  
 e - ven-tide, Yes, one by one. We can hear the noise and the dash of the stream  
 trem-bling-ly, Yes, one by one. The waves of the river are... dark and cold, We



travel-stained garments are.. all laid down, And clothed in white raiment they...rest in the mead,  
 ford on their way to the..... heav'nly hill, To others the waves run.....fierce-ly and wild,  
 Now and again through our.. life's deep dream; Some times the floods all the .....banks o - ver-flow,  
 know not the place where our feet may hold, May Thou who didst pass through in.. deep mid-night,



*ril.* *Andante.*  
 Where the Lamb of God his.....saints doth lead. Gath-er-ing home, gath-er-ing home,  
 Yet they reach the home of the..... un - de - filed.  
 And sometimes in ripples and small waves go.  
 Stand by us and guide us, our.... staff and light.

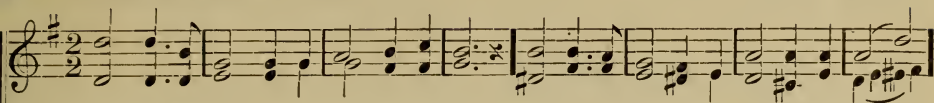


Fording the riv - er one by one, Gath-er-ing home, gath - er-ing home, Yes, one by one.

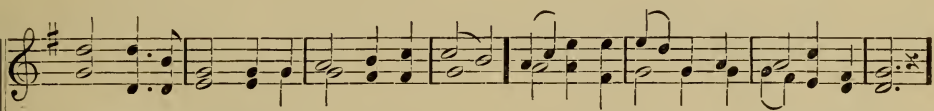
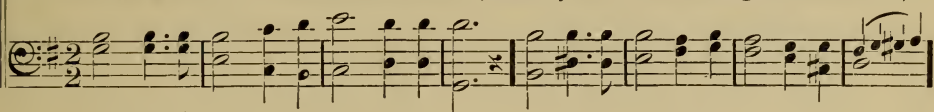
# Harvest and Thanksgiving.

595 THANKSGIVING HYMN. 108.

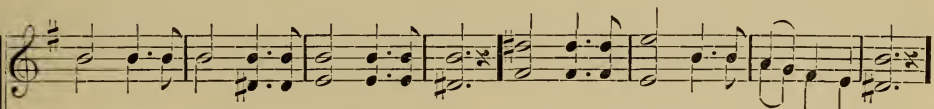
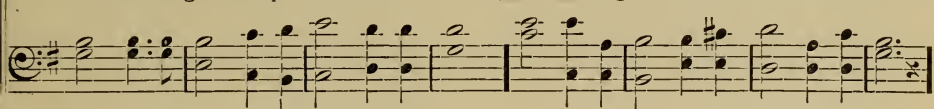
OLEN S. CARTER.



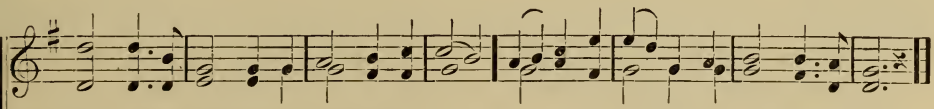
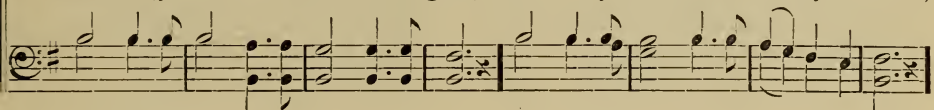
1 Thanks be to God for his won-der-ful love; Praise ye his name for the gifts from a-bove;



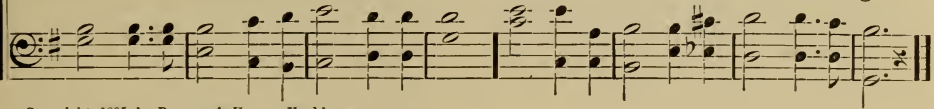
Anthems of gladness peal forth on the breeze, Ech-o his greatness o'er land and o'er seas.



Praise Him, ye sons of the bless-ed and good, Praise Him, ye mountains and valleys and flood,



Praise Him, ye daughters and children of men, Praise Him from hill-top and forest and glen.



Copyright, 1885, by PHILIPS & HUNT. Used by per.

2 Thanks for the gift of his only dear Son,  
Thanks for his goodness life's journey to run,  
Thanks for the summer and winter between,  
Thanks for the autumn and spring ever green,  
Thanks for the air and for winds and for sky,  
Thanks for the sun and for stars upon high.  
Thanks for the moon and for day and for  
night,  
Thank Him for dew and for rain and for light.

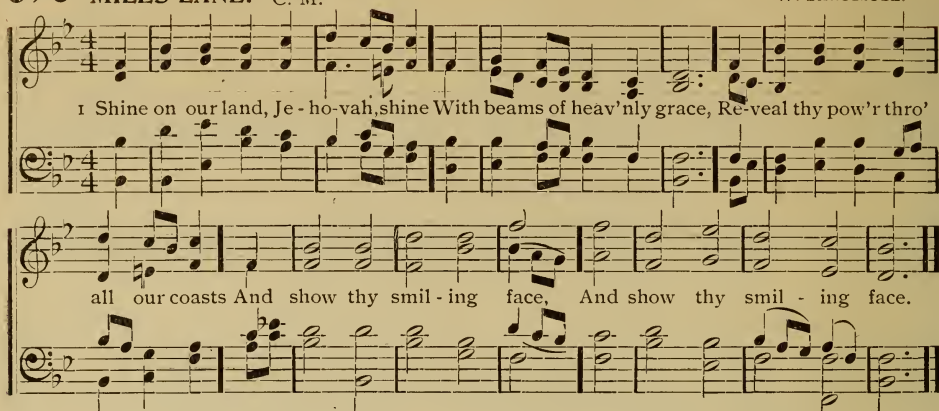
3 Praise his great name, let the nations adore,  
Redeemer and Saviour, God evermore,  
Enthroned with the angels, blessed above;  
Praise Him, O earth, for his wonderful love,  
Praise Him, ye smallest and greatest of all,  
Praise Him, ye kindred that rise from the fall,  
Praise Him, ye children of weakness and death,  
Praise Him, O praise Him, all ye that have  
breath.

George D. Emerson.

# Harvest and Thanksgiving.

596 MILES LANE. C. M.

W. SHRUBSOLE.



1 Shine on our land, Je-ho-vah, shine With beams of heav'nly grace, Re-veal thy pow'r thro'  
all our coasts And show thy smil-ing face, And show thy smil-ing face.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Here fix thy throne exalted high<br/>And here our glory stand,<br/>And like a wall of guardian fire<br/>Surround thy favorite land.</p> <p>3 When shall thy name from shore to shore<br/>Sound all the earth abroad,<br/>And distant nations know and love<br/>Their Saviour and their God?</p> | <p>4 Earth shall confess her maker's hand<br/>And yield a full increase;<br/>Our God will crown his chosen land<br/>With fruitfulness and peace.</p> <p>5 God, the Redeemer, scatters round<br/>His choicest favors here,<br/>While the creation's utmost bound<br/>Shall see, adore and fear.</p> |
|--|--|

Isaac Watts.

597

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O BLESSED Lord, the earth is thine;<br/>By thy creative hand<br/>The golden harvests crown the year<br/>And deck the fertile land.</p> <p>2 O blessed Lord, Thou bread of life<br/>That cometh down from heaven,<br/>Supplies of everlasting food<br/>By Thee to man are given.</p> <p>3 Thy Godhead is the well-spring, Lord,<br/>The pure, exhaustless source</p> | <p>From which they flow through age to<br/>In never-ending course. [age,</p> <p>4 In channels formed by Thee they flow<br/>In rivulets of grace,<br/>Refreshing all who wander here<br/>In this world's desert place.</p> <p>5 O feed us, weary pilgrims, Lord,<br/>And to thy Zion bring,<br/>To keep a heavenly feast with Thee,<br/>Our Prophet, Priest and King.</p> |
|--|--|

C. Wordsworth.

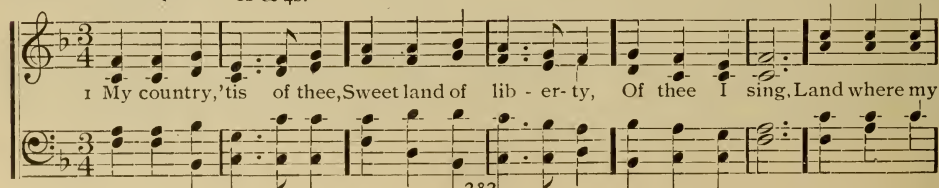
598

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 LORD, in thy name thy servants plead,<br/>And Thou hast sworn to hear;<br/>Thine is the harvest, thine the seed,<br/>The fresh and fading year.</p> <p>2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,<br/>We trusted, Lord, with Thee;<br/>And still, now spring has on us smiled,<br/>We wait on thy decree.</p> <p>3 The former and the latter rain,<br/>The summer sun and air,</p> | <p>The green ear and the golden grain,<br/>All thine, are ours by prayer;</p> <p>4 Thine too by right and ours by grace,<br/>The Spirit's growth unseen, [brace,<br/>The hopes that soothe, the fears that<br/>The love that shines serene.</p> <p>5 So grant the precious fruits brought forth<br/>By sun and moon below,<br/>That Thee in thy new heaven and earth<br/>We never may forego.</p> |
|---|---|

John Keble, 1857.

599 AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

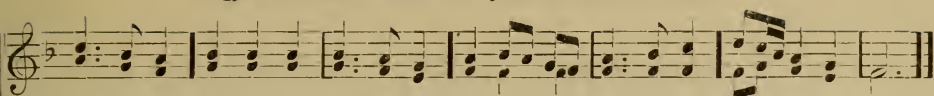
H. CAREY.



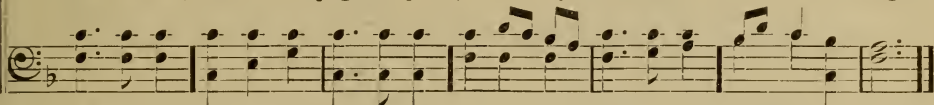
1 My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing, Land where my



## Harvest and Thanksgiving.



fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.



2 My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

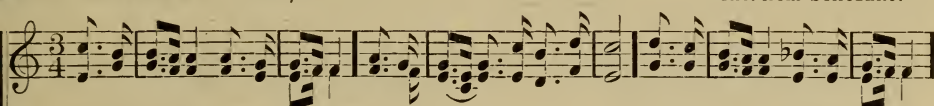
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King.

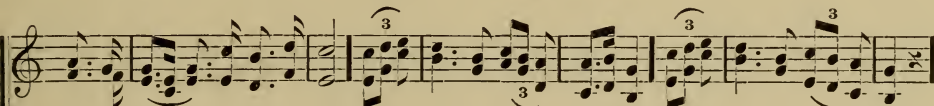
S. F. Smith.

600 SCHUBERT. 8s & 7s.

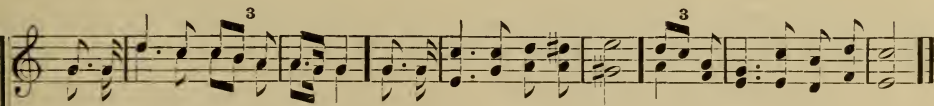
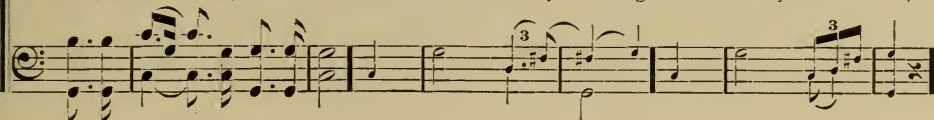
Arr. from SCHUBERT.



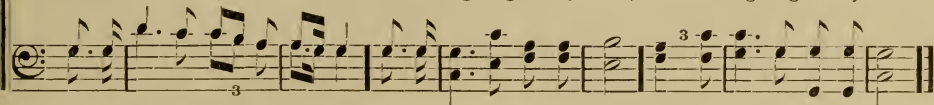
1 Fa-ther, blessing ev'-ry seed-time, And re - fresh - ing all the soil, Ri - pen - ing the gracious harvest



For which all thy servants toil, O Thou source of ev'ry blessing Shower'd dai-ly from a-bove,



Hearken to our lips con - fess-ing Our thanksgiving for thy love, Our thanksgiving for thy love.



2 Here we bless thy hand that gave us  
Thought and feeling, life and limb,  
Bless thy Son, who died to save us,  
In our glad and joyous hymn,  
Bless thy Spirit, who doth make us  
Fit to worship as we ought;  
Father, leave not nor forsake us,  
Till into thy garner brought.

3 With thy dews and sunshine tend us,  
Through life's long and changeful year;  
From the enemy defend us,  
Lest the tares of sin appear;  
Let thine eye and hand the keepers  
Of our souls for ever be,  
Till thine angel harvest reapers  
Sheaves of glory bind for Thee.

Judith Madan.

# Harvest and Thanksgiving.

601 EBRARD. P. M.

Arr. by SCHWING. GERMAN CHORAL.

1 { Now thank we all our God, With hearts and hands and voices, } Who, from our mother's arms,  
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom his world rejoices,

Hath bless'd us on our way With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to-day.

2 Lord God, we worship Thee,  
Thou didst indeed chastise us;  
Yet still thy goodness spares  
And still thy mercy tries us.  
Once more our Father's hand  
Has bid our sorrows flee  
And peace rejoice our land;  
Lord God, we worship Thee.

3 Lord God, we worship Thee  
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us,  
We praise thy love and power;  
In loud and happy chorus  
To heaven our song shall soar;  
Forever shall it be  
Resounding o'er and o'er;  
Lord God, we worship Thee.  
M. Rinkart. 1644. Tr. by Catharine Winkworth, 1858.

602 DORT. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

1 The God of harvest praise; In loud thanksgiving raise Hand, heart and voice; The valleys

laugh and sing, Forests and mountains ring, The plains their tribute bring, The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,  
And joyous thanks proclaim  
Through all the earth;  
To glory in your lot  
Is comely; but be not  
God's benefits forgot  
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;  
Hands, hearts and voices raise  
With sweet accord;  
From field to garner throng,  
Bearing your sheaves along,  
And in your harvest song  
Bless ye the Lord.

## Harvest and Thanksgiving.

### 603 DORT. 6s & 4s.

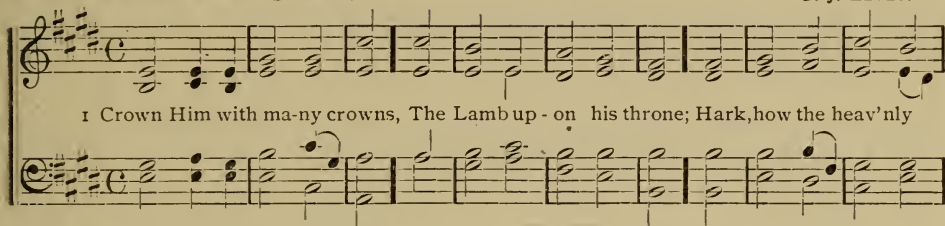
1 GOD bless our native land!  
 Firm may she ever stand  
 Through storm and night;  
 When the wild tempests rave,  
 Ruler of winds and wave,  
 Do Thou our country save  
 By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise  
 To God, above the skies,  
 On Him we wait;  
 Thou who art ever nigh,  
 Guarding with watchful eye,  
 To Thee aloud we cry,  
 God save the State.

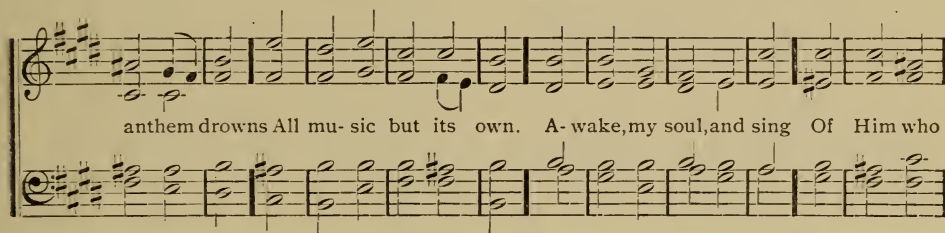
John S. Dwight, 1844.

### 604 DIADEMATA. S. M. D.

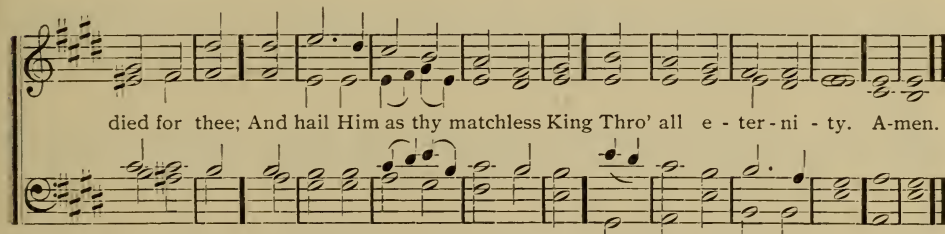
G. J. ELVEY.



1 Crown Him with ma-ny crowns, The Lamb up - on his throne; Hark, how the heav'nly



anthem drowns All mu- sic but its own. A- wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who



died for thee; And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A-men.

2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son,  
 The God incarnate born,  
 Whose arm those crimson trophies won  
 Which now his brow adorn,  
 Fruit of the mystic rose,  
 True branch of Jesse's stem,  
 The root whence mercy ever flows,  
 The babe of Bethlehem.

4 Crown Him the Lord of peace,  
 Whose power a scepter sways  
 In heaven and earth, that wars may cease  
 And all be prayer and praise.  
 His reign shall know no end;  
 And round his piercéd feet  
 Fair flowers of Paradise extend  
 Their fragrance ever sweet.

3 Crown Him the Lord of love;  
 Behold his hands and side,  
 Those wounds, yet visible above,  
 In beauty glorified;  
 No angel in the sky  
 Can fully bear that sight,  
 But downward bends his wondering eye  
 At mysteries so bright.

5 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,  
 One with the Father known,  
 And the blest Spirit, through Him given  
 From yonder triune throne.  
 All hail, Redeemer, hail,  
 For Thou hast died for me;  
 Thy praise and glory shall not fail  
 Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges.



# Harvest and Thanksgiving.

605 RUSSIAN HYMN. L. M.

Arr. by C. EVEREST.

1 Kingdoms and thrones to God be - long; Crown Him, ye na - tions, in your song;

His wondrous names and pow'rs re - hearse; His hon - ors shall en - rich your verse.

- 2 He rides and thunders through the sky;  
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high;  
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace,  
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.
- 3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest,  
He's your defence, your joy, your  
When terrors rise and nations faint,  
God is the strength of every saint.

Isaac Watts.

606 GILEAD. L. M.

ETIENNE HENRI MEHUL.

1 All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice;

Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.

- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed,  
Without our aid He did us make;  
We are his flock, He doth us feed,  
And for his sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,  
Approach with joy his courts unto;
- 4 Praise, laud and bless his name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.  
For why? The Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

John Hopkins or Wm. Kethe, about 1562.

607

- 1 LET Zion praise the mighty God  
And make his honors known abroad,  
For sweet the joy our songs to raise  
And glorious is the work of praise.
- 2 Our children live secure and blest,  
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
- 3 He feeds our sons with finest wheat  
And adds his blessings to their meat.  
Through all our coasts his laws are  
shown,  
His gospel through the nation known;  
He hath not thus revealed his word  
To every land; praise ye the Lord.

# Harvest and Thanksgiving.

608 SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

1 Great God of na-tions, now to Thee Our hymn of grat-i-tude we raise;

With hum-ble heart and bend-ing knee We of-fer Thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,  
For all the kindness Thou hast shown  
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,  
This land we fondly call our own.

4 We praise Thee that the gospel's light  
Through all our land its radiance sheds,  
Dispels the shades of error's night  
And heavenly blessings round us  
spreads.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,  
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;  
Here Thou our fathers' steps didst guide  
In safety through their dangerous  
way.

5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear,  
In dangers still our guardian be;  
O spread thy truth's bright precepts here,  
Let all the people worship Thee.

Alfred Alexander Woodhull, 1829.

609 WARSAW. H. M.

THOS. CLARK.

1 Sing to the Lord most high, Let ev'-ry land a-dore; With grate-ful voice make known

His goodness and his pow'r; Let cheerful songs declare his ways, And let his praise inspire your tongue.

2 Enter his courts with joy,  
With fear address the Lord;  
He formed us with his hand,  
And quickened by his word. [sway

4 Good is the Lord our God,  
His truth and mercy sure;  
While earth and heaven shall last  
His promises endure. [sway

3 His hands provide our food,  
And every blessing give;  
We feed upon his care,  
With bounteous hand He spreads his  
O'er every sea and every land.

# Harvest and Thanksgiving.

610 PATRIA. H. M.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, 1809—1847.

1 Before the Lord we bow, The God who reigns above And rules the world below, Boundless in  
pow'r and love; Our thanks we bring in joy and praise, Our hearts we raise to heav'n's high King.

2 The nation Thou hast blessed  
May well thy love declare,  
From foes and fears at rest,  
Protected by thy care;  
For this fair land, for this bright day,  
Our thanks we pay, gifts of thy hand.

3 May every mountain height,  
Each vale and forest green,  
Shine in thy word's pure light,  
And its rich fruits be seen;  
May every tongue be tuned to praise  
And join to raise a grateful song.

4 Earth, hear thy maker's voice,  
Thy great Redeemer own;  
Believe, obey, rejoice,  
And worship Him alone;  
Cast down thy pride, thy sin deplore,  
And bow before the crucified.

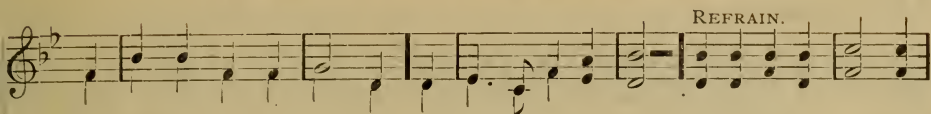
5 And when in power He comes,  
O may our native land  
From all its rending tombs  
Send forth a glorious band,  
A countless throng, ever to sing, [song.  
To heav'n's high King, salvation's  
Francis Scott Key, 1837

611 ALL GOOD GIFTS AROUND US. 7s & 6s.

1 We plough the fields, and scatter The good seed on the land; But it is fed and wa - ter'd  
By God's al-might-y hand; He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,

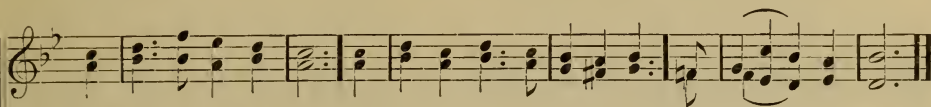
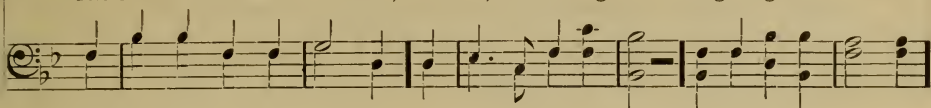


# Harvest and Thanksgiving.

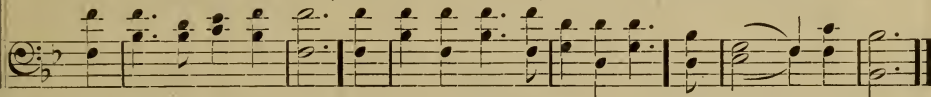


REFRAIN.

The breez-es and the sun-shine, And soft, re-fresh-ing rain. All good gifts a-round us



Are sent from heav'n above; Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all . . his love.



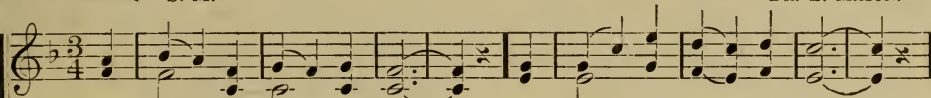
2 He only is the maker  
Of all things near and far;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star;  
The winds and waves obey Him,  
By Him the birds are fed;  
Much more to us, his children,  
He gives our daily bread.—REF.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food;  
Accept the gifts we offer  
For all thy love imparts,  
And, what Thou most desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.—REF.

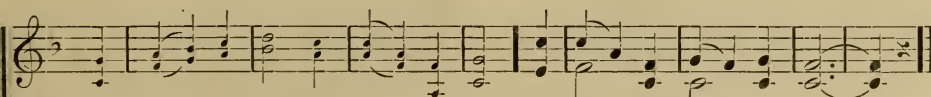
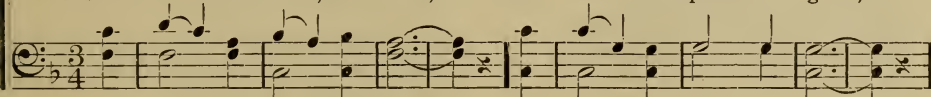
Matthias Claudius, 1740—1815. Tr. by Miss J. M. Campbell, 1861.

612 SEIR. S. M.

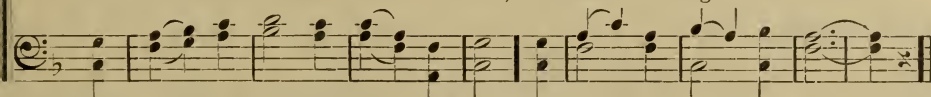
DR. L. MASON.



1 Great is the Lord, our God, And let his praise be great;



He makes his churches his a-bode, His most de-light-ful seat.



2 These temples of his grace,  
How beautiful they stand,  
The honors of our native place,  
And bulwarks of our land.  
3 In Zion God is known  
A refuge in distress;  
How bright has his salvation shone  
Through all her palaces!

4 Oft have our fathers told,  
Our eyes have often seen,  
How well our God secures the fold  
Where his own sheep have been.  
5 In every new distress  
We'll to his house repair,  
We'll think upon his wondrous grace  
And seek deliverance there.

# Harvest and Thanksgiving.

613 MESSIAH. 7s. D.

Arr. by GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.

1 Come, ye thankful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home; All is safe - ly

gath-er'd in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin; God, our ma-ker, doth pro-vide

For our wants to be supplied; Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of harvest-home.

2 We ourselves are God's own field,  
Fruit unto his praise to yield,  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown;  
First the blade and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear;  
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

Give his angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast,  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In his garner evermore.

3 For the Lord our God shall come  
And shall take his harvest home,  
From his field shall in that day  
All offenses purge away,

4 Then, thou Church triumphant, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home;  
All are safely gathered in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin,  
There, forever purified,  
In God's garner to abide;  
Come, ten thousand angels, come,  
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

Henry Alford.

614 BEDELL. 7s.

T. LOUD.

1 Swell the an-them, raise the song, Prais-es to our God be-long;

## Harvest and Thanksgiving.

Saints and an - gels join to sing Prais - es to the heav'n-ly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand  
Flow around this happy land;  
Kept by Him, no foes annoy,  
Peace and fr edom we enjoy.

Never feel oppression's rod,  
Ever own and worship God.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,  
May we cheerfully obey,

4 Hark, the voice of nature sings  
Praises to the King of kings;  
Let us join the choral song  
And the grateful notes prolong.

Nathan Strong.

## 615 TULFORD. 7s. D.

E. J. HOPKINS.

I Thou, by heav'nly hosts a-dored, Gracious, mighty, sov'reign Lord, God of na-tions,

King of kings, Head of all cre - a - ted things, By the Church with joy con - fest,

God o'er all for - ev - er blest, Pleading at thy throne we stand, Save thy people, bless our land.

2 From all public sin and shame,  
From ambition's grasping aim,  
From rebellion, war and death,  
From the pestilential breath,  
From dread famine's awful stroke,  
From oppression's galling yoke,  
From the judgments of thy hand,  
Spare thy people, spare our land.

3 Let our rulers ever be  
Men that love and honor Thee;  
Let the powers by Thee ordained  
Be in righteousness maintained;  
In the people's hearts increase  
Love of piety and peace;  
Thus united we shall stand  
One wide, free and happy land.

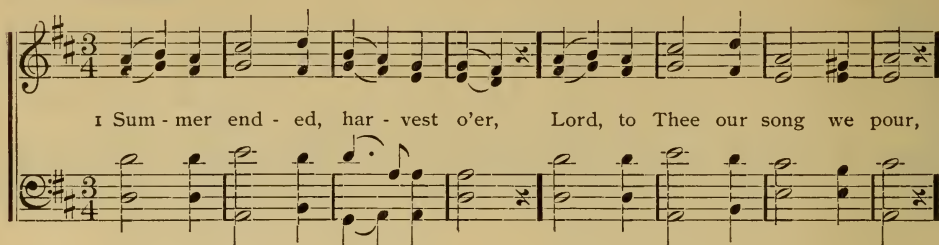
Henry Harbaugh, 1860.



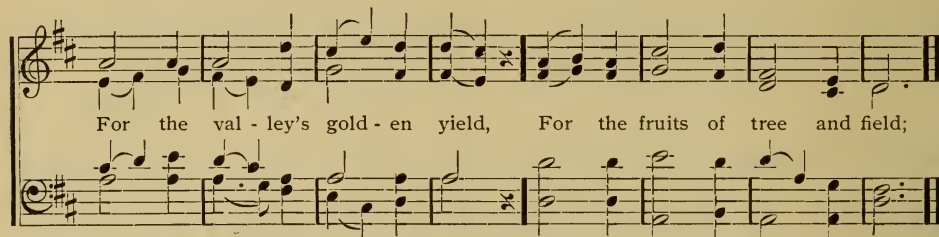
# Harvest and Thanksgiving.

616 DALLAS. 7s.

From M. L. CHERUBINI.



1 Sum - mer end - ed, har - vest o'er, Lord, to Thee our song we pour,



For the val - ley's gold - en yield, For the fruits of tree and field;

2 For the promise ever sure  
That while heaven and earth endure  
Seed-time, harvest, cold and heat  
Shall their yearly round complete;

3 For the care which, while we slept,  
Watch o'er field and furrow kept,  
Watch o'er all the buried grain  
Soon to burst to life again.

4 When the reaping angels bring  
Tares and wheat before the King,

Jesus, may we gathered be  
In the heavenly barn to Thee.

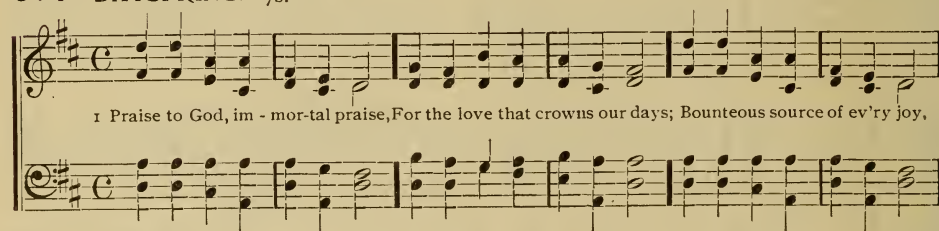
5 Then the angel cry shall sound,  
Praise the Lamb, the lost are found;  
And the answering song shall be,  
Alleluia, praise to Thee,

6 Praise to Thee, the toil is o'er,  
Blight and curse shall be no more;  
Lo, the mighty work is done,  
Glory to the Three in One.

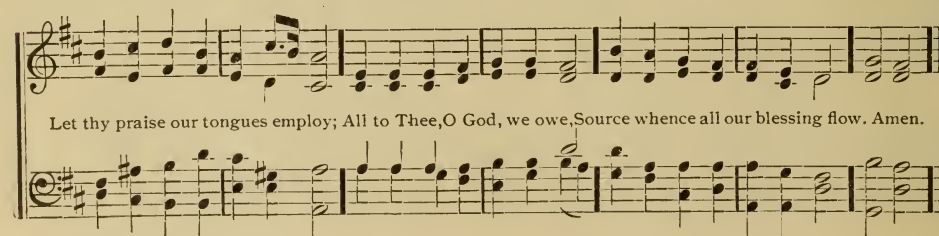
G. Phillimore.

617 DAYSPRING. 7s.

PRUSSIAN AIR.



1 Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days; Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,



Let thy praise our tongues employ; All to Thee, O God, we owe, Source whence all our blessing flow. Amen.

## Harvest and Thanksgiving.

2 All the blessings of the fields,  
All the stores the garden yields,  
Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,  
All the plenty summer pours,

Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores,  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Peace, prosperity and health,  
Private bliss and public wealth,  
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,  
Pure religion's holier beams,  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Anna L. Barbauld, 1772.

618 DAYMAN. 108.

J. BARNBY, 1870.

1 Honor and glo-ry, thanksgiving and praise, Ma-ker of all things, to Thee we up-raise,  
God the al-might-y, the Fa-ther, the Lord, God by the angels o-bey'd and a-dored.

2 Thou art the Father of heaven and earth;  
Worlds uncreated to Thee owe their birth;  
All the creation, thy voice when it heard,  
Started to life and to light at thy word.

3 Onward the sun and the moon on their march  
Span with the rainbow the firmament's arch;  
Stars yet unknown, and whose light is to come,  
Find in creation their place and a home.

4 Earth with the mountain, the river, the plain,  
Sky with the dewdrop, the wind and the rain,  
Beast of the forest, wild bird of the air,  
All are thy creatures and all are thy care.

5 Ocean the restless and waters that swell,  
Lightnings that flash over flood, over fell,  
Own Thee the Master almighty, and call  
Thee the Creator, the Father of all.

6 Yea, Thou art Father of all, and thy love  
Pity for man that is fallen doth move;  
Guide us in life and protect to the last,  
And at thine advent, Lord, pardon the past.

E. A. Dayman.

# Harvest and Thanksgiving.

619 NEANDER. P. M.

GERMAN CHORAL. Arr. by SCHWING.

I Praise to the Lord; He is King o - ver all the cre -

a - - tion; Praise to the Lord, O my soul, as the

God of sal - va - tion; Join in the song, Psal - t'ry and

harp, roll a - long Praise in your sol - emn vi - bra - - tion.

- 2 Praise to the Lord, who in glorious majesty reigning,  
Beareth thee upward, on wings like the eagles' sustaining;  
Thee to uphold,  
Arms of his mercy enfold,  
Faithful 'mid all thy complaining.
- 3 Praise to the Lord, who with honor and blessings hath crowned thee,  
Pouring his gifts out of heaven like showers around thee;  
Think of it too,  
What the Almighty can do,  
How by his love He hath bound thee.
- 4 Praise to the Lord, and let all that is in me adore Him;  
All that hath breath sing, with Abraham's children before Him;  
He is our light,  
Fountain of glory and might,  
Come, let us kneel and adore Him.

Joachim Neander. Tr. by Thomas C. Porter.



# Morning and Evening.

## 620 LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.

WESTERN MELODY.

1 Awake, my soul, to grateful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving kindness, O how free! His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,  
And saved me from my lost estate,  
His loving kindness, O how great!  
3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,  
Where earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving kindness, O how strong!

4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,  
And life and mortal powers shall fail,  
O may my last expiring breath  
His loving kindness sing in death.  
5 Then shall I mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day;  
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,  
His loving kindness in the skies.

Samuel Medley, 1787.

## 621 MEDWAY. L. M.

G. B. PERGOLESI, 1730.

1 Great God, at - tend, while Zi - on sings The joy that from thy presence springs;  
To spend one day with Thee on earth Ex - ceeds a thous - and days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease nor thrones of power  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.  
3 God is our sun, He makes our day;  
God is our shield, He guards our way  
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too;  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.  
5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway  
The glorious host of heaven obey,  
Display thy grace, exert thy power.  
Till all on earth thy name adore.

Isaac Watts.

# Morning and Evening.

622 GERMANY. L. M.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN, 1770—1827.

1 A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai-ly stage of du-ty run;

Shake off dull sloth, and ear-ly rise To pay thy morn-ing sac-ri-fice.

2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High glory to th' eternal King.

3 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept  
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall  
I may of endless life partake. [wake,

4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;  
Disperse my sins as morning dew,  
Guard my first springs of thought and  
And with Thyself my spirit fill. [will,

5 Direct, control, suggest this day  
All I design or do or say;  
That all my powers with all their might  
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken, 1697.

G. BURDER.

623 LUTON. L. M.

1 Bless, O my soul, the liv-ing God, Call home thy thoughts that rove a-broad:

Let all the pow'rs with-in me join In work and wor-ship so di-vine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace,  
His favors claim thy highest praise;  
Why should the wonders He hath  
Be lost in silence and forgot? [wrought

3 'Tis He, my soul, that sent his Son  
To die for crimes which thou hast done;

He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess,  
Let all the earth adore his grace;  
My heart and tongue with rapture join  
In work and worship so divine.

624

1 GIVE thanks to God, He reigns above;  
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;  
His mercy ages past have known,  
And ages long to come shall own.

2 He feeds and clothes us all the way,  
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,

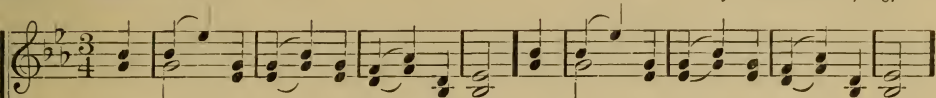
He guides us with a powerful hand,  
And brings us to the heavenly land.

3 O let the saints with joy record  
The truth and goodness of the Lord;  
How great his works, how kind his ways!  
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

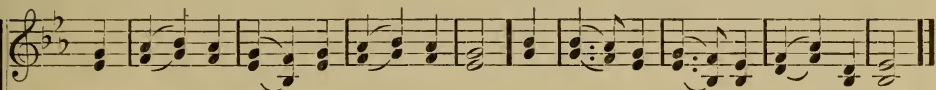
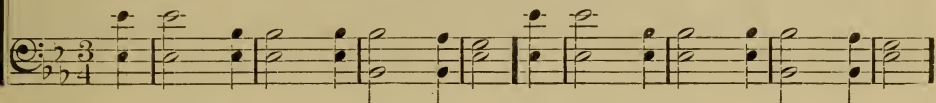
# Morning and Evening.

625 GRATITUDE. L. M.

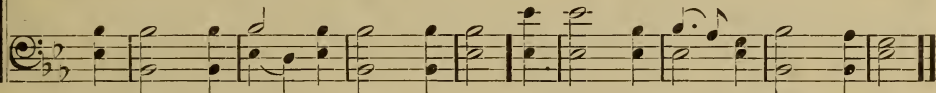
A. BOST. Arr. by T. HASTINGS, 1837.



I Now with the ris - ing, gold - en dawn, Let us, the chil - dren of the day,



Cast off the dark - ness which so long Has led our guilt - y souls a-stray.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 O may the morn so pure, so clear,<br/>Its own sweet calm in us instil,<br/>A guileless mind, a heart sincere,<br/>Simplicity of word and will.</p> <p>3 And ever, as the day glides by,<br/>May we the busy senses rein,<br/>Keep guard upon the hand and eye,<br/>Nor let the body suffer stain.</p> <p>4 Grant us a body pure within,<br/>A wakeful heart, a ready will,<br/>That no dark deed nor cherished sin<br/>The fervor of the soul may chill.</p> | <p>5 Fill Thou our souls, Redeemer true,<br/>With thy most pure, celestial ray;<br/>So may we walk in safety through<br/>All the temptations of this day.</p> <p>6 Upon our fainting souls distil<br/>The grace of thy celestial dew;<br/>Let no fresh snare to sin beguile,<br/>No former sin revive anew.</p> <p>7 Grant us the grace, for love of Thee,<br/>To scorn all vanities below,<br/>Faith to detect each falsity,<br/>And knowledge Thee alone to know.</p> |
|---|---|

Latin Hymn. Tr. by E. Caswall.

626

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 MY God how endless is thy love!<br/>Thy gifts are every evening new;<br/>And morning mercies from above<br/>Gently distil like early dew.</p> <p>2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,<br/>Great guardian of my sleeping hours;</p> | <p>Thy sovereign word restores the light<br/>And quickens all my drowsy powers.</p> <p>3 I yield my powers to thy command,<br/>To Thee I consecrate my days;<br/>Perpetual blessings from thy hand<br/>Demand perpetual songs of praise.</p> |
|---|--|

Isaac Watts, 1709.

627

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,<br/>There they behold thy mercy-seat;<br/>Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art<br/>found,<br/>And every place is hallowed ground.</p> <p>2 For Thou, within no walls confined,<br/>Inhabitest the humble mind;</p> | <p>Such ever bring Thee where they<br/>come,<br/>And going take Thee to their home.</p> <p>3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,<br/>Thy former mercies here renew;<br/>Here to our waiting hearts proclaim<br/>The sweetness of thy saving name.</p> |
|---|---|

Wm. Cowper.



# Morning and Evening.

628 WARWICK. C. M.

S. STANLEY, 1767—1822.

1 God of my life, my morn-ing song To Thee I cheer-ful raise;

Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing, And pleas-ant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,  
I passed the shades of night,  
Serene and safe from every harm,  
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent their nights in  
And restless pains and woes, [sighs]  
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes  
And rose from sweet repose.

4 O let the same almighty care  
Through all this day attend;  
From every danger, every snare,  
My heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on my minutes as they roll  
And guide my future days,  
And let thy goodness fill my soul  
With gratitude and praise.

629

1 O GOD, we praise Thee, and confess  
That Thou the only Lord  
And everlasting Father art,  
By all the earth adored.

2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;  
To Thee the powers on high,  
Both cherubim and seraphim,  
Continually do cry:

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Whom heavenly hosts obey,

The world is with the glory filled  
Of thy majestic sway.

4 Th' apostles' glorious company  
And prophets crowned with light,  
With all the martyrs' noble host,  
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy Church throughout the world,  
O Lord, confesses Thee,  
That Thou th' eternal Father art  
Of boundless majesty.

630

1 LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high;  
To Thee will I direct my prayer,  
To Thee lift up mine eye,

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,  
To plead for all his saints,  
Presenting at his Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;

Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house I will resort,  
To taste thy mercies there;  
I will frequent thy holy court  
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness,  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face.

# Morning and Evening.

631 GRING. S. M.

D. S. HOLLINGSHEAD.

1 O bless the Lord, my soul, Let all with - in me join,

And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose fa - vors are di - vine.

- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis He forgives thy sins,  
'Tis He relieves thy pain,

- 'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransomed from the grave;  
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,  
Hath sovereign power to save.

Isaac Watts.

632

- 1 COME at the morning hour,  
Come, let us kneel and pray;  
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff  
To walk with God all day.
- 2 At noon beneath the Rock  
Of Ages rest and pray;  
Sweet is that shelter from the sun  
In weary heat of day.

- 3 At evening in thy home,  
Around its altar, pray,  
And finding there the house of God,  
With heaven then close the day.
- 4 When midnight veils our eyes,  
O, it is sweet to say,  
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,  
With Thee to watch and pray.

James Montgomery, 1853.

633 SCHUMANN. S. M.

Arr. from SCHUMANN.

1 O Je - sus, God and Man, On this thy ho - ly day.

To Thee for pre-cious gifts of grace Thy ransom'd peo-ple pray. A - men.

- 2 We pray for childlike hearts,  
For gentle, holy love,  
For strength to do thy will below  
As angels do above.
- 3 We pray for simple faith,  
For hope that never faints,  
For true communion evermore  
With all thy blessed saints.

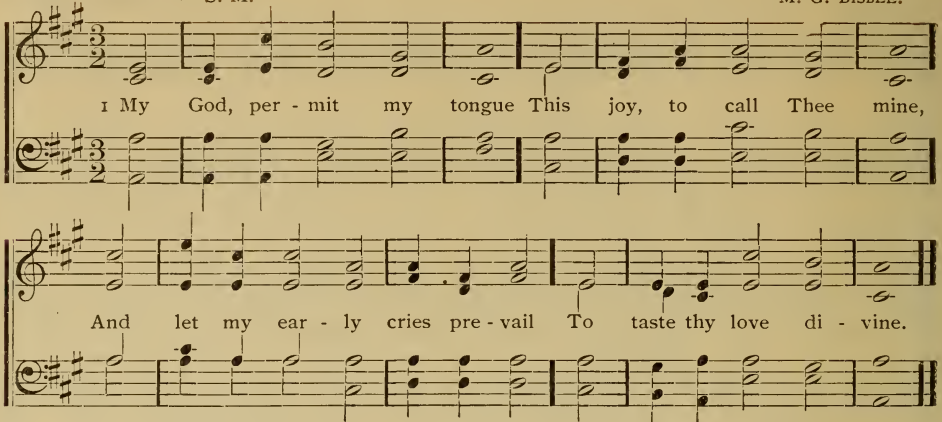
- 4 On friends around us here  
O let thy blessing fall;  
We pray for grace to love them well,  
But Thee beyond them all.
- 5 O joy to live for Thee!  
O joy in Thee to die!  
O very joy of joys to see  
Thy face eternally!

Henry W. Baker, 1852.

# Morning and Evening.

634 OSMAN. S. M.

M. G. BISBEE.



1 My God, per - mit my tongue This joy, to call Thee mine,  
And let my ear - ly cries pre - vail To taste thy love di - vine.

- 2 My thirsty fainting soul  
Thy mercy doth implore;  
Not travelers in desert lands  
Can pant for water more.  
3 For life without thy love  
No relish can afford;  
No joy can be compared to this,  
To serve and please the Lord.

- 4 In wakeful hours at night  
I call my God to mind;  
I think how wise thy counsels are  
And all thy dealings kind.  
5 Since Thou hast been my help,  
To Thee my spirit flies;  
And on thy watchful providence  
My cheerful hope relies.

Isaac Watts.

635

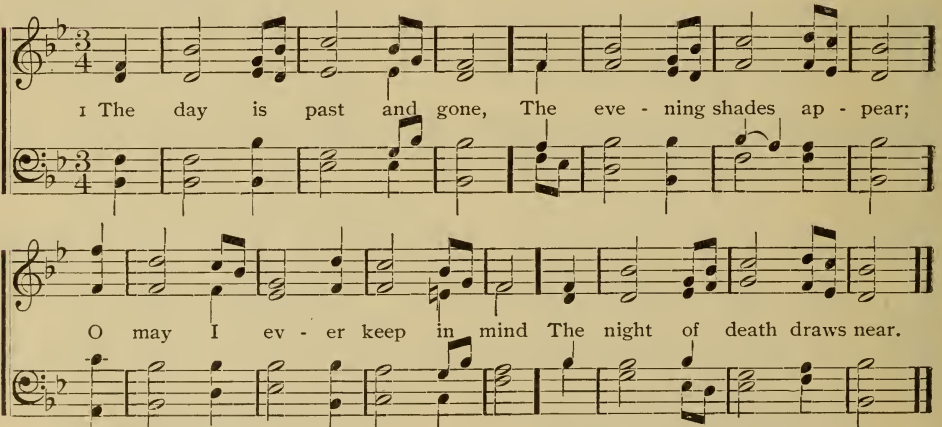
- 1 WE lift our hearts to Thee,  
Thou day-star from on high;  
The sun itself is but thy shade,  
Yet cheers both earth and sky.  
2 O let thy rising beams  
Dispel the shades of night,  
And let the glories of thy love  
Come like the morning light.

- 3 How beauteous nature now,  
How dark and sad before!  
With joy we view the pleasing change  
And nature's God adore.  
4 May we this life improve,  
To mourn for errors past,  
And live this short revolving day  
As if it were our last.

J. Wesley.

636 KENTUCKY. S. M.

A. CHOPIN.



1 The day is past and gone, The eve - ning shades ap - pear;  
O may I ev - er keep in mind The night of death draws near.

- 2 I lay my garments by,  
Upon my bed to rest;  
So death will soon remove me hence  
And leave my soul undressed.  
3 Lord, keep me safe this night,  
Secure from all my fears;

- May angels guard me while I sleep,  
Till morning light appears.  
4 And when my days are past  
And I from time remove,  
Lord, may I in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

J. Leland.



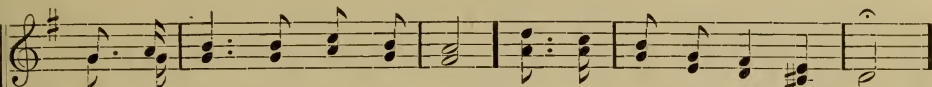
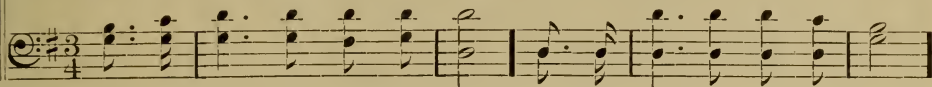
# Morning and Evening.

637 SABBATH. 7s. 6 lines.

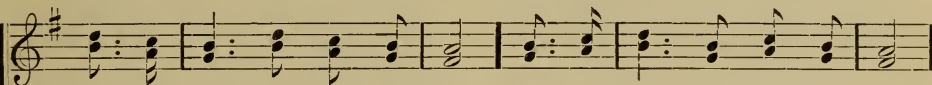
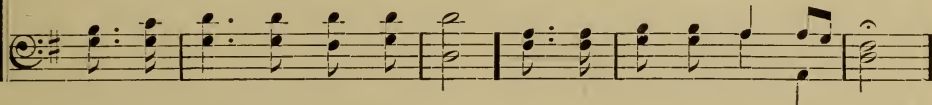
LOWELL MASON.



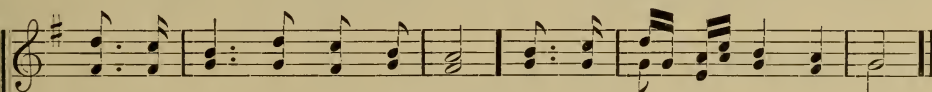
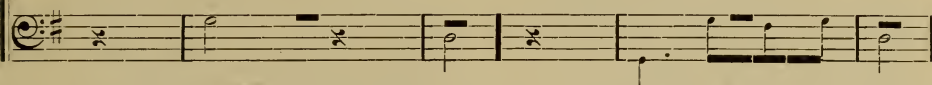
1 Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;



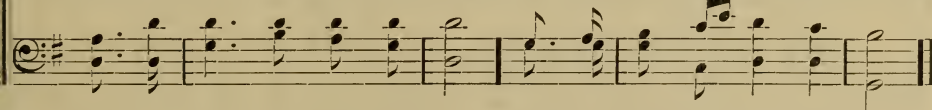
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day,



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest,



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.



2 While we pray for pardoning grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show thy reconciled face,  
Take away our sin and shame;  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise,  
May we feel thy presence near;  
May thy glory meet our eyes,

While we in thy house appear;  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief for all complaints;  
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the Church above.

John Newton, 1779.

# Morning and Evening.

638 KUECKEN. 7s.

Arr. from KUECKEN.

1 As the sun doth dai - ly rise, Bright'ning all the morn-ing skies, So to Thee with

one ac - cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord, Lift we up our hearts, O Lord.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 Day by day provide us food,<br>For from Thee come all things good;<br>Strength unto our souls afford<br>From thy living bread, O Lord. | 5 When the sun withdraws his light,<br>When we seek our beds at night,<br>Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,<br>Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord.   |
| 3 Be our guard in sin and strife,<br>Be the leader of our life;<br>Lest like sheep we stray abroad,<br>Stay our wayward feet, O Lord,    | 6 When the hours are dark and drear,<br>When the tempter lurketh near,<br>Be thy strength'ning grace outpoured,<br>Save the tempted ones, O Lord. |
| 4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace<br>All thy holy will to trace,<br>While we daily search thy word,<br>Wisdom true impart, O Lord.       | 7 Praise we with the heavenly host<br>Father, Son and Holy Ghost;<br>Thee would we with one accord<br>Praise and magnify, O Lord.                 |

King Alfred, 900. Tr. by Earl Nelson, 1864.

639 PHILBROOK. 8s & 7s. Double.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Bright-ness of the Fa - ther's glo - ry, Of his light es - sen - tial ray,

Light of life, all light en - shrin-ing, Day il - lu - min-ing the day,

## Morning and Evening.

Je - sus, sun di - vine, up - on us With per - pet - ual brill - iance gleam,

Fill our hearts, each sense en - light - en With the Spir - it's hal - lowing beam.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 Thee we pray, too, holy Father,  
 Fount of life and source of grace,  
 By the cleansing of thy Spirit  
 Taint of sin from us efface;  
 In each strong resolve be with us  
 And the tempter's rage subdue;  
 Turn to good each sad misfortune,  
 Be our guide in all we do.
- 3 Rule our inmost thought and action,  
 Grant us heavenly purity,  
 Faith that glows with holy fervor,  
 Incorrupt simplicity;

Feed us with the bread from heaven,  
 And that drink that cannot cloy,  
 Comfort us in all our weakness  
 With the Spirit's holy joy.

- 4 Thus shall speed the day in gladness,  
 Modesty like dawn shall glow,  
 Faith shall shine as light at noonday,  
 And the soul no night shall know.  
 Praise and glory to the Father,  
 Praise and glory to the Son,  
 Praise and glory to the Spirit,  
 Ever Three and ever One.

Ambrose, 340—397. Tr. by W. S. Copeland.

640 KOZELUCH. 7s.

G. KOZELUCH.

I Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.

- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
 Naught escapes, without, within,  
 Pardon each infirmity,  
 Open fault and secret sin.
- 3 Soon for me the light of day  
 Shall forever pass away;

- Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee;
- 4 Thou, who sinless yet hast known  
 All of man's infirmity,  
 Then, from thine eternal throne,  
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.



# Morning and Evening.

## 641 TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M:

THOMAS TALLIS, 1567.

1 Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night For all the bless-ings of the light;

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be - neath thine own al - might - y wings.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,<br/>The ill that I this day have done,<br/>That with the world, myself and Thee<br/>I ere I sleep at peace may be.</p> <p>3 Teach me to live, that I may dread<br/>The grave as little as my bed,<br/>To die, that this vile body may<br/>Rise glorious at the awful day.</p> <p>4 O may my soul on Thee repose,<br/>And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,</p> | <p>Sleep that shall me more vigorous make<br/>To serve my God when I awake.</p> <p>5 When in the night I sleepless lie,<br/>My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;<br/>Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,<br/>No power of darkness me molest.</p> <p>6 O when shall I in endless day<br/>For ever chase dark sleep away,<br/>And praise with the angelic choir<br/>Incessant sing and never tire?</p> |
|---|---|

Thomas Ken, 1697.

## 642 OBERLIN. L. M.

THOS. HASTINGS. Arr.

1 O light of life, O Sav - iour dear, Be - fore we sleep bow down thine ear;

Thro' day and dark, o'er land and sea, We have no oth - er hope but Thee.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Oft from thy royal road we part,<br/>Lost in the mazes of the heart;<br/>Our lamps put out, our course forgot,<br/>We seek for God and find Him not.</p> <p>3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight!<br/>What dawning risen upon the night!<br/>Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we<br/>Find guide and path and all in Thee.</p> | <p>4 Through day and darkness, Saviour<br/>Abide with us more nearly near, [dear,<br/>Till on thy face we lift our eyes,<br/>The sun of God's own Paradise.</p> <p>5 Praise God, our maker and our friend,<br/>Praise Him through time, till time shall<br/>Till psalm and song his name adore [end,<br/>Through heaven's great day of evermore.</p> |
|--|--|

Francis T. Palgrave.

# Morning and Evening.

643 ST. VINCENT. L. M.

THEO. NEUKOMM.

I O blest Cre - a - tor, God... most high, Great ru - ler  
of the star - ry sky, Who, ro - bing day with beau - teous  
light, Hast clothed in soft re - pose the night, A - men.

- 2 That sleep may wearied limbs restore, 4 To Thee our hearts their music bring,  
And fit for toil and use once more, To Thee our lips in concord sing,  
May gently soothe the careworn breast, To Thee our rapt affections soar,  
And lull our anxious griefs to rest, And Thee our chastened souls adore.
- 3 We thank Thee for the day that's gone; 5 Lord, when the parting beams of day  
We pray Thee, now the night comes on, In evening's shadows fade away,  
O help us sinners as we raise Let faith no wildering darkness know,  
To Thee our votive hymn of praise. But night with faith's own splendor glow.

J. D. Chambers.

644

- 1 GREAT God, to Thee my ev'ning song Ungrateful can from Thee depart,  
With humble gratitude I raise; And fond of trifles vainly rove.
- 2 My days, unclouded as they pass, 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
And every gently rolling hour, Of Jesus; his dear name alone  
Are monuments of wondrous grace I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
And witness to thy love and power. And find acceptance at thy throne.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart, 5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,  
Too oft regardless of thy love, With sleep refresh my feeble frame;  
Safe in thy care may I repose,  
And wake with praises to thy name.

Anne Steele.

645

- 1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,  
But there's a nobler rest above; No cares to break the long repose,  
To that our longing souls aspire, No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
With cheerful hope and strong desire. But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress, 4 O long expected day, begin,  
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place; Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;  
No groans to mingle with the songs Fain would we leave this weary road,  
Which warble from immortal tongues. And sleep in death, to rest with God.

# Morning and Evening.

646 HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1 Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his pow'r pro-longs my days;

And ev-'ry eve-ning shall make known Some fresh me-mo-rial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste  
And I perhaps am near my home;  
But He forgives my follies past  
And gives me strength for days to  
come.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear,  
O may thy presence ne'er depart,  
And in the morning make me hear  
The love and kindness of thy heart.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;  
Peace is the pillow for my head,  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.

5 Thus, when the night of death shall  
come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

647 ST. JEROME. L. M.

C. H. GRAUN, 1720.

1 At ev-en ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;

O in what di-vers pains they met, O in what joy they went a-way! A-men.



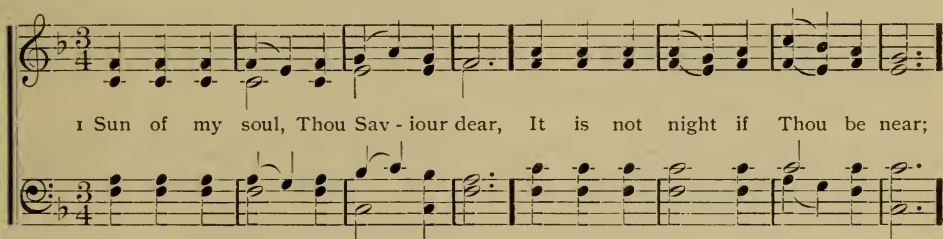
## Morning and Evening.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,<br/>Oppressed with various ills, draw<br/>near;<br/>What if thy form we cannot see?<br/>We know and feel that Thou art here.</p> <p>3 O Saviour, Christ, our woes dispel;<br/>For some are sick and some are sad,<br/>And some have never loved Thee well,<br/>And some have lost the love they had.</p> <p>4 And some have found the world is vain,<br/>Yet from the world they break not<br/>free;<br/>And some have friends who give them<br/>Yet have not sought a friend in<br/>Thee.</p> | <p>5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,<br/>For none are wholly free from sin;<br/>And they who fain would love Thee<br/>best<br/>Are conscious most of wrong within.</p> <p>6 O Saviour, Christ, Thou too art man,<br/>Thou hast been troubled, tempted,<br/>tried;<br/>Thy kind but searching glance can scan<br/>The very wounds that shame would<br/>hide.</p> <p>7 Thy touch has still its ancient power,<br/>No word from Thee can fruitless fall;<br/>Hear in this solemn evening hour<br/>And in thy mercy heal us all.</p> |
|--|---|

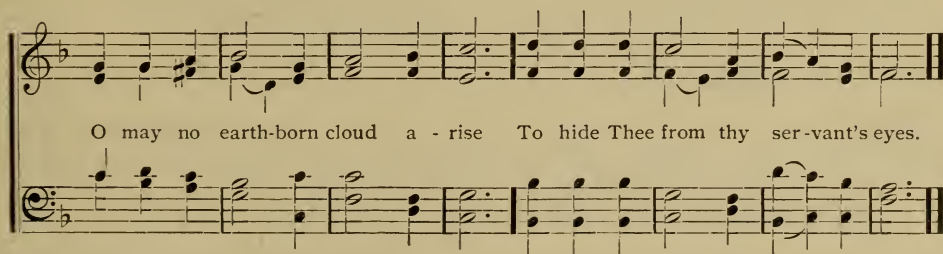
H. Twells.

### 648 HURSLEY. L. M.

HAYDN. Arr. by W. H. MONK, 1801.



I Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;



O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from thy ser - vant's eyes.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep<br/>My wearied eyelids gently steep,<br/>Be my last thought, how sweet to rest<br/>Forever on my Saviour's breast.</p> <p>3 Abide with me from morn to eve,<br/>For without Thee I cannot live;<br/>Abide with me when night is nigh,<br/>For without Thee I dare not die.</p> <p>4 If some poor wand'ring child of thine<br/>Have spurned to-day the voice divine,</p> | <p>Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,<br/>Let him no more lie down in sin.</p> <p>5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor<br/>With blessings from thy boundless store;<br/>Be every mourner's sleep to-night<br/>Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.</p> <p>6 Come near and bless us when we wake,<br/>Ere through the world our way we take,<br/>Till in the ocean of thy love<br/>We lose ourselves in heaven above.</p> |
|---|--|

John Keble, 1827.

# Morning and Evening.

649 DAWN. S. M.

EDWIN P. PARKER, 1871



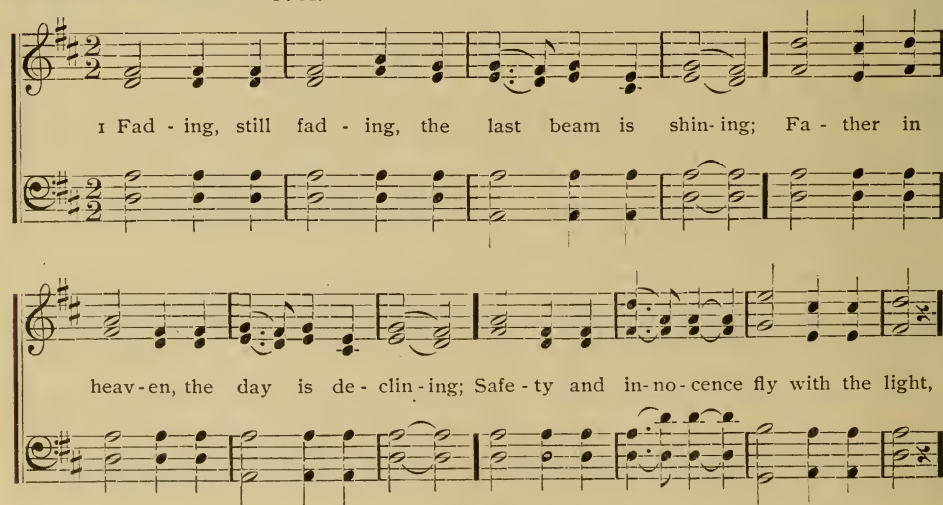
I One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,  
Near - er my home to - day am I Than e'er I've been be - fore.

Per. of EDWIN P. PARKER.

- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| 2 | Nearer my Father's house,<br>Where many mansions be,<br>Nearer to-day the great white throne,<br>Nearer the crystal sea,   | There rolls the deep and unknown<br>That leads at last to light. [stream   |
| 3 | Nearer the bound of life,<br>Where burdens are laid down,<br>Nearer to leave the heavy cross,<br>Nearer to gain the crown. | 5 E'en now, perchance, my feet<br>Are slipping on the brink,<br>And I to-day am nearer home,<br>Nearer than now I think.   |
| 4 | But, lying dark between,<br>Winding down through the night,  | 6 Father, perfect my trust,<br>Strengthen my power of faith,<br>Nor let me stand at last alone<br>Upon the shore of death. |

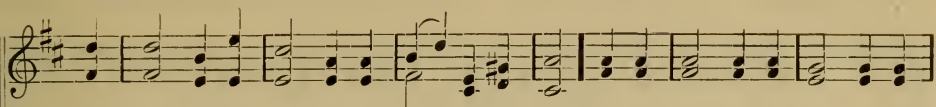
650 LAST BEAM. P. M.

T. V. WEISENTHAL.

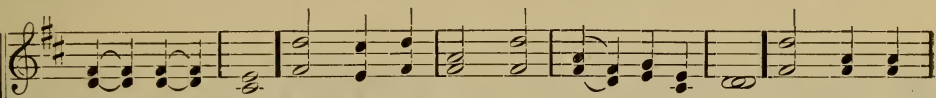
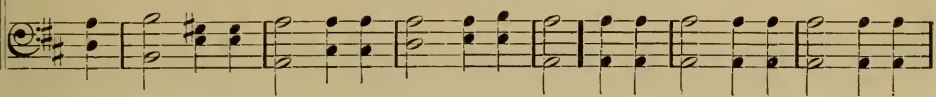


I Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last beam is shin - ing; Fa - ther in  
heav - en, the day is de - clin - ing; Safe - ty and in - no - cence fly with the light,

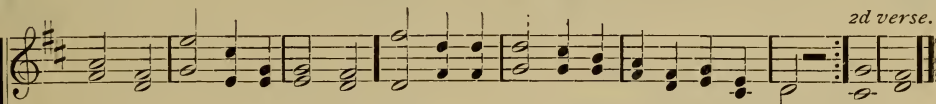
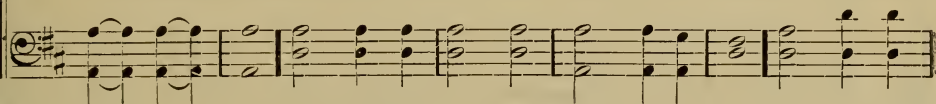
## Morning and Evening.



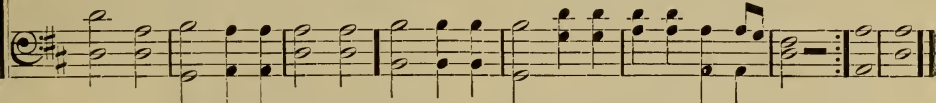
Temp - ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth with the night; From the fall of the shade till the



morn-ing bells chime, Shield me from dan - ger, save me from crime. Fa - ther, have



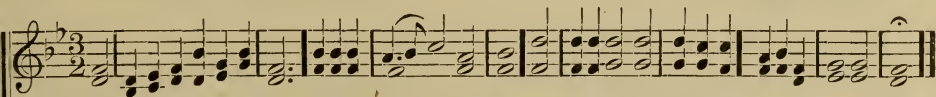
mer - cy, Fa-ther, have mer-cy, Father, have mer-cy, thro' Jesus Christ, our Lord. A - men.



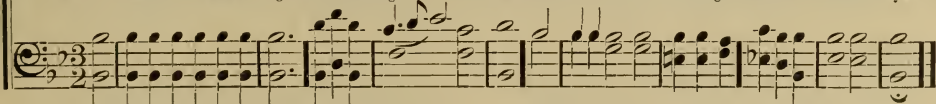
- 2 Father in heaven, O hear when we call,  
Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all;  
Feeble and fainting we trust in thy might,  
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light;  
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,  
Wake in thine arms when morning returns.—REF.

## 651 HERMON. C M.

DR. L. MASON.



1 Far from these narrow scenes of night, Unbounded glo - ries rise, And realms of in-fi - nite delight, Unknown to mortal eyes.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Fair, distant land! could mortal eyes<br/>But half its charms explore,<br/>How would our spirits long to rise,<br/>And dwell on earth no more!</p> <p>3 No cloud those blissful regions know,<br/>Realms ever bright and fair,<br/>For sin, the source of mortal woe,<br/>Can never enter there.</p> | <p>4 O may the heavenly prospect fire<br/>Our hearts with ardent love,<br/>Till wings of faith and strong desire<br/>Bear every thought above.</p> <p>5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine<br/>For thy bright courts on high,<br/>Then bid our spirits rise and join<br/>The chorus of the sky.</p> |
|---|--|

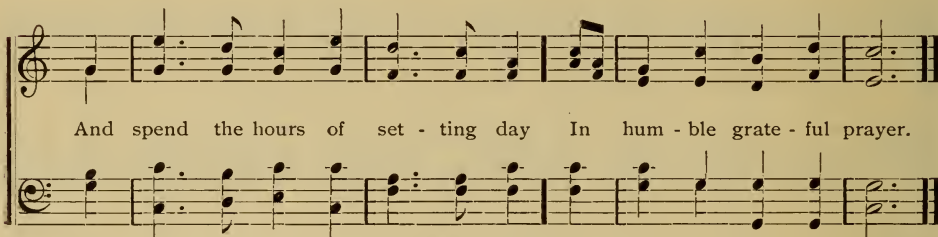
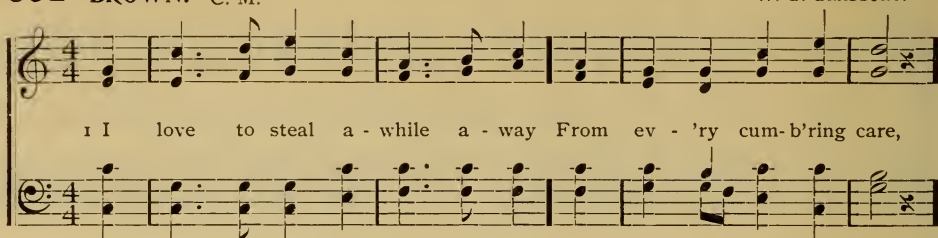
Anne Steele



# Morning and Evening.

652 BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all his promises to plead  
Where none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour  
And lead to endless day.

P. H. Brown.

653

1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,  
Whose breath our souls inspired;  
Loud and more loud the anthems raise,  
With grateful ardor fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
Whose goodness, passing thought,  
Loads every moment as it flies  
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise  
From whom salvation flows,  
Who sent his Son our souls to save  
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
For hope's transporting ray, [death  
Which lights through darkest shades of  
To realms of endless day.

Ralph Wardlaw, 1803.

654

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts  
Let flames of love arise;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied  
Have made up all this day;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More fleet, more free than they.

3 New time, new favors and new joys  
Do a new song require;  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our heart's desire.

4 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set  
New time upon the score,  
Thee may we praise for all our time,  
When time shall be no more.

J. Mason, 1683

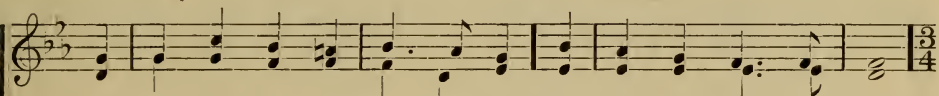
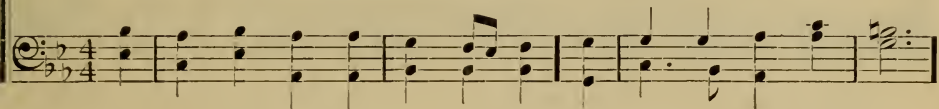
# Morning and Evening.

655 THE ROSEATE HUES. C. M. D.

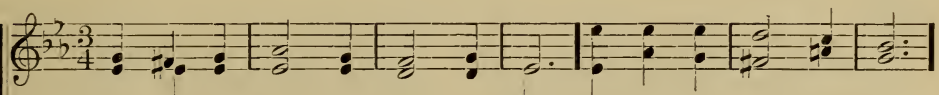
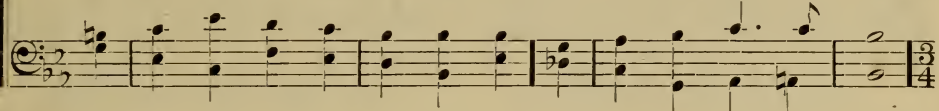
FREDERICK A. J. HERVEY.



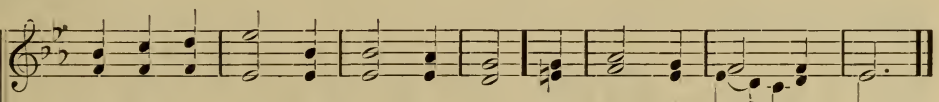
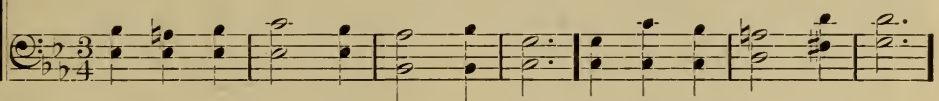
1 The rose - ate hues of ear - ly dawn, The bright - ness of the day,



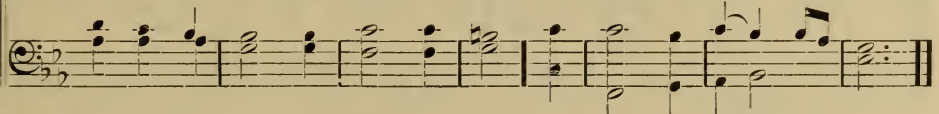
The crim - son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way!



O for the pearl - y gates of heav'n, O for the gold - en floor,



O for the sun of right - eous - ness, That set - teth nev - er - more!



2 The highest hopes we cherish here,  
How fast they tire and faint,  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint!  
O for a heart that never sins,  
O for a soul washed white,  
O for a voice to praise our King,  
Nor weary day nor night!

3 Here faith is ours and heavenly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher;  
But there are perfectness and peace  
Beyond our best desire.  
O by thy love and anguish, Lord,  
And by thy life laid down,  
Grant that we fall not from thy grace,  
Nor cast away our crown.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1853.

# Morning and Evening.

656 EVEN SONG. 8s & 7s.

From FLOROW.

1 May the grace of Christ, our Sav - iour, And the Fa - ther's bound - less love,

With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove.

2 Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,

And possess in sweet communion  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

J. Newton.

657

1 PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens, adore 3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious,  
Praise Him, angels in the height; [Him; Never shall his promise fail;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him; God hath made his saints victorious,  
Praise Him, all ye stars of light. Sin and death shall not prevail.

2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken,  
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;  
Laws which never shall be broken,  
For their guidance He hath made.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,  
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;  
Heaven and earth and all creation  
Laud and magnify his name.

Richard Mant.

658 RAPTURE. C. P. M.

EDWARD HARWOOD, 1760.

1 Thy might-y work-ing, mighty God, Wakes all my pow'rs; I look a - broad,

And can no long - er rest; I too must sing when all things sing,



## Morning and Evening.

And from my heart the prais - es ring The High-est lov - eth best.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 If Thou, in thy great love to us,<br/>Wilt scatter joy and beauty thus<br/>O'er this poor earth of ours,<br/>What nobler glories shall be given<br/>Hereafter in thy shining heaven,<br/>Set round with golden towers!</p> <p>3 What thrilling joy, when on our sight<br/>Christ's garden beams in cloudless<br/>light<br/>Where all the air is sweet,</p> | <p>Still laden with th' unwearied hymn<br/>From all the thousand seraphim<br/>Who God's high praise repeat!</p> <p>4 O were I there! O that I now<br/>Before thy throne, my God, could bow,<br/>And bear my heavenly palm!<br/>Then, like the angels, would I raise<br/>My voice, and sing thine endless<br/>praise<br/>In many a sweet-toned psalm.</p> |
|---|--|

Tr. by Catharine Winkworth.

### 659 STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

REV. D. E. JONES, 1815—1881.

1 Sav - iour, breathe an eve-ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;

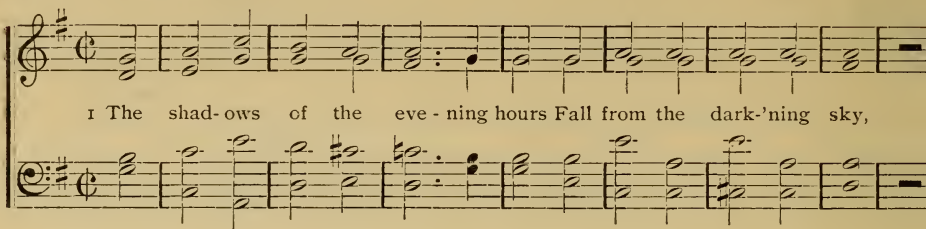
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Though destruction walk around us,<br/>Though the arrow near us fly,<br/>Angel guards from Thee surround us,<br/>We are safe if Thou art nigh.</p> <p>3 Though the night be dark and dreary,<br/>Darkness cannot hide from Thee;</p> | <p>Thou art He who, never weary,<br/>Watchest where thy people be.</p> <p>4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us<br/>And our couch become our tomb,<br/>May the morn in heaven awake us,<br/>Clad in light and deathless bloom.</p> |
|---|--|

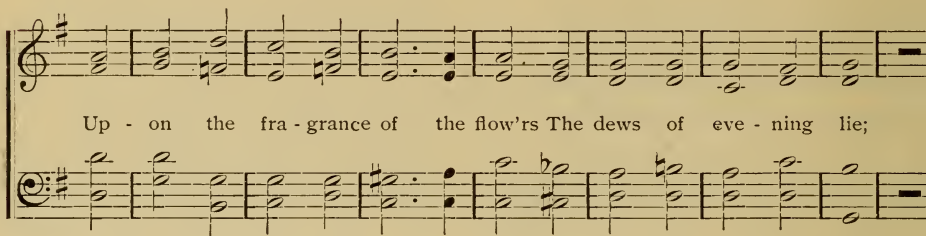
# Morning and Evening.

660 ST. LEONARD. C. M. D.

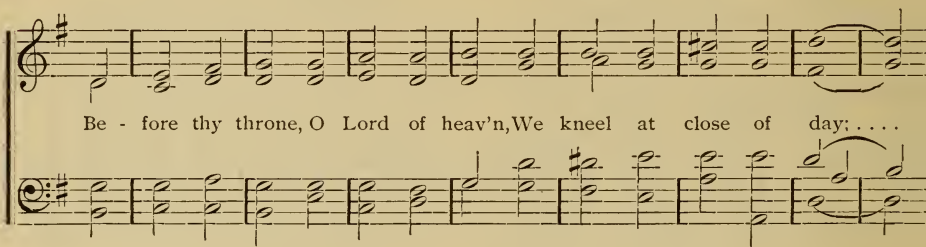
HENRY HILES.



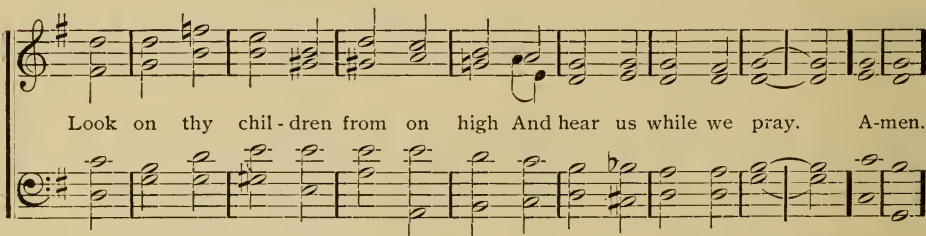
The shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark-ning sky,



Up - on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dew's of eve-ning lie;



Be - fore thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day; . . .



Look on thy chil-dren from on high And hear us while we pray. A-men.

- 2 The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,  
O do not Thou despise,  
But let the incense of our prayers  
Before thy mercy rise;  
The brightness of the coming night  
Upon the darkness rolls;  
With hopes of future glory chase  
The shadows on our souls.

- 3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;  
So fade within our heart  
The hopes in earthly love and joy  
That one by one depart;

Slowly the bright stars, one by one,  
Within the heavens shine;  
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven  
And trust in things divine.

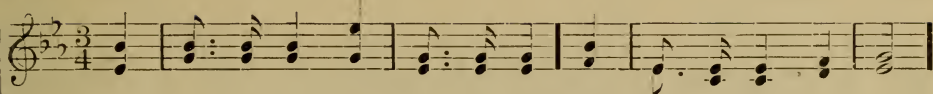
- 4 Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God,  
Upon our souls descend,  
From midnight fears and perils Thou  
Our trembling hearts defend;  
Give us a respite from our toil,  
Calm and subdue our woes;  
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,  
O give us now repose.

Adelaide Proctor

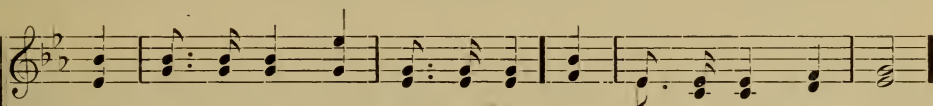
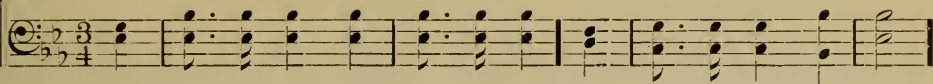
# Morning and Evening.

661 VARINA. C. M. D.

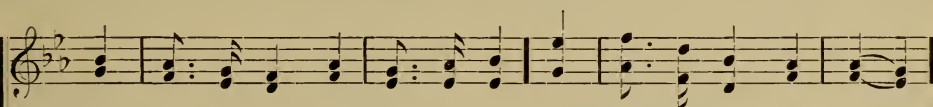
GEORGE F. ROOT.



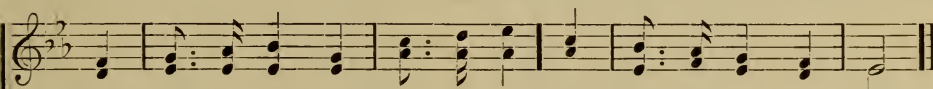
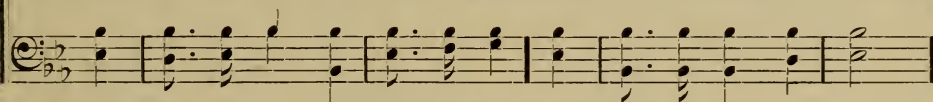
1 There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign,



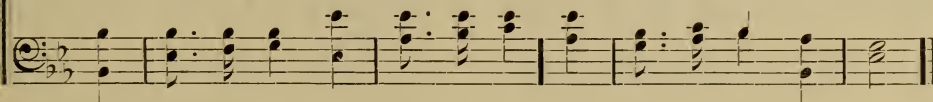
In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night And plea-sures ban-ish pain;



There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er with-'ring flow'rs;



Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.



- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between;  
But timorous mortals start, and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 3 O could we make our doubts remove,  
These gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unobscured eyes,  
Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er, [flood  
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold  
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts, 1709.



# Morning and Evening.

662 VOX DILECTI. C. M. D.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1 How sweet, how heav'n-ly is the sight, When those who love the Lord

*cres.*  
In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fil his word,

When each can feel his bro - ther's sigh And with him bear a part,

*ff*  
When sor - row flows from eye to eye And joy from heart to heart,

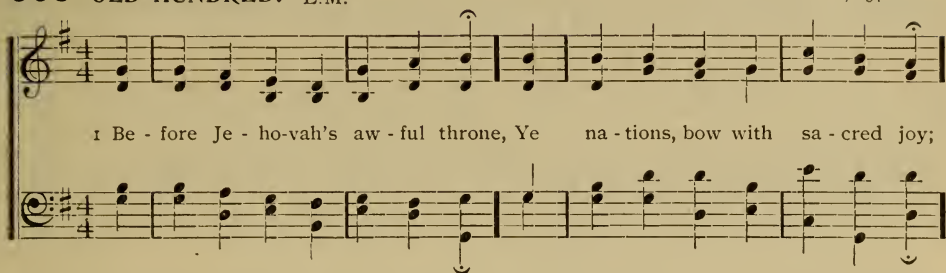
- 2 When free from envy, scorn and pride, Love is the golden chain that binds  
Our wishes all above, The happy souls above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide, And he's an heir of heaven who finds  
And show a brother's love. His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain, 1792.

# Opening and Closing.

663 OLD HUNDRED. L.M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1541—.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 His sovereign power without our aid<br/>Made us of clay and formed us<br/>men;<br/>And when like wandering sheep we<br/>strayed,<br/>He brought us to his fold again.</p> | <p>4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful<br/>songs,<br/>High as the heavens our voices raise,<br/>And earth with her ten thousand tongues<br/>Shall fill thy courts with sounding<br/>praise.</p> |
| <p>3 We are his people, we his care,<br/>Our souls and all our mortal frame;<br/>What lasting honors shall we rear,<br/>Almighty maker, to thy name?</p>                       | <p>5 Wide as the world is thy command,<br/>Vast as eternity thy love;<br/>Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,<br/>When rolling years shall cease to<br/>move.</p>                               |

Isaac Watts.

664

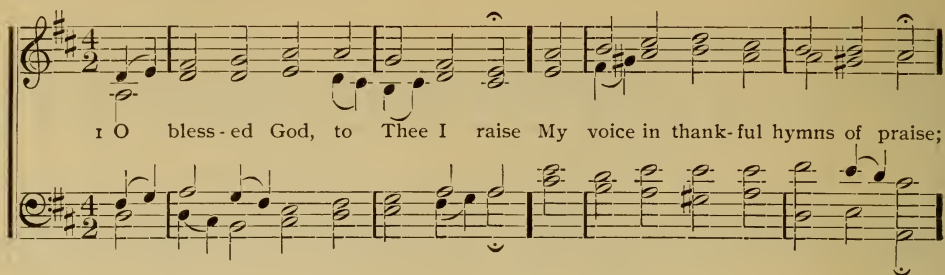
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|---|--|
| <p>1 PRAISE ye the Lord; all nature join<br/>In work and worship so divine;<br/>Let heaven and earth unite, and raise<br/>High hallelujahs to his praise.</p> | <p>3 As instruments well tuned and strung,<br/>We'll praise the Lord with heart and<br/>tongue;<br/>While life remains we'll loud proclaim<br/>High hallelujahs to his name.</p> |
| <p>2 While realms of joy and worlds around<br/>Their hallelujahs high resound,<br/>Let saints below and saints above<br/>Exulting sing redeeming love.</p>    | <p>4 Beyond the grave, in nobler strains,<br/>When freed from sorrow, sin and pains,<br/>Eternally the Church will raise<br/>High hallelujahs to his praise.</p>                 |

Isaac Watts.

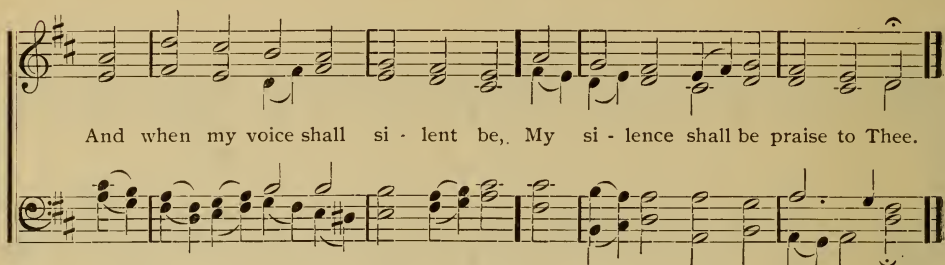
## Opening and Closing.

665 WARTBURG. L. M.

J. H. SCHEIN, 1628.



O bless-ed God, to Thee I raise My voice in thank-ful hymns of praise;



And when my voice shall si-lent be, My si-lence shall be praise to Thee.

2 For voice and silence both impart  
The filial homage of my heart;  
And both alike are understood  
By Thee, Thou parent of all good,

3 Whose grace is all unsearchable,  
Whose care for me no tongue can tell,  
Who loves my loudest praise to hear  
And loves to bless my voiceless prayer.

Greek Hymn.

666

1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,  
Whence all our hopes and comforts  
flow,  
Jesus, no other name but thine  
Can save us from eternal woe.

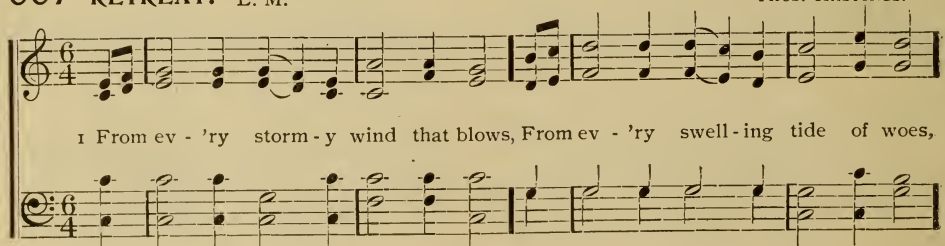
2 In vain would boasting reason find  
The way to happiness and God;  
Her weak directions leave the mind  
Bewildered in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heaven approve;  
Thou art the true, the living way,  
Ordained by everlasting love  
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Safe lead us through this world of  
night  
And bring us to the blissful plains,  
The regions of unclouded light,  
Where perfect joy forever reigns.

667 RETREAT. L. M.

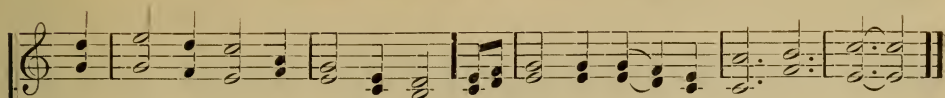
THOS. HASTINGS.



1 From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,



## Opening and Closing.



There is a calm a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 There is a place where Jesus sheds<br/>The oil of gladness on our heads,<br/>A place than all besides more sweet,<br/>It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.</p>               | <p>4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,<br/>And sense and sin molest no more,<br/>And heaven comes down our souls to-<br/>greet,<br/>And glory crowns the mercy-seat.</p> |
| <p>3 There is a scene where spirits blend,<br/>Where friend holds fellowship with<br/>friend;<br/>Though sundered far, by faith they meet<br/>Around one common mercy-seat.</p> | <p>5 O let my hand forget her skill,<br/>My tongue be silent, cold and still,<br/>This throbbing heart forget to beat,<br/>If I forget the mercy-seat.</p>                   |

Hugh Stowell.

668


- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 FROM all that dwell below the skies<br/>Let the Creator's praise arise;<br/>Let the Redeemer's name be sung<br/>Through every land, by every tongue.</p> | <p>2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,<br/>Eternal truth attends thy word; [shore,<br/>Thy praise shall sound from shore to<br/>Till suns shall rise and set no more.</p> |
|---|--|

Isaac Watts.

669

BOWEN. L. M.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



1 Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zi - on waits; Pray'r shall be - siege thy tem - ple gates:



All flesh shall to thy throne re - pair, And find thro' Christ sal - va - tion there.

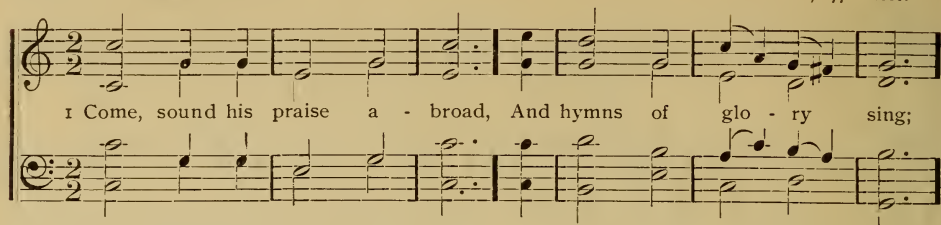
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 How blest thy saints, how safely led,<br/>How surely kept, how richly fed!<br/>Saviour of all in earth and sea,<br/>How happy they who rest in Thee!</p>          | <p>4 The year is with thy goodness crowned,<br/>Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;<br/>Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing<br/>And nature smiles and owns her King.</p> |
| <p>3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,<br/>Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;<br/>Evening and morning hymn thy praise<br/>And earth thy bounty wide displays.</p> | <p>5 Lord, on our souls thy Spirit pour,<br/>The moral waste within restore;<br/>O let thy love our springtide be<br/>And makes us all bear fruit to Thee.</p>                    |

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

# Opening and Closing.

## 670 SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH, 1770—1800.



2 He formed the deeps unknown,  
He gave the seas their bound;  
The watery worlds are all his own  
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord;

We are his work and not our own,  
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.

James Montgomery, 1825.

## 671

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise,  
Welcome to this reviving breast  
And these rejoicing eyes.  
2 The King Himself comes near  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here may we sit and see Him here  
And love and praise and pray.

3 One day amidst the place  
Where my great God hath been  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.  
4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sing, and bear herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

Wm. Brown, 1831.

## 672 ALEXANDER. S. M.

H. C. ZEUNER.



2 Not the fair palaces  
To which the great resort  
Are once to be compared with this,  
Where Jesus holds his court.  
3 Here on the mercy-seat,  
With radiant glory crowned,  
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,  
And smile on all around.  
4 To Him their prayers and cries  
Each humble soul presents;

He listens to their broken sighs  
And grants them all their wants.  
5 To them his sovereign will  
He graciously imparts,  
And in return accepts with smiles  
The tribute of their hearts.  
6 Give me, O Lord, a place  
Within thy blest abode,  
Among the children of thy grace,  
The servants of my God.

Per. of O. Dirson & Co.

S. Stennett, 1787.

# Opening and Closing.

673 SCHAEFFER. C. M.

J. B. DYKES. Arr. by SCHWING.

A - gain our earth - ly cares we leave, And to thy courts re - pair;

A - gain with joy - ful feet we come, To meet our Sav - iour here.

- 2 Great Shepherd of thy people, hear,  
Thy presence now display;  
We bow within thy house of prayer,  
O give us hearts to pray.
- 3 The clouds which veil Thee from our sight  
In pity, Lord, remove;  
Dispose our minds to hear aright  
The message of thy love.

- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humble mind, bestow;  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow.
- 5 Show us some token of thy love,  
Our fainting hopes to raise;  
And pour thy blessing from above,  
To aid our feeble praise.

John Newton, 179.

674 DENFIELD. C. M.

C. G. GLASER, 1784-1829. Arr. by L. MASON.

How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds And drives a - way his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole.  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, husband, friend,  
My Prophet, Priest and King;  
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

John Newton, 1779.

675

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the name  
Of our eternal King;  
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry,  
"Thrice holy," let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind,  
Pay, O my soul, to God;  
Lift with thy hands a holy heart  
To his sublime abode.

- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,  
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;  
A broken heart shall please Him more  
Than noblest forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God, preserve our souls  
From all pollution free;  
The pure in heart are thy delight  
And they thy face shall see.

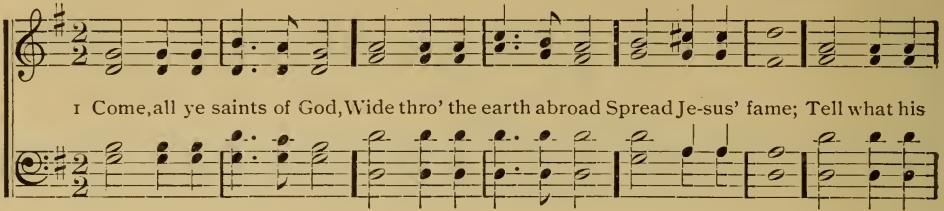
J. Needham, 1763.



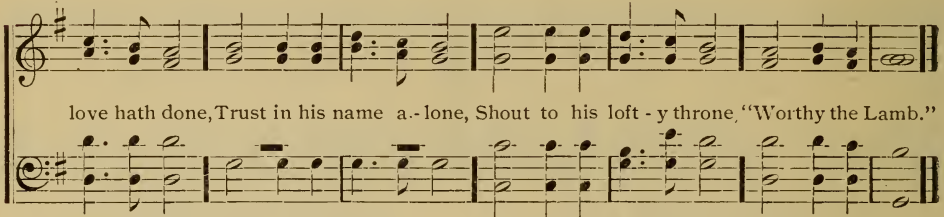
# Opening and Closing.

676 NEW HAVEN. 6S & 4S.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1 Come, all ye saints of God, Wide thro' the earth abroad Spread Je-sus' fame; Tell what his



love hath done, Trust in his name a-lone, Shout to his loft-y throne, "Worthy the Lamb."

2 Hence gloomy doubts and fears,  
Dry up your mournful tears,  
Swell the glad theme;  
To Christ, our gracious King,  
Strike each melodious string,  
Join heart and voice to sing,  
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Hark, how the choirs above,  
Filled with the Saviour's love,  
Dwell on his name;  
There, too, may we be found,  
With light and glory crowned,  
While all the heavens resound,  
"Worthy the Lamb."

Jas. Boden.

677

1 JESUS, thy name I love  
All other names above,  
Jesus, my Lord;  
O Thou art all to me,  
Nothing to please I see,  
Nothing apart from Thee,  
Jesus, my Lord.

2 Thou, blessed Son of God,  
Hast bought me with thy blood,  
Jesus, my Lord;  
O how great is thy love,  
All other loves above,  
Love that I daily prove,  
Jesus, my Lord.

3 When unto Thee I flee,  
Thou wilt my refuge be,  
Jesus, my Lord;  
What need I now to fear,  
What earthly grief or care,  
Since Thou art ever near,  
Jesus, my Lord?

4 Soon Thou wilt come again,  
I shall be happy then,  
Jesus, my Lord;  
Then thine own face I'll see,  
Then I shall like Thee be,  
Then evermore with Thee,  
Jesus, my Lord.

J. G. Deck.

678

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah's name,  
Praise through his courts proclaim,  
Rise and adore;  
High o'er the heavens above,  
Sound his great acts of love,  
While his rich grace we prove,  
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise  
Sounds of triumphant praise,  
Wide as his fame;

There let the harp be found,  
Organs, with solemn sound  
Roll your deep notes around,  
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise you sing,  
Shake every sounding string,  
Sweet the accord;  
He vital breath bestows;  
Let every breath that flows,  
His noblest fame disclose,  
Praise ye the Lord.

Wm. Goode.

# Opening and Closing.

679 PAX DEI. 10s.

J. B. DYKES.

1 Sav-iour, a-gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac-cord our parting hymn of praise;

A - gain we bless Thee ere our worship cease, And low - ly bow-ing wait thy word of peace.

- 2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;  
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
That in this house have called upon thy name.
- 3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
- Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
From harm and danger keep thy children free,  
For dark and light are both alike to [Thee.
- 4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life, [strife;  
Our balm in sorrow and our peace in Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton.

680 GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

ROUSSEAU, 1753.

FINE.

1 Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

D.C.—O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav - 'ling thro' this wil - der-ness.

Let us each thy love poss - ess-ing, Tri - umph in re - deem-ing grace;

D.C.

- 2 Thanks we give and adoration  
For thy gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

- 3 So, when'er the signal's given  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
We shall surely  
Reign with Christ in endless day.

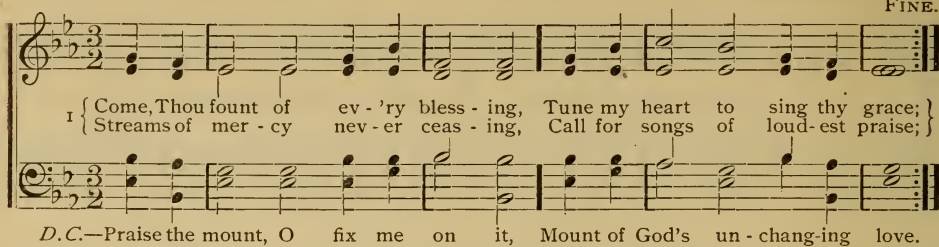
Robert Hawker, 1774.

# Opening and Closing.

681 NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

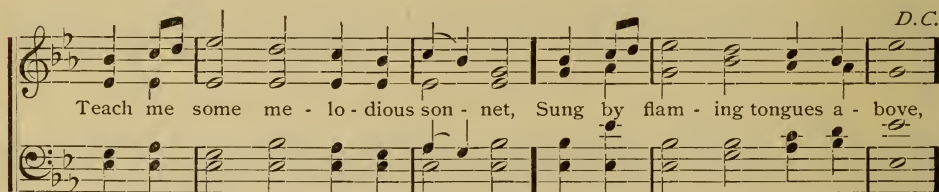
JOHN WYETH, 1812.

FINE.



I { Come, Thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }  
Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; }

D.C.—Praise the mount, O fix me on it, Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.



Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove, D.C.

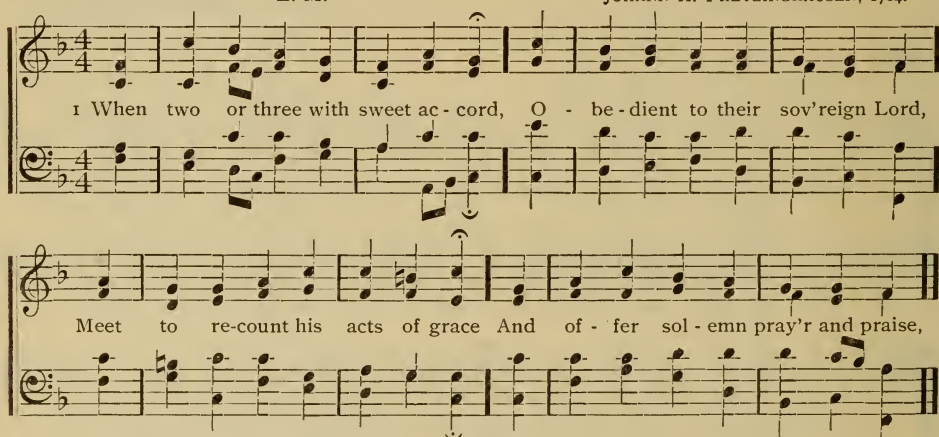
2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come,  
And I hope by thy good pleasure  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He to rescue me from danger  
Interpos'd with precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
Let that grace now like a fetter  
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love,  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,  
Seal it from the courts above.

Robert Robinson.

682 ANASTASIUS. L. M.

JOHANN A. FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1704.



1 When two or three with sweet ac-cord, O-be-dient to their sov'reign Lord,  
Meet to re-count his acts of grace And of-fer sol-emn pray'r and praise,

2 There will the gracious Saviour be,  
To bless the little company,  
There to unveil his smiling face,  
And bid his glories fill the place.

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word;  
Now send the Spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

Samuel Stennett.

683

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,  
Help us to feed upon thy word;  
All that has been amiss forgive  
And let thy truth within us live.

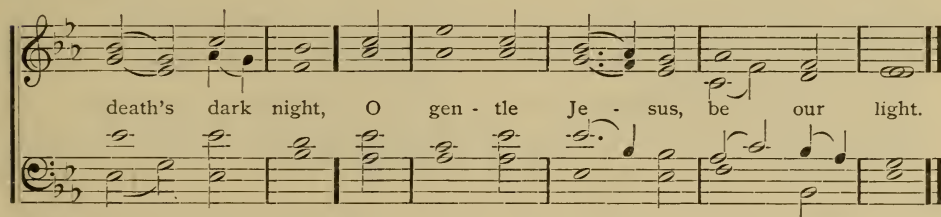
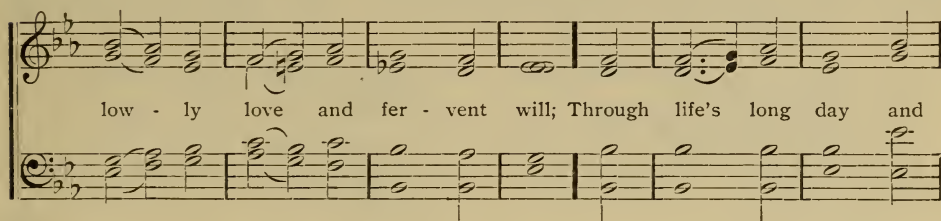
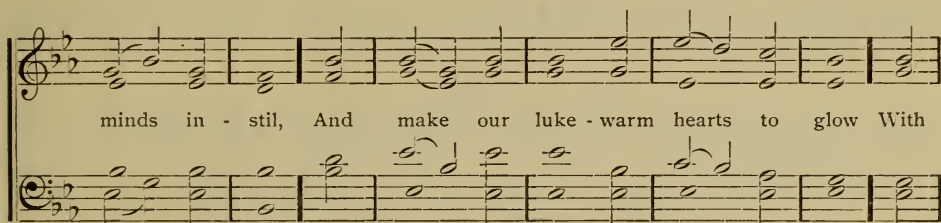
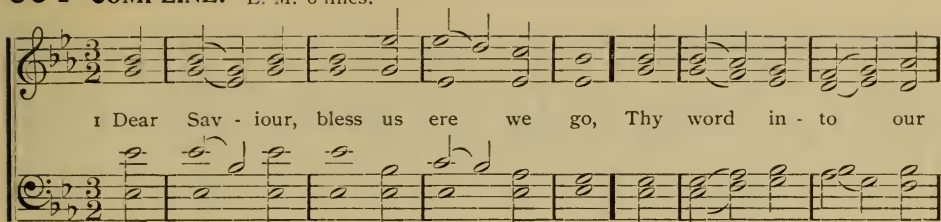
2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good,  
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;  
Give every fettered soul release  
And bid us all depart in peace.

Joseph Hart.



# Opening and Closing.

684 COMPLINE. L. M. 6 lines.



- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,  
And Thou hast taken count of all,  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall;  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
O gentle Jesus, be our light. [night,
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release,  
And bless us more than in past days  
With purity and inward peace;  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
O gentle Jesus, be our light. [night,
- 4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,  
Sweet fear and sober liberty,  
And simple hearts without alloy,
- 5 That only long to be like Thee;  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
O gentle Jesus, be our light. [night,
- 6 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,  
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;  
Ah! never let our works be soiled  
With strife, or by deceit ensnared;  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
O gentle Jesus, be our light. [night,
- 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call;  
O, let thy mercy make us glad;  
Thou art our Jesus and our all;  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
O gentle Jesus, be our light. [night,

Frederick W. Faber, 1849.

# Children's Service.

685 ANGEL VOICES. P. M.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1872.

1 An - gel - voic - es, ev - er sing - ing Round thy throne of light, An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing,

Rest not day nor night; Thousands only live to bless Thee, And confess Thee, Lord of might. A - men.

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest  
Mortal eye can scan,  
Can it be that Thou regardest  
Songs of sinful man?  
Can we feel that Thou art near us,  
And wilt hear us?  
Yes, we can.

4 In thy house, great God, we offer  
Of thine own to Thee;  
And for thine acceptance proffer,  
All unworthily,  
Hearts and minds and hands and voices,  
In our choicest  
Melody.

3 Yes, we know thy love rejoices  
O'er each work of thine;  
Thou didst ears and hands and voices  
For thy praise combine,  
Poet's art and music's measure  
For thy pleasure  
Didst design.

5 Honor, glory, might and merit,  
Thine shall ever be,  
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,  
Blessed Trinity;  
Of the best that Thou hast given  
Earth and heaven  
Render Thee.

F. Pott, 1861.

686 MAUD. P. M.

A. S. GATTY.

1 { Ho - ly Je - sus, be my light, Shine up - on my way Thro' this tempting, changing life Lead me day by (Omit. . .) day. A - men.

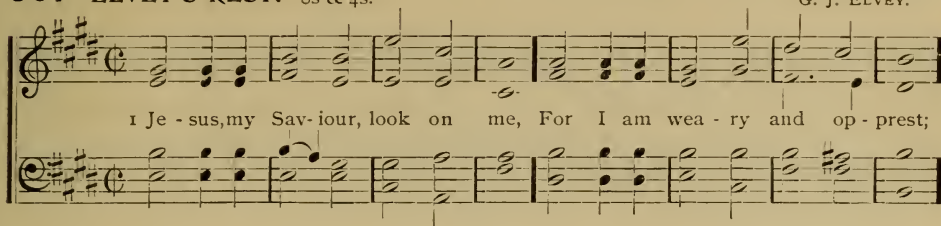
2 As the wise men came of old,  
Traveling afar,  
Guided to thy cradle throne  
By a wondrous star,

3 So be Thou my constant guide,  
Lead me all the way,  
Till I reach thy home at last,  
Never - more to stray.

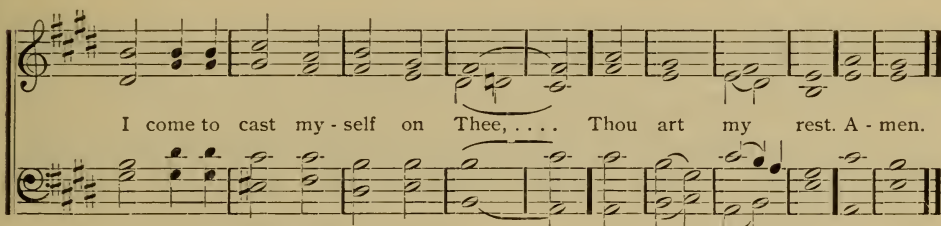
# Children's Service.

## 687 ELVEY'S REST. 8s & 4s.

G. J. ELVEY.



I Je - sus, my Sav - iour, look on me, For I am wea - ry and op - prest;

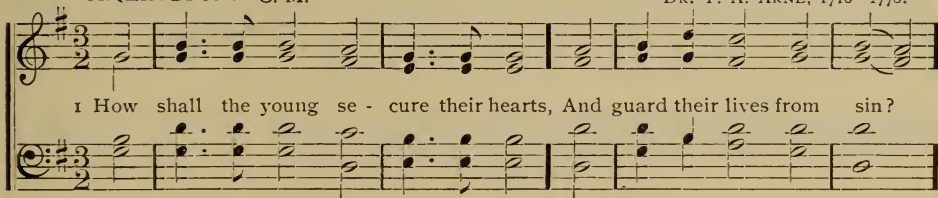


I come to cast my - self on Thee, . . . Thou art my rest. A - men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 Look down on me, for I am weak,<br>I feel the toilsome journey's length;<br>Thine aid omnipotent I seek,<br>Thou art my strength. | Thy cross a hiding-place imparts,<br>Thou art my peace.   |
| 3 I am bewildered on my way,<br>Dark and tempestuous is the night;<br>O send Thou forth some cheering ray,<br>Thou art my light.    | 5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,<br>In that tremendous latest strife,<br>Thou wilt not suffer me to sink,<br>Thou art my life. |
| 4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,<br>I look to Thee, my terrors cease;   | 6 Thou wilt my every want supply,<br>E'en to the end, whate'er befall;<br>Through life, in death, eternally,<br>Thou art my all.  |

## 688 ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. T. A. ARNE, 1710-1778.



I How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin?



Thy word the choic - est rules im - parts To keep the con - science clean.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 When once it enters to the mind,<br>It spreads such light abroad,<br>The meanest souls instruction find,<br>And raise their thoughts to God. | 4 Thy precepts make me truly wise,<br>I hate the sinner's road,<br>I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,<br>But love thy law, my God. |
| 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,<br>That guides us all the day;<br>And through the dangers of the night<br>A lamp to lead our way.       | 5 Thy word is everlasting truth,<br>How pure is every page!<br>That holy book shall guide our youth<br>And well support our age.       |



# Children's Service.

689 CRUSADER'S HYMN. P. M.

Arr. by R. S. WILLIS.

1 Beau-ti-ful Sav-iour, King of cre-a-tion, Son of God and Son of Man,

Tru-ly I'd love Thee, Tru-ly I'd serve Thee, Light of my soul, my joy, my crown. A-men.

2 Fair are the meadows,  
Fairer the woodlands,  
Robed in flowers of blooming spring;  
Jesus is fairer,  
Jesus is purer,  
He makes our sorrowing spirits sing.

Jesus shines brighter,  
Jesus shines purer,  
Than all the angels in the sky.

3 Fair is the sunshine,  
Fairer the moonlight  
And the sparkling stars on high;

4 Beautiful Saviour,  
Lord of the nations,  
Son of God and Son of Man,  
Glory and honor,  
Praise, adoration,  
Now and forevermore be thine.

Tr. by R. S. Willis.

690 JESUS LOVES ME. 8s & 7s.

1 Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, He is al-ways, al-ways near;

If I try to please Him tru-ly, There is naught that I can fear. A-men.

2 Jesus loves me; well I know it,  
For to save my soul He died;  
He for me bore pain and sorrow,  
Nailéd hands and piercé side.

3 Jesus loves me; night and morning  
Jesus hears the prayers I pray,  
And He never, never leaves me,  
When I work or when I play.

4 Jesus loves me, and He watches  
Over me with loving eye,  
And He sends his holy angels  
Safe to keep me till I die.

5 Jesus loves me; O Lord Jesus,  
Now I pray Thee by thy love  
Keep me ever pure and holy  
Till I come to Thee above.

# Children's Service.

691 OUR LEADER. 6s & 5s.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1871.

1 Je-sus Christ, our Saviour, Once for us a child, In thy whole behavior, Meek, obedient, mild,

In thy footsteps treading We thy lambs will be, Foe nor danger dreading, While we follow Thee.

2 For all gifts and graces  
While we live below,  
Till in heavenly places  
We thy face shall know,  
We, thy children, raising  
Unto Thee our hearts,  
In thy constant praising  
Bear our duteous parts.

3 Let thine angels guide us,  
Let thine arms enfold,  
In thy bosom hide us,  
Sheltered from the cold;  
As thy love hath won us  
From the world away,  
Still thy hands put on us,  
Bless us day by day.

W. Whiting.

692 THE STORY OF LOVE. 7s & 6s. D.

GEORGE F. ROOT.

FINE.

1 I love to hear the sto-ry Which an-gel voic-es tell, How once the King of glo-ry

*D.C.*—The Lord came down to save me, Because He loves me so.

Came down on earth to dwell; I am both weak and sinful, But this I sure-ly know,

Per. of Jno. Church & Co.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour  
Was once a child like me,  
To show how pure and holy  
His little ones should be;  
And if I try to follow  
His footsteps here below,  
He never will forget me,  
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing his love and mercy,  
My sweetest songs I'll raise;  
And though I cannot see Him  
I know he hears my praise;  
And He has kindly promised  
That I shall surely go  
To sing among his angels,  
Because He loves me so.

Emily Huntington Miller

# Children's Service.

693 ST. GERTRUDE. 6s & 5s.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore;

Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads against the foe; Forward in-to bat-tle, See, his banners go.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Going on be-fore.

2 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.—CHO.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;

Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.—CHO.

4 Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng;  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph-song;  
Glory, laud and honor  
Unto Christ, the King,  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.—CHO.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865.

694 PRUDENT. 8s & 7s.

F. T. S. DARLEY.

1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me, Bless thy little lamb to-night; Thro' the darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morning light.

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 All this day thy hand hath led me,  
And I thank Thee for thy care; [me,  
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed  
Listen to my evening prayer:

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,  
Bless the friends I love so well,  
Take me, when I die, to heaven,  
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Mary Lundie Duncan, 1839.



# Children's Service.

## 695 THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

1 There's a friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky, A friend that nev - er chan - ges,

*D.S.*—This friend is al - ways wor - thy

*FINE.*

Whose love will nev - er die; Our earth - ly friends may fail us And change with changing years; A - men.

*D.S.*

Of that dear name He bears.

- 2 There's a home for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory;  
A home of peace and joy;  
No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare,  
For every one is happy,  
Nor could be happier there.

A crown of brightest glory,  
Which He will then bestow  
On those who found his favor  
And loved his name below.

- 3 There's a crown for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And all who look for Jesus  
Shall wear it by and by,

- 4 There's a song for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And a harp of sweetest music  
And palms of victory;  
All, all above is treasured  
And found in Christ alone;  
Lord, grant thy little children  
To know Thee as their own.

## 696 I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

1 I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, There - fore glad and gay I am;

*FINE.*

*D.C.*—Tends me ev - 'ry day the same, E - ven calls me by my name.

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus knows me, All that's good and fair He shows me, A - men.

*D.C.*

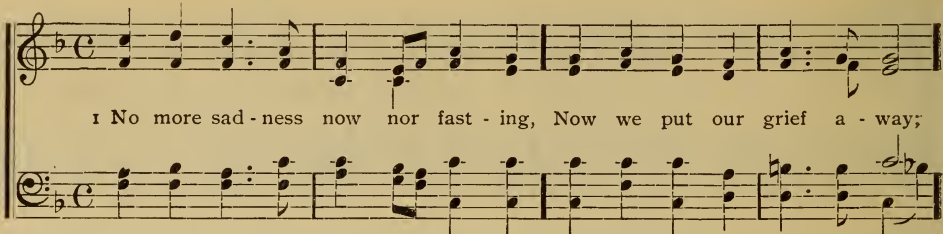
- 2 Out and in I safely go,  
Want and hunger never know;  
Soft green pastures He discloseth,  
Where his happy flock reposeeth;  
When I faint or thirsty be,  
To the brook He leadeth me.

- 3 Should not I be glad and gay,  
In this blessed fold all day,  
By this holy Shepherd tended,  
Whose kind arms, when life is ended,  
Bear me to the world of light?  
Yes, O yes, my lot is bright.

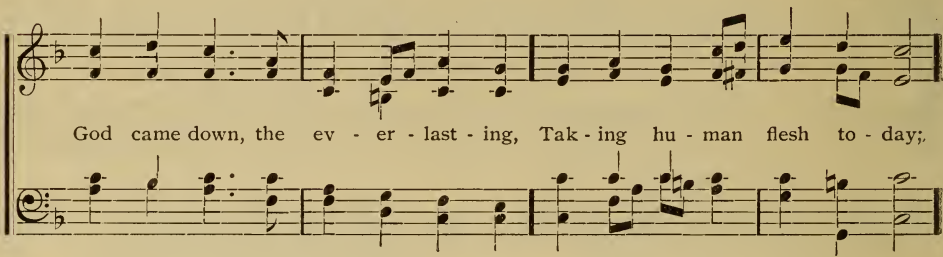
# Children's Service.

697 CHRISTMAS EVE. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.

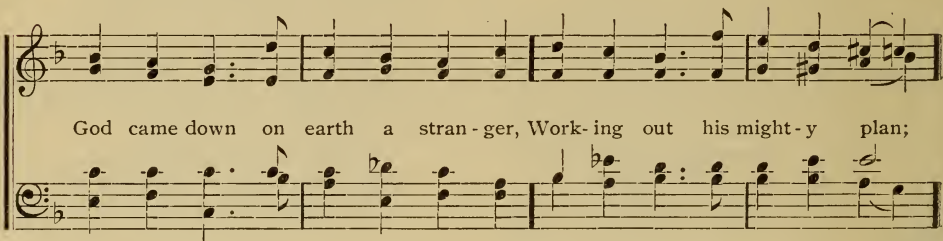
D. S. HOLLINGSHEAD.



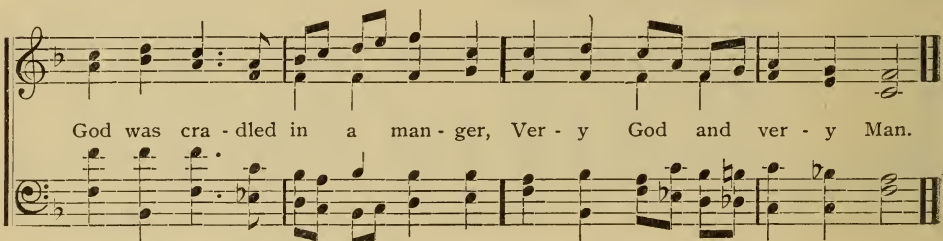
I No more sad - ness now nor fast - ing, Now we put our grief a - way;



God came down, the ev - er - last - ing, Tak - ing hu - man flesh to - day;



God came down on earth a stran - ger, Work - ing out his might - y plan;



God was cra - dled in a man - ger, Ver - y God and ver - y Man.

2 There were shepherds once abiding  
In the field to watch by night,  
And they saw the clouds dividing,  
And the sky above was bright;  
And a glory shone around them  
On the grass as they were laid,  
And a holy angel found them  
And their hearts were sore afraid.

3 "Fear ye not," he said, "for cheerful  
Are the tidings that I bring  
Unto you so weak and fearful,  
Christ is born, the Lord and King."

As the angel told the story  
Of the Saviour's lowly birth,  
Multitudes were singing "Glory  
Be to God, and peace on earth."

4 Since thy love for our salvation,  
Saviour, covered Thee with shame,  
Let thy Church in every nation  
Sing the glory of thy name;  
Let thy Holy Spirit make us  
Full of humbleness and love,  
Like Thyself, until Thou take us  
To our Father's house above.

John M. Neale.

# Children's Service.

## 698 WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1 { While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, }  
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round. }

CHORUS.

Sing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind;  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.—CHO.
- 3 "To you in David's town this day  
Is born of David's line  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign:—CHO.
- 4 "The heav'nly babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, and thus  
Addressed their joyful song:—CHO.
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men  
Begin and never cease."—CHO.
- Nahum Tate, 1696.

## 699 WAKEN, CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

*Brightly.*

1 Waken, Christian children, Up, and let us sing With glad hearts and voices, Of our new-born King.

Up, 'tis meet to wel - come With a joy-ous lay Christ, the King of glo - ry, Born for us to - day.

- 2 In a manger lowly  
Sleeps the heav'nly child,  
O'er him fondly bendeth  
Mary, mother mild.  
Far above that stable,  
Up in heaven so high,  
One bright star outshineth,  
Watching silently.
- 3 Fear not, then, to enter,  
Though we cannot bring  
Gold or myrrh or incense,  
Fitting for a King.  
Gifts He asketh richer,  
Offerings costlier still,  
Yet may Christian children  
Bring them if they will.
- 4 Brighter than all jewels  
Shines the modest eye;  
Best of gifts, He loveth  
Infant purity. [come  
Haste we, then, to wel-  
With a joyous lay  
Christ, the King of glory,  
Born for us to-day.

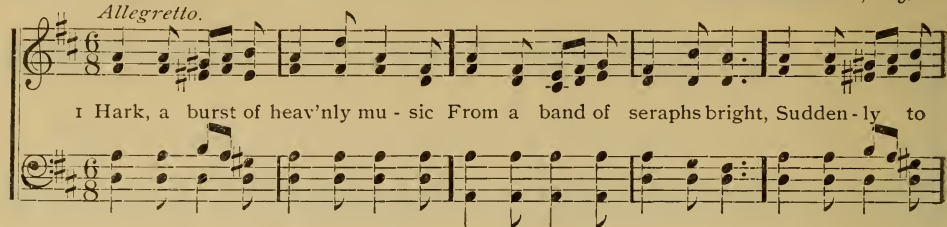


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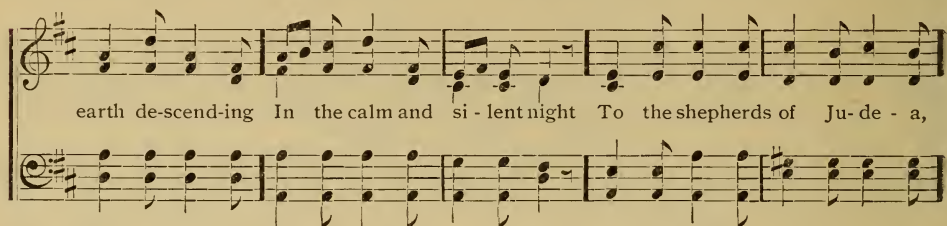
700 SCHILLING. P. M.

FRED. SCHILLING, 1865.

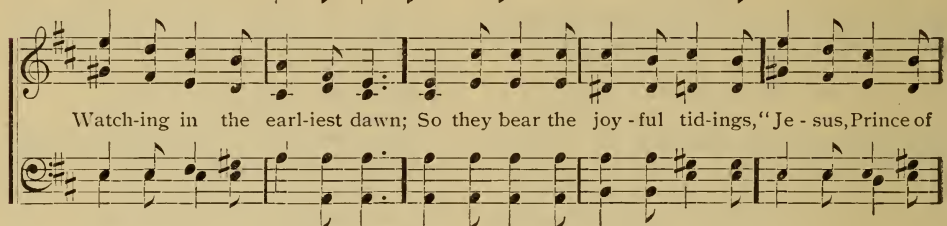
*Allegretto.*



I Hark, a burst of heav'nly mu - sic From a band of seraphs bright, Sudden - ly to

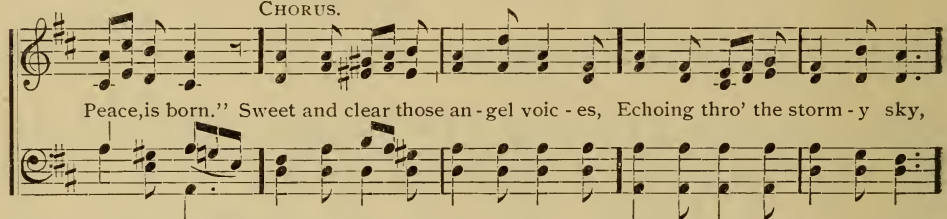


earth de-scend-ing In the calm and si - lent night To the shepherds of Ju-de - a,

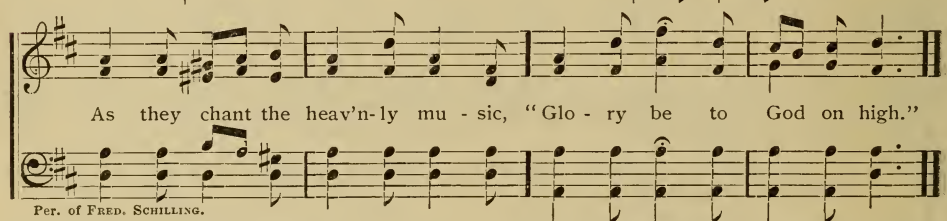


Watch-ing in the ear-li-est dawn; So they bear the joy - ful tid-ings, "Je - sus, Prince of

CHORUS.



Peace, is born." Sweet and clear those an - gel voic - es, Echoing thro' the storm - y sky,



As they chant the heav'n - ly mu - sic, "Glo - ry be to God on high."

Per. of FRED. SCHILLING.

2 Slumbering in a lowly manger  
Lies the mighty Lord of all,  
And before the holy stranger  
See the trembling shepherds fall.  
He has come, the long expected,  
Full of wisdom, love and grace,  
To redeem his ruined creatures,  
To restore our fallen race.

CHO.—So let angels wake the chorus,  
So let ransomed men reply,  
Chanting the celestial anthem,  
"Glory be to God on high."

3 And this joyful Christmas morning,  
Breaking o'er the world below,  
Tells again the wondrous story  
Shepherds heard so long ago.  
Who shall still our tuneful voices,  
Who the tide of praise shall stem,  
Which the blessed angels taught us  
In the fields of Bethlehem?

CHO.—Hark, we hear again the chorus  
Ringing through the starry sky,  
And we join the heav'nly anthem,  
"Glory be to God on high."

Mrs. M. N. Meigs.

# Children's Service.

701 ANGELIC SONG. P. M.

J. E. ROE.

Hark, hark, my soul; an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and

*Org. Ped.*

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing

CHORUS.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

an - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night. A - men.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"  
And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,  
The music of the gospel leads us home.—CHO.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—CHO.
- 4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn and darksome night be past;  
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—CHO.
- 5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—CHO.

F. W. Faber.

# Children's Service.

## 702 HOLY NIGHT, PEACEFUL NIGHT!

FRANZ GRUBER, 1813.

1 Holy night, peaceful night! All is dark, save the light Yon-der where they sweet vigil keep

O'er the babe who in si - lent sleep Rests in heaven-ly peace, Rests in heaven-ly peace.

2 Holy night, peaceful night!  
Only for shepherds' sight  
Came blest visions of angel throngs  
With their loud alleluia songs,  
Saying, Jesus is come,  
Saying, Jesus is come.

3 Holy night, peaceful night!  
Child of heaven, O how bright [born!  
Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast  
Blest indeed was that happy morn,  
Full of heavenly joy,  
Full of heavenly joy.

## 703 CAROL, CAROL, CHRISTIANS.

1 Car - ol, car - ol, Chris - tians, Car - ol joy - ful - ly, . . .

*D.C.*—Car - ol, car - ol, Chris - tians, Car - ol joy - ful - ly, . . .

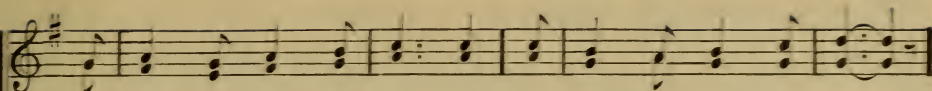
Car - ol for the com - ing Of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty;

Car - ol for the com - ing Of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty.

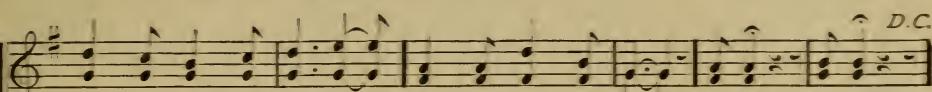
FINE.



# Children's Service.



And pray a glad - some Christ - mas For all good Chris - tian men.



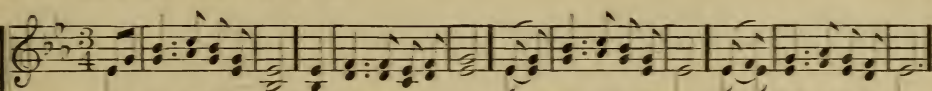
Car - ol, car - ol, Chris-tians, Christ-mas comes a - gain. Car-ol, car-ol, D.C.

2 Go ye to the forest,  
Where the myrtles grow,  
Where the pine and laurel  
Bend beneath the snow,  
And gather them for Jesus,  
Wreath them for his shrine,  
Make his temple glorious  
With the box and pine.—Carol, etc.

3 Give us grace, O Saviour,  
To put off in might  
Deeds and dreams of darkness  
For the robes of light,  
That we may live as lowly  
As Thyself with men,  
So to rise in glory  
When Thou com'st again.—Carol, etc.

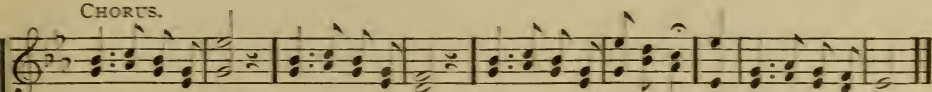
## 704 ALL TO CHRIST. P. M.

J. T. GRAPE.



1 I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.

### CHORUS.



Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He wash'd it white as snow.

Per. of J. T. GRAPE.

2 Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy power and thine alone  
Can change the leper's spots  
And melt the heart of stone.—CHO.

4 When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.

3 For nothing good have I  
Whereby thy grace to claim,  
I'll wash my garment white [CHO.  
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—

5 And when before the throne  
I stand in Him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down at Jesus' feet.—CHO.

# Children's Service.

## 705 OUR LORD HATH ARISEN.

1 Our Lord hath a - ris - en, The temp - ter is foiled, His le - gions are

scat - tered, His strong - holds are spoiled. O sing hal - le - lu - jah,

O sing hal - le - lu - jah, O sing hal - le - lu - jah, Christ Je - sus is King.

2 O death, we defy thee;  
A stronger than thou  
Hath entered thy palace,  
We fear thee not now.  
O sing, etc.

Though still thou dost vex us,  
We dread thee no more.  
O sing, etc.

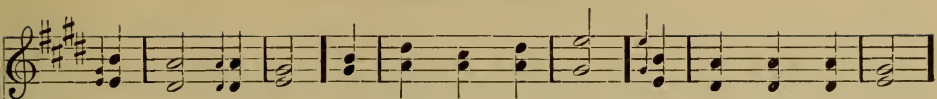
3 O sin, thou art vanquished,  
Thy long reign is o'er,

4 Our Lord hath arisen,  
Day breaketh at last;  
The long night of weeping  
Is now well-nigh past. O sing, etc.

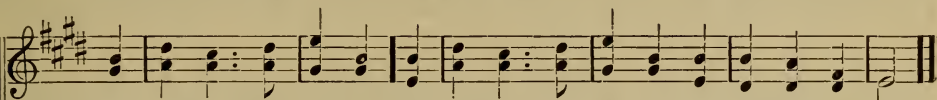
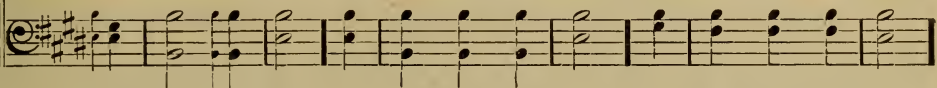
## 706 SMILE PRAISES, O SKY.

1 Smile prais - es, O sky, Soft breathe them, O air; Be - low and on high

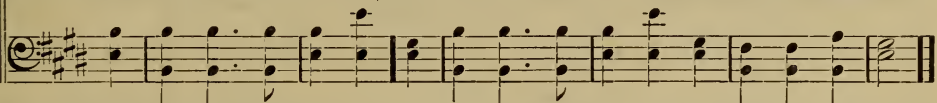
## Children's Service.



And ev - 'ry-where, The black troop of storms Has scat - ter'd and fled,



The Lord hath a - ris - en, The Lord hath a - ris - en Unharm'd from the dead.



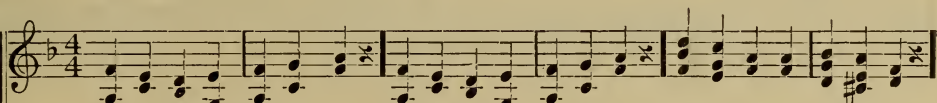
2 Sweep tides of rich music  
The new world along,  
And pour in full measure,  
Sweet lyres, your song.  
Sing, sing, for He liveth,  
He lives, as He said,  
The Lord hath arisen  
Unharm'd from the dead.

3 Clap, clap your hands, mountains,  
Ye valleys, resound;  
Leap, leap for joy, fountains,  
Ye hills, catch the sound;  
All triumph! He liveth,  
He lives, as He said,  
The Lord hath arisen  
Unharm'd from the dead.

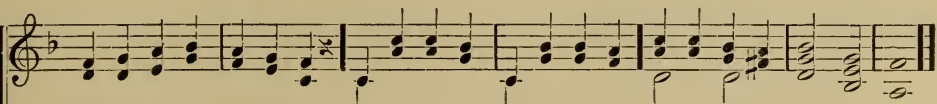
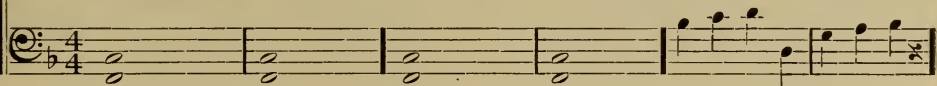
Tr. by Mrs. Elizabeth Charles.

## 707 WE WILL CAROL JOYFULLY.

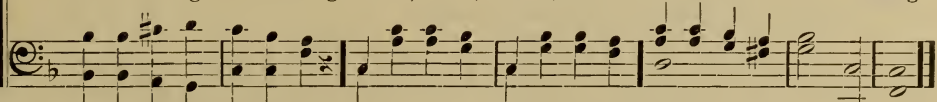
Arr. from KULLAR.



1 We will car-ol joy-ful - ly On this ho-ly fes-tal day; To our ris-en Lord and King



Grateful homage we will bring. Car-ol, car-ol, car-ol, car-ol To our ris-en Lord and King.



2 We will carol joyfully  
As with sweet accord we bring  
Praise from every heart and voice  
To our risen Lord and King.  
Carol, carol, etc.

To our risen Lord and King,  
Him who died that we might live.  
Carol, carol, etc.

4 We will carol joyfully,  
And to Him our offerings bring,  
Grateful hearts, with love and praise,  
To our risen Lord and King.  
Carol, carol, etc.

3 We will carol joyfully  
While our love and thanks we give



# Children's Service.

## 708 THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

R. S. WILLIS, 1849—1860.

*Andante.*

1 There is a green hill far a-way, With- out a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was  
 cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. We may not know, we can - not tell, What  
 pains He had to bear, But we believe it was for us He hung and suffer'd there. Amen.

2 He died that we might be forgiven,  
 He died to make us good,  
 That we might go at last to heaven,  
 Saved by his precious blood.  
 There was none other good enough  
 To pay the price of sin,  
 He only could unlock the gate  
 Of heaven and let us in.

3 O dearly, dearly has He loved,  
 And we must love Him too  
 And trust in his redeeming blood,  
 And try his works to do;  
 For there's a green hill far away,  
 Without a city wall,  
 Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
 Who died to save us all.

## 709 ENDLESS PRAISES TO OUR LORD.

GREGORIAN.

1 End-less praises to our Lord, Ev-er be his name adored; Angels, crown Him, crown the Lamb; He is worthy, praise his name. Amen.

2 Now adore Him for his grace  
 To our guilty, fallen race;

Come, then, children, join to sing,  
 "Glory to our God and King."

# Children's Service.

710 THE OLD, OLD STORY. 7s & 6s. D.

W. H. DOANE.

1 Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry,

Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,

CHORUS.  
For I am weak and wea - ry And helpless and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry,

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Tell me the story slowly,  
That I may take it in,  
That wonderful redemption,  
God's remedy for sin.  
Tell me the story often,  
For I forget so soon;  
The early dew of morning  
Has passed away at noon.—CHO.

3 Tell me the story softly,  
With earnest tones and grave;  
Remember, I'm the sinner  
Whom Jesus came to save.

Tell me that story always,  
If you would really be,  
In any time of trouble,  
A comforter to me.—CHO.

4 Tell me the same old story,  
When you have cause to fear  
That this world's empty glory  
Is costing me too dear.  
Yes, and when that world's glory  
Is drawing on my soul,  
Tell me the old, old story, [CHO.

"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."—  
K. Hankey.

# Children's Service.

## 711 TELL THE STORY. <sup>7s & 6s. D.</sup>

W. G. FISCHER.

1 I love to tell the sto-ry Of un-seen things above, Of Je-sus and his glo-ry,

Of Je-sus and his love. I love to tell the sto-ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true;

CHORUS.  
It sat-is-fies my longings As noth-ing else can do. I love to tell the sto-ry,

'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and his love.

Per. of W. G. FISCHER.

2 I love to tell the story;  
'Tis pleasant to repeat  
What seems each time I tell it  
More wonderfully sweet.  
I love to tell the story,  
For some have never heard  
The message of salvation  
From God's own holy word.—CHO.

3 I love to tell the story,  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it like the rest.  
And when in scenes of glory  
I sing the new, new song,  
'Twill be the old, old story  
That I have loved so long.—CHO.  
K. Hankey.

## 712

1 I SAW the cross of Jesus,  
When burdened with my sin;  
I sought the cross of Jesus,  
To give me peace within;  
I brought my soul to Jesus,  
He cleansed it in his blood,  
And in the cross of Jesus  
I found my peace with God.

CHO.—No righteousness, no merit,  
No beauty can I plead;  
Yet in the cross I glory,  
My title there I read.

2 Sweet is the cross of Jesus;  
There let my weary heart  
Still rest in peace unshaken,  
Till with Him, ne'er to part;  
And then in strains of glory  
I'll sing his wondrous power,  
Where sin can never enter  
And death is known no more.

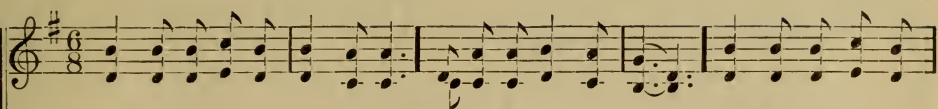
CHO.—I love the cross of Jesus;  
It tells me what I am,  
A vile and guilty creature,  
Saved only through the Lamb.



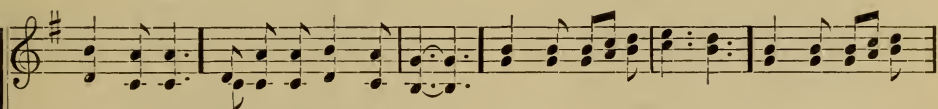
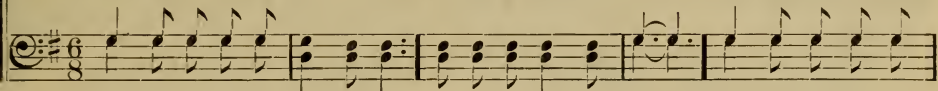
# Children's Service.

713 WONDERFUL WORDS. P. M.

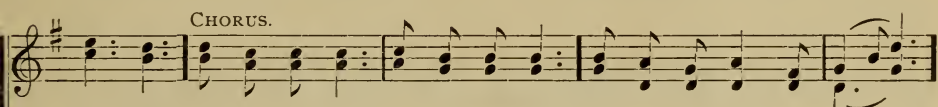
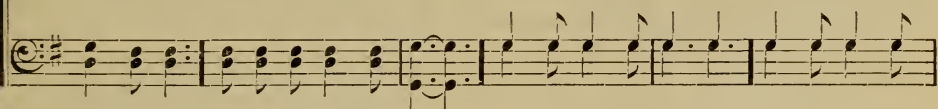
P. P. BLISS.



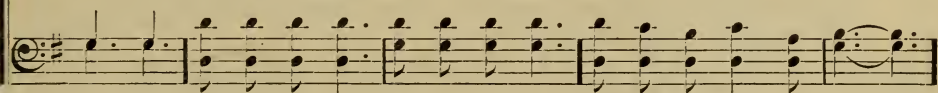
1 Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Wonderful words of life, Let me more of their



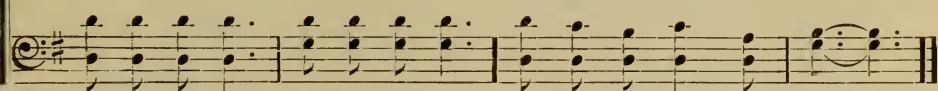
beau - ty see, Wonderful words of life; Words of life and beau-ty, Teach me faith and



du - ty. Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life,



Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life.



By per. of THE JNO. CHURCH Co.

2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all  
Wonderful words of life;  
Sinner, list to the loving call,  
Wonderful words of life;  
All so freely given,  
Woing us to heaven.—CHO.

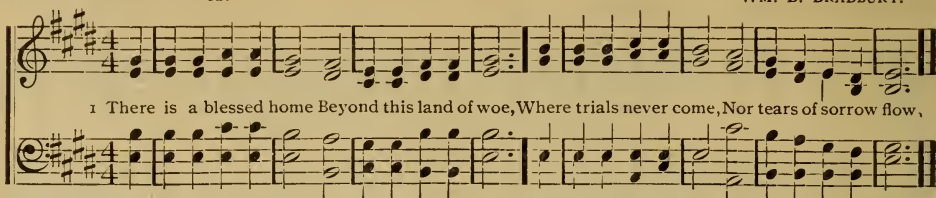
3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,  
Wonderful words of life;  
Offer pardon and peace to all,  
Wonderful words of life;  
Jesus, only Saviour,  
Sanctify forever.—CHO.

P. P. Bliss.

# Children's Service.

714 RIPPLE. 6s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Where faith is lost in sight,  
And patient hope is crowned,  
And everlasting light  
Its glory throws around.

3 There is a land of peace,  
Good angels know it well;  
Glad songs that never cease  
Within its portals swell.

4 Around its glorious throne  
Ten thousand saints adore  
Christ, with the Father one  
And Spirit, evermore.

5 O joy of joys beyond,  
To see the Lamb who died,

And count each sacred wound  
In hands and feet and side,

6 To give to Him the praise  
Of every triumph won,  
And sing through endless days  
The great things He hath done.

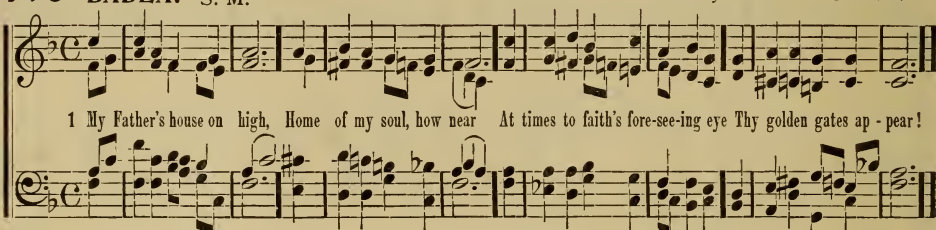
7 Look up, ye saints of God,  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod,  
Of daily toil and woe.

8 Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love;  
His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above.

Henry W. Baker, 1861.

715 BADEA. S. M.

Arr. by SCHWING. CHORAL.



2 Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.

3 Yet clouds will intervene,  
And all my prospect flies;  
Like Noah's dove I flit between  
Rough seas and stormy skies.

4 Anon the clouds depart,  
The winds and waters cease,

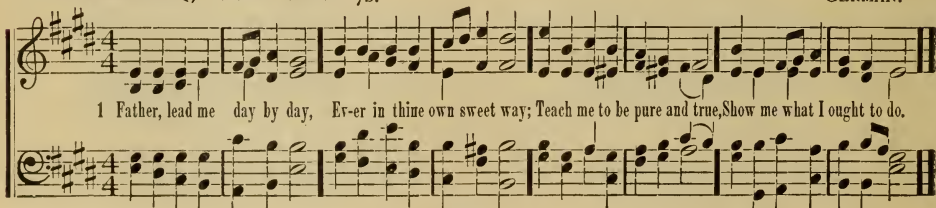
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart  
Expands the bow of peace.

5 I hear at morn and even,  
At noon and midnight hour,  
The choral harmonies of heaven,  
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

6 Then, then I feel that He,  
Remembered or forgot,  
The Lord is never far from me,  
Though I perceive Him not.

716 FATHER, LEAD ME. 7s.

GERMAN.



## Children's Service.

2 When in danger make me brave,  
Make me know that Thou canst save;  
Keep me safe by thy dear side,  
Let me in thy love abide.

3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,  
Make me steadfast, wise and strong;

And when all alone I stand,  
Shield me with thy mighty hand.

4 When my heart is full of glee,  
Help me to remember Thee,  
Happy most of all to know  
That my Father loves me so.

717 LEBANON. S. M. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL, 1855.

I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
D.S.—I did not love my Father's voice,

FINE. D.S.

I would not be con-troll'd; I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,  
I lov'd a-far to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,  
The Father sought his child,  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild;  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished and faint and lone;  
They bound me with the bands of love,  
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,  
'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that washed me in his blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole;

'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep,  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,  
I would not be controlled;  
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold;  
I was a wayward child,  
I once preferred to roam;  
But now I love my Father's voice,  
I love, I love his home.

Horatius Bonar, 1844.

718 EVEN ME. 8s, 7s & 3s.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1816—1868.

1 { Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free, } E-ven me, e-ven me, Let a blessing fall on me.  
{ Showers, the thirsty land re-fresh-ing, Let a bless-ing fall on me. }

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father,  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou mightst curse me, but the rather  
Let thy mercy light on me.—REF.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,  
Let me live and cling to Thee;  
For I am longing for thy favor; [REF.  
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.—

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit, [REF.  
Speak some word of power to me.—

5 Love of God so pure and changeless,  
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,  
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
Magnify it all in me.—REF.

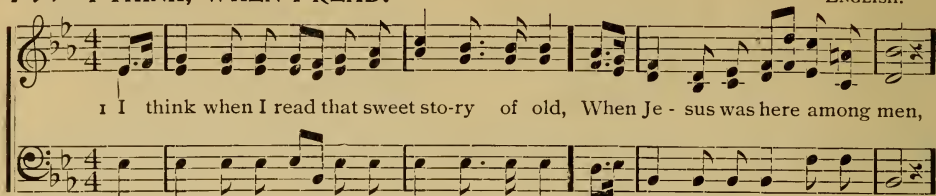
Elizabeth Codner, 1860.



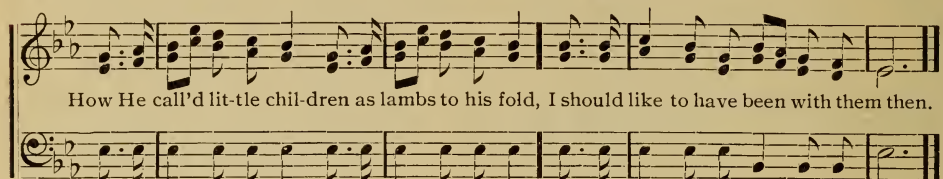
# Children's Service.

## 719 I THINK, WHEN I READ.

ENGLISH.



I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was here among men,  
How He call'd lit-tle chil-dren as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

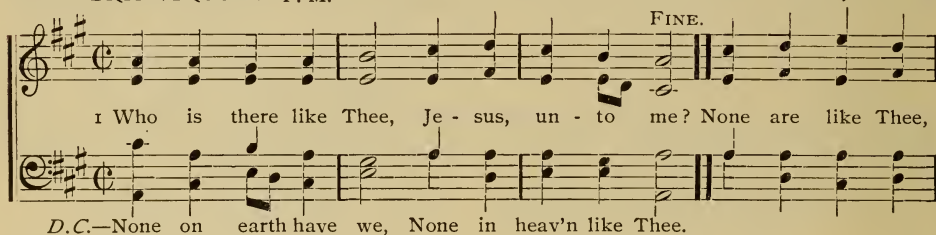


2 I wish that his hands had been placed And if I now earnestly seek Him below,  
on my head, [me, I shall see Him and hear Him above,  
That his arms had been thrown around 4 In that beautiful place He has gone to  
And that I might have seen his kind prepare  
looks when He said, For all who are washed and forgiven;  
“Let the little ones come unto me.” And many dear children are gathering  
3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I there,  
may go, “For of such is the kingdom of  
And ask for a share of his love; heaven.”

Mrs. Jemima Luke.

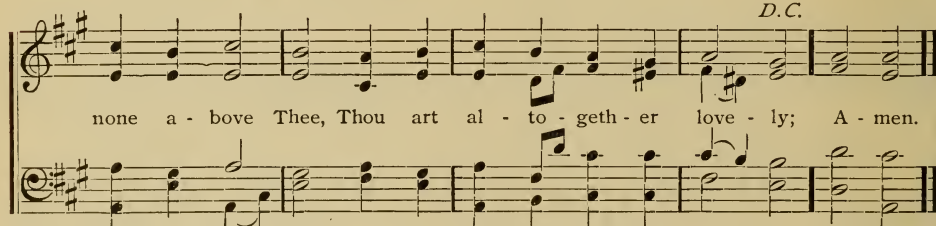
Arr. by H. S.

## 720 BRIDEGROOM. P. M.



1 Who is there like Thee, Je - sus, un - to me? None are like Thee,  
D.C.—None on earth have we, None in heav'n like Thee.

D.C.



none a - bove Thee, Thou art al - to - geth - er love - ly; A - men.

2 Love that warmly glowed,  
Blood that freely flowed,  
Life that stooped to death to save me,  
And a deathless being gave me,  
Bore my guilty load,  
Brought me back to God.

3 Plant Thyself in me;  
I will learn of Thee  
To be holy, meek and tender;

Wrath and pride and self-surrender,  
Nothing shouldst Thou see  
But Thyself in me.

4 When on death's cold strand  
I one day shall stand,  
Let thy presence go beside me,  
Through the gloomy waters guide me;  
Grant me then to stand,  
Lord, at thy right hand.

# Miscellaneous.

## 721 NEAR THE CROSS. P. M.

W. H. DOANE.

1 Je - sus keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain,

Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - vary's mount - ain.

### CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er,

Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found me;  
There the bright and morning star  
Sheds its beams around me.—CHO.

3 Near the cross, O Lamb of God,  
Bring its scenes before me;  
Help me walk from day to day  
With its shadow o'er me.—CHO.

Fanny J. Crosby.

# Miscellaneous.

## 722 I AM COMING. P. M.

L. HARTSOUGH.

1 I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in thy

CHORUS.

precious blood, That flow'd on Cal - va - ry. I am com - ing, Lord,

Com - ing' now to Thee; Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

2 Though coming weak and vile,  
Thou dost my strength assure;  
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,  
Till spotless all and pure.—CHO.

To perfect hope and peace and trust,  
For earth and heaven above.—CHO.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on  
To perfect faith and love,

4 All hail, atoning blood,  
All hail, redeeming grace,  
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,  
Our strength and righteousness.—CHO.  
L. Hartsough.

## 723 SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

W. H. DOANE.

1 Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast,

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast,



# Miscellaneous.

*rit.* FINE.

There by his love o'er-sha-ded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. Hark, 'tis the voice of  
There by his love o'er-sha-ded, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

*D.C. for Chorus.*

angels, Borne in a song to me, O-ver the fields of glo-ry, O-ver the jasper sea.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe from corroding care,  
Safe from the world's temptations,  
Sin cannot harm me there.  
Free from the blight of sorrow,  
Free from my doubts and fears,  
Only a few more trials,  
Only a few more tears.—CHO.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
Jesus has died for me;  
Firm on the Rock of Ages  
Ever my trust shall be.  
Here let me wait with patience,  
Wait till the night is o'er,  
Wait till I see the morning  
Break on the golden shore.—CHO.

Fanny J. Crosby.

724 LYTE. 6s & 4s.

J. P. HOLBROOK, 1864.

1 Now I have found a friend, Whose love shall never end, Je-sus is mine. Though earthly

joys decrease, Tho' human friendships cease, Now I have lasting peace, Je-sus is mine.

Per. of MRS. J. P. HOLBROOK.

2 Though I grow poor and old,  
He will my faith uphold,  
Jesus is mine.  
He shall my wants supply,  
His precious blood is nigh,  
Naught can my hope destroy,  
Jesus is mine.

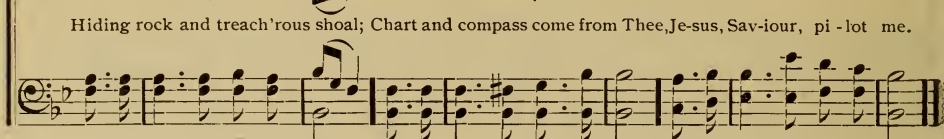
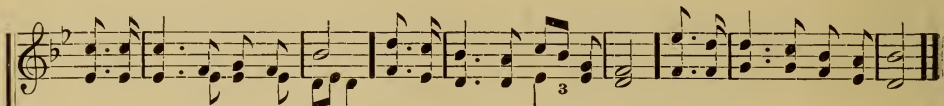
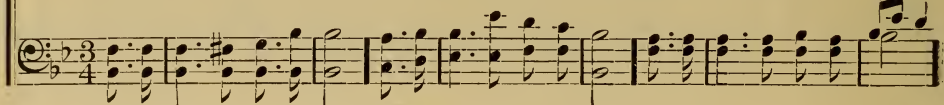
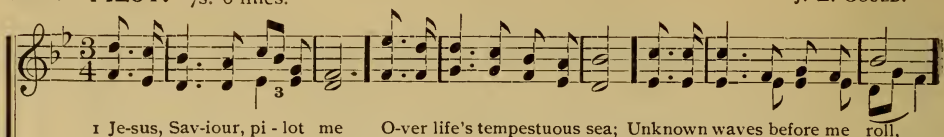
3 When earth shall pass away,  
In the great judgment-day,  
Jesus is mine.  
O what a glorious thing  
Then to behold my King,  
On tuneful harps to sing,  
Jesus is mine!

Henry J. M. Hope

# Miscellaneous.

## 725 PILOT. 7s. 6 lines.

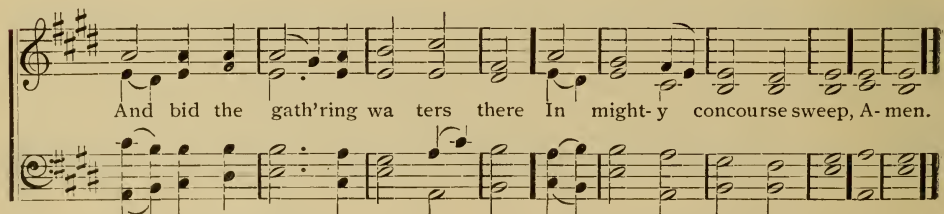
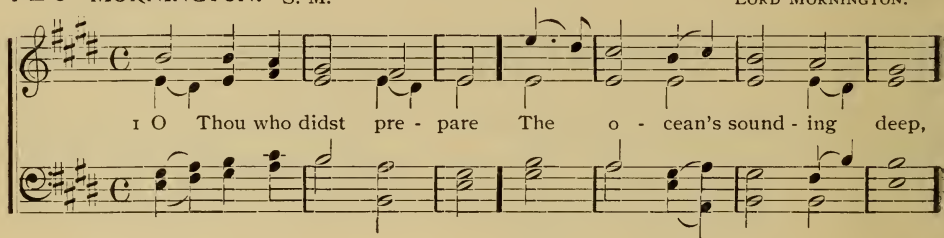
J. E. GOULD.



E. Hopper, 1818.

## 726 MORNINGTON. S. M.

LORD MORNINGTON.



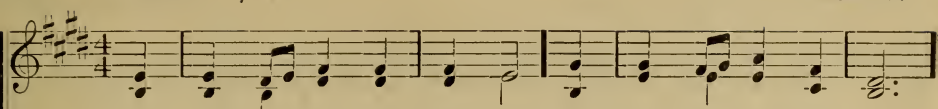
- 2 Toss'd in our reeling bark  
On this tumultuous sea,  
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,  
And lift our hearts to Thee.
- 3 Jesus is nigh, who trod  
Of old that foaming spray,
- Whose billows owned th' incarnate God  
And died in calm away.
- 4 Though swells the threatening tide,  
Mounting to heaven above,  
We know in whom our souls confide  
And fearless trust his love.

Charlotte E. Tonalis.

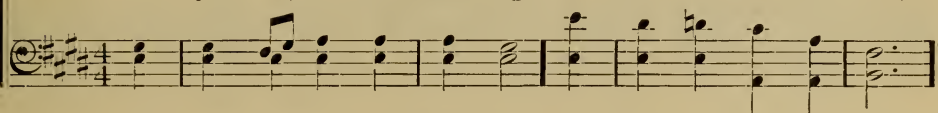
# Miscellaneous.

727 ST. HILDA. 7s & 6s. D.

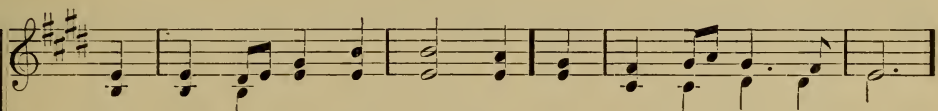
E. HUSBAND.



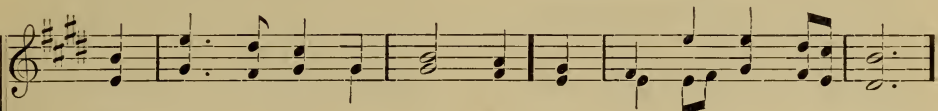
1 O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,



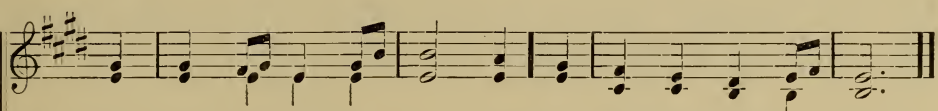
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thres - hold o'er;



We bear the name of Chris - tians, His name and sign we bear,



O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there.



2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking,  
And lo, that hand is scarred,  
And thorns thy brow encircle,  
And tears thy face have marred;  
O love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
O sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
"I died for you, my children,  
And will ye treat me so?"  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door;  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us never-more.



# Miscellaneous.

## 728 PASS ME NOT. 8s & 5s.

W. H. DOANE.

1 Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers Thou art

*D.S.*—While on oth-ers Thou art

**FINE. CHORUS.**  
smil-ing, Do not pass me by. Sav-iour, Sav-iour, hear my humble cry;

call-ing, Do not pass me by.

*Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.*

- 2 Let me at thy throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief;  
Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
Help my unbelief.—CHO.

Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by thy grace,—CHO.

- 3 Trusting only in thy merit,  
Would I seek thy face;

- 4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me,  
Whom on earth have I beside Thee,  
Whom in heaven but Thee?—CHO.

Fanny J. Crosby.

## 729 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS. 8s & 7s. D.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1 What a friend we have in Je-sus, All our griefs and sins to bear, What a priv-i-lege to car-ry

*D.S.*—All because we do not car-ry

**FINE.**  
Ev'-ry thing to God in pray'r! O what peace we oft-en for-feit, O what needless pain we bear,  
Ev'-ry thing to God in pray'r!

- 2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
In his arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

# Miscellaneous.

730 TRUSTING. 7s.

WM. G. FISCHER.

I I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor and weak and blind;  
 REF.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;  
 I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
 Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

Per. of Wm. G. FISCHER.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Soul and body thine to be,  
 Long has evil dwelt within; Wholly thine forevermore.—REF.  
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,  
 I will cleanse you from all sin.—REF. 4 In the promises I trust,  
 Now I feel the blood applied,  
 I am prostrate in the dust,  
 I with Christ am crucified.—REF.

731 INVITATION. C. M. D.

LOUIS SPOHR.

I I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
 D.S.—I found in Him a rest-ing-place  
 FINE.  
 Thy head up - on my breast!" I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;  
 D.S.  
 And He hath made me glad.

- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold, I freely give  
 The living water, thirsty one,  
 Stoop down and drink and live."  
 I came to Jesus and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's light;  
 Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright."  
 I looked to Jesus and I found  
 In Him my star, my sun;  
 And in that light of life I'll walk  
 Till all my journey's done.

# Miscellaneous.

## 732 HOLY CROSS. C. M.

From MENDELSSOHN.

I Ap - proach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r;

There hum - bly fall be - fore his feet, For none can per - ish there.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Thy promise is my only plea,<br/>With this I venture nigh;<br/>Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,<br/>And such, O Lord, am I.</p> | <p>4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,<br/>That, sheltered near thy side,<br/>I may my fierce accuser face,<br/>And tell him Thou hast died.</p> |
| <p>3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,<br/>By Satan sorely pressed,<br/>By war without and fear within,<br/>I come to Thee for rest.</p> | <p>5 O wondrous love to bleed and die,<br/>To bear the cross and shame,<br/>That guilty sinners, such as I,<br/>Might plead thy gracious name.</p> |

J. Newton.

## 733 PRECIOUS NAME. 8s & 7s.

WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE.

I Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;

It will joy and com-fort give you; Take it, then, wher'er you go.



## Miscellaneous.

### CHORUS.

Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,  
Precious name, O how sweet!  
Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.  
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

Copyright, 1871, by BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever, When his loving arms receive us [CHO.  
As a shield from ev'ry snare; And his songs our tongues employ!—  
If temptations round you gather, [CHO.  
Breathe that holy name in prayer.— 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
Falling prostrate at his feet, [Him,  
3 O the precious name of Jesus! King of kings in heaven we'll crown  
How it thrills our souls with joy, When our journey is complete.—CHO.  
Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

### 734 SHINING SHORE. P. M.

GEORGE F. ROOT, 1859.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly,  
D.S.—just be-fore; the shin-ing shore

Those hours of toil and danger. For O we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over, And  
We may al-most dis-cov-er.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, That perfect rest naught can molest,  
Our heavenly home discerning; Where golden harps are ringing.—REF.  
Our absent Lord has left us word, 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
Let every lamp be burning.—REF. Each cord on earth to sever; [home  
3 Should coming days be cold and dark, Our King says, Come, and there's our  
We need not cease our singing; Forever, O forever.—REF.

# Miscellaneous.

## 735 MY REDEEMER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

I will sing of my Re-deem-er And his won-drous love to me;

On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.

CHORUS.

Sing, O sing . . . . . of my Re-deem-er, With his

Sing, O sing of my Redeem-er, Sing, O sing of my Redeem-er, With his

blood . . . . .

blood He purchased me, He purchased me; . . . . . On the cross . . . . . He sealed my

blood . . . . . He purchased me;

blood He purchased me, With his blood He purchased me, On the cross He sealed my pardon, On the

par-don, Paid the debt . . . . . And made me free, and made me free.

cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the debt and made me free,

Per. of Jno. Church Co.

- 2 I will tell the wondrous story,  
How my lost estate to save,  
In his boundless love and mercy,  
He the ransom freely gave.
- 3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,  
His triumphant pow'r I'll tell,

- How the victory He giveth  
Over sin and death and hell.
- 4 I will sing of my Redeemer  
And his heav'nly love to me;  
He from death to life hath bro't me,  
Son of God, with Him to be.

# Miscellaneous.

## 736 WHITER THAN SNOW.

WM. G. FISCHER, 1872.

i Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I would Thou for - ever should'st

live in my soul, Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now

CHORUS.

wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,

whit - er than snow; Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.

Per. of WM. G. FISCHER.

- 2 Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies,  
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;  
I give up myself and whatever I know,  
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.—CHO.
- 3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,  
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet;  
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow,  
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.—CHO.
- 4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;  
Come now, and within me a new heart create;  
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no,  
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.—CHO.



# Miscellaneous.

## 737 RESCUE THE PERISHING. P. M.

W. H. DOANE.

1 Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

Per. of BREGLOW & MAIN.

- 2 Though they are slighting Him,  
Still He is waiting,  
Waiting the penitent child to receive;  
Plead with them earnestly,  
Plead with them gently, [CHO.  
He will forgive if they only believe.—
- 3 Down in the human heart,  
Crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can  
restore;
- 4 Rescue the perishing,  
Duty demands it; [provide:  
Strength for thy labor the Lord will  
Back to the narrow way  
Patiently win them, [died.—CHO.  
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has  
Fanny J. Crosby.

# Miscellaneous.

738 NONE BUT JESUS. P. M.

ROBERT LOWRY.

I Weeping will not save me; Tho' my face were bath'd in tears, That could not al -

lay my fears, Could not wash the sins of years, Weep-ing will not save me.

CHORUS.

Je - sus wept and died for me, Je - sus suf - fer'd on the tree,

Je - sus waits to make me free, He a - lone can save me.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN

2 Working will not save me;  
Purest deeds that I can do,  
Honest thoughts and feelings too,  
Cannot form my soul anew,  
Working will not save me.—CHO.

3 Waiting will not save me;  
Helpless, guilty, lost I lie,  
In mine ear is mercy's cry;

If I wait I can but die,  
Waiting will not save me.—CHO.

4 Faith in Christ will save me;  
Let me trust thy weeping Son,  
Trust the work that He has done;  
To his arms, Lord, help me run,  
Faith in Christ will save me.—CHO.

R. Lowry.

# Miscellaneous.

## 739 I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR. P. M.

ROBERT LOWRY.

I I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like thine

### REFRAIN.

Can peace af - ford. I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I

need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 I need Thee every hour,  
Stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.—REF.

4 I need Thee every hour;  
Teach me thy will,  
And thy rich promises  
In me fulfil.—REF.

3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.—REF.

5 I need Thee every hour,  
Most holy One;  
O make me thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son.—REF.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks

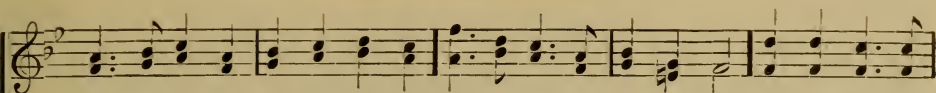
## 740 LIFE. 8s, 7s & 7s.

THOS. HASTINGS.

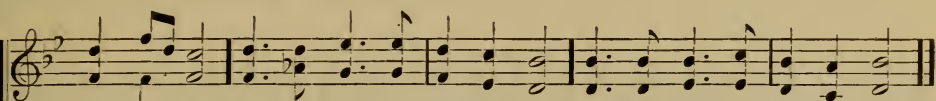
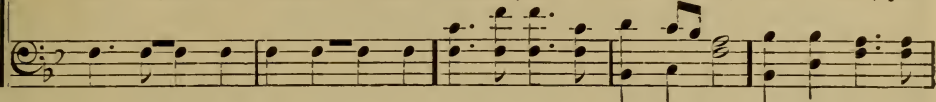
I Come to Cal - vary's ho - ly mount - ain, Sin - ners, ru - ined by the fall;



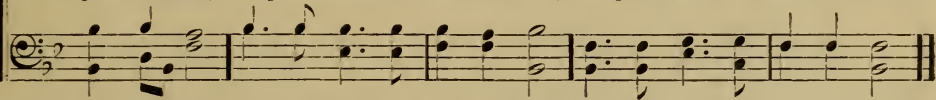
## Miscellaneous.



Here a pure and heal-ing fountain Flows to you, to me, to all, In a full, per -



pet - ual tide, O - pen'd when our Sav-iour died, O - pen'd when our Sav-iour died.



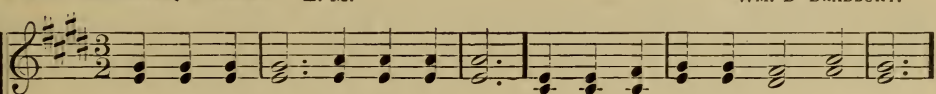
2 Come in sorrow and contrition,  
Wounded, impotent and blind;  
Here the guilty, free remission,  
Here the troubled, peace may find;  
Health this fountain will restore,  
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 He that drinks shall live forever,  
'Tis a soul-renewing flood;  
God is faithful, God will never  
Break his covenant in blood,  
Signed when our Redeemer died,  
Sealed when He was glorified.

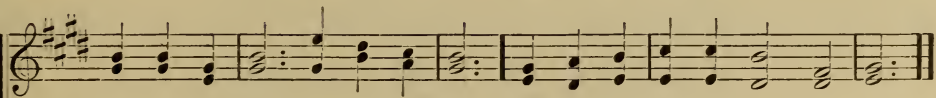
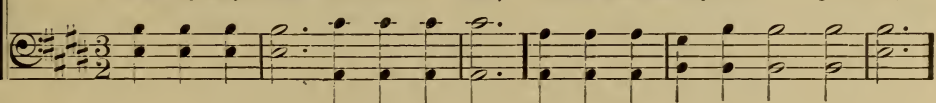
J. Montgomery.

## 741 NESTOR CHANT. L. M.

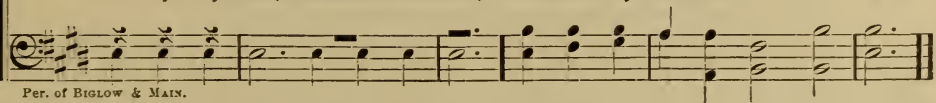
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 Take up thy cross, the Sav-iour said, If thou wouldst, my dis - ci - ple be;



De - ny thy - self, the world for-sake, And hum-bly fol - low af - ter Me.



Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Take up thy cross, let not its weight  
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;  
My strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
And brace thine heart and nerve thine  
arm.

'Twill guide thee to a better home  
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

3 Take up thy cross then in his strength  
And calmly every danger brave;

4 Take up thy cross and follow Him,  
Nor think till death to lay it down;  
For only he who bears the cross  
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Charles W. Everest, 1833.

# Miscellaneous.

742 HOME. IIS.

HENRY R. BISHOP, 1829.

1 { 'Mid scenes of con-fus-ion and crea-ture complaints, { To find at the  
 2 { How sweet to my soul is com-mun-ion with (Omit) saints; { And feel in the

ban-quet of mer-cy there's room,  
 pres-ence of Je-sus at (Omit.) home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

Pre-pare me, dear Sav-iour, for glo-ry, my home.

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,  
 And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease;  
 Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
 I long to behold Thee in glory at home.
- 3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
 O give me submission, and strength as my day;  
 In all mine afflictions to Thee would I come,  
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 4 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me thy grace,  
 The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;  
 Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne,  
 And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

David Denham, 1837.

743 BAXTER. 6s.

U. C. BURNAP, 1868.

1 My spir-it longs for Thee To dwell with-in my breast, Al-though un-wor-thy I

## Miscellaneous.

Of so di-vine a guest; Of so di-vine a guest Un-wor-thy tho' I be,

Yet hath my heart no rest, Un - til it come to Thee. A - men.

Per. of U. C. BURNAP.

- 2 Until it come to Thee,  
In vain I look around;  
In all that I can see  
No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found,  
But in thy bleeding love,  
O let my wish be crowned,  
And send it from above.

## 744 FREDERICK. IIS.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay } dark o'er the way; The few lu-rid  
Where stormaf-ter storm ris-es (Omit. ....)

morn-ings that dawn on us here Are e-nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer.

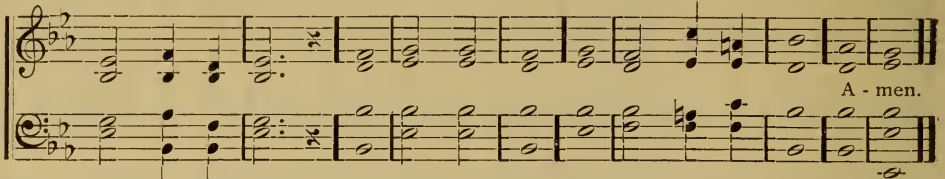
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,  
Temptation without and corruption within;  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;  
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;  
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise  
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God?  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.



# Miscellaneous.

## 745 CHANT.—THY WILL BE DONE.

LOWELL MASON.

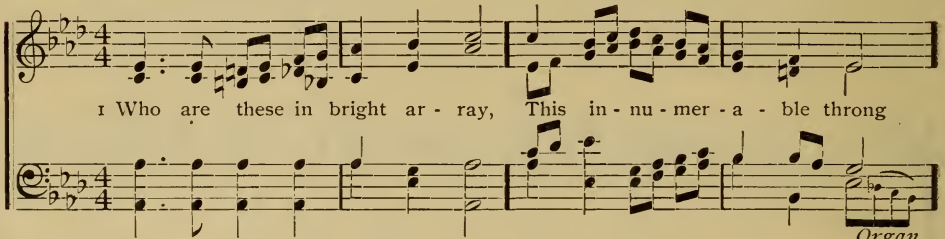


A - men.

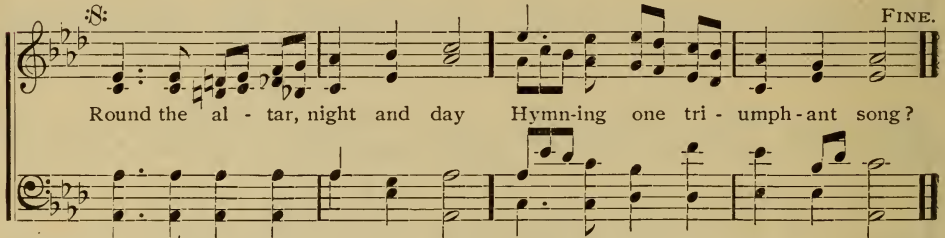
- 1 "Thy will be | done." || In devious      This prayer will make it more divine, |  
     way      "Thy will be | done."  
     The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ||  
     Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |      3 "Thy will be | done." || Tho' shrouded  
     "Thy will be | done."      o'er      [one  
     Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort,  
     Is ours, to breathe, while we adore, |  
     "Thy will be | done."

J. Bowring.

## 746 DAUCHY. 7s. D.



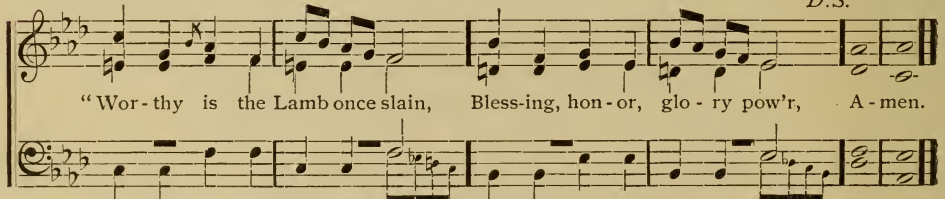
Organ.



FINE.

D.S.—Wis - dom, rich - es, to ob - tain, New do - min - ion ev - 'ry hour."

D.S.



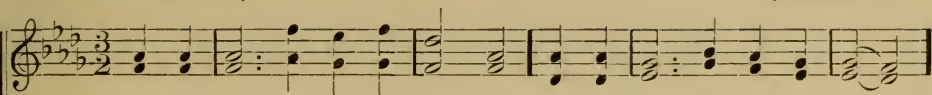
"Wor - thy is the Lamb once slain, Bless - ing, hon - or, glo - ry pow'r, A - men.

- 2 These through fiery trials trod,  
     These from great afflictions came;  
     Now, before the throne of God,  
     Sealed with his almighty name,  
     Clad in raiment pure and white,  
     Victor palms in every hand,  
     Through their dear Redeemer's might,  
     More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
     On immortal fruits they feed;  
     Them the Lamb amid the throne  
     Shall to living fountains lead;  
     Joy and gladness banish sighs,  
     Perfect love dispel all fears,  
     And forever from their eyes  
     God shall wipe away their tears.

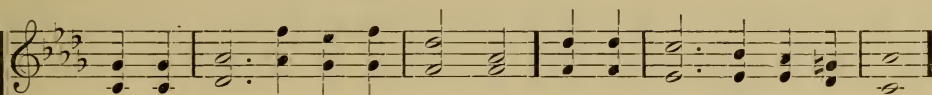
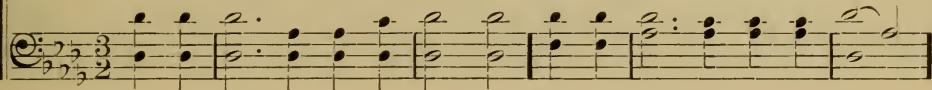
# Miscellaneous.

747 FABEN. 8s & 7s. D.

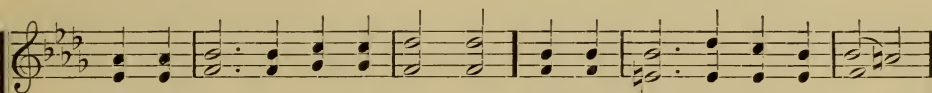
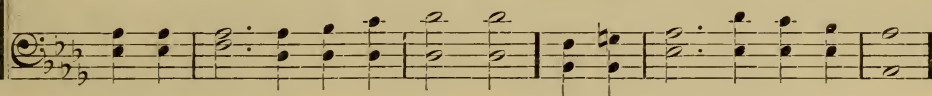
J. H. WILCOX.



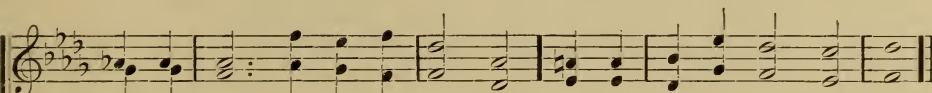
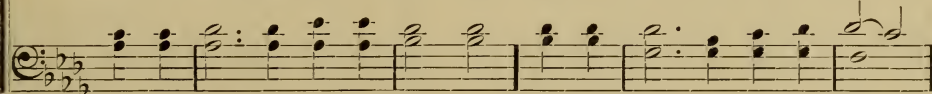
1 There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;



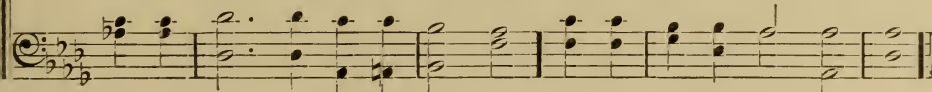
There's a kind - ness in his jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.



There is wel - come for the sin - ner And more gra - ces for the good,



There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour, There is heal - ing in his blood.



- 2 For the love of God is broader  
 Than the measure of man's mind;  
 And the heart of the eternal  
 Is most wonderfully kind.  
 If our love were but more simple,  
 We should take Him at his word;  
 And our lives would be all sunshine  
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. Faber.

# Miscellaneous.

748 HOUGHTON. 105 & 115.

WILLIAM GARDINER.

1 Though troubles as - sail and dangers af - fright, Tho' friends should all fail and

foes all u - nite, Yet one thing se - cures us, what - ev - er be - tide,

The prom - ise as - sures us, "The Lord will pro - vide."

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;  
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;  
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When life sinks apace and death is in view,  
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;  
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

J. Newton.

749 PROVIDENCE. P. M.

1 In some way or oth - er the Lord will pro - vide;



# Miscellaneous.

It may not be my way, It may not be thy way,

And yet in his own way "The Lord will provide."

- 2 At some time or other the Lord will  
It may not be my time, [provide;  
It may not be thy time,  
And yet in his own time  
"The Lord will provide."
- 3 Despond then no longer, the Lord will  
provide;  
And this be the token,
- 4 March on, then, right boldly, the sea shall  
The pathway made glorious, [divide;  
With shoutings victorious,  
We'll join in the chorus,  
"The Lord will provide."

Martha Walker Cook, 1864.

750 EDEN. 7s & 6s.

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK, 1865.

1 The voice that breath'd o'er E - den, That ear - liest wed - ding day,

The pri - mal marriage bless - ing, It hath not pass'd a - way. A - men.

- 2 Still in the pure espousal  
Of Christian man and maid,  
The holy Three are with us,  
The threefold grace is said.
- 3 O spread thy pure wing o'er them,  
Let no ill power find place,
- 4 When onward to thine altar  
Their hallowed path they trace,  
To cast their crowns before Thee  
In perfect sacrifice,  
Till to the home of gladness  
With Christ's own bride they rise.

John Keble, 1857.

# Miscellaneous.

## 751 HARLEM SQUARE. S. M.

D. S. HOLLINGSHEAD.

1 How wel - come was the call And sweet the fes - tal lay,

When Je - sus deign'd in Ca - na's hall To bless the mar - riage day.

2 O Lord of life and love,  
Come Thou again to-day,  
And bring a blessing from above  
That ne'er shall pass away.

Bless with the holier stream that flowed  
Forth from thy piercéd side.

3 O bless, as erst of old,  
The bridegroom and the bride;

4 Before thine altar throne  
This mercy we implore,  
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,  
So bless them evermore.

H. W. Baker, 1861.

## 752 WELLS. L. M.

I. HÖLDRAYD, 1753.

1 Come, gra-cious Lord, de-scend and dwell By faith and love in ev - 'ry breast;

Then shall we know and taste and feel The joy that can not be ex-pressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,  
Make our enlarged souls possess,  
And learn the height and breadth and length  
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do  
More than our thoughts and wishes know,  
Be everlasting honors done  
By all the Church, through Christ his Son.

Isaac Watts, 1674—1748

# Miscellaneous.

753 LOGOS. 6s & 4s.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1881.

I Glo-ry to God on high! Let heav'n and earth re-ply, "Praise ye his name;" His love and

grace a-dore, Who all our sor-rows bore; Sing loud for - ev - er-more, "Wor-thy the Lamb."

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 While they around the throne  
Cheerfully join in one,  
Praising his name,  
Ye who have felt his blood  
Sealing your peace with God,  
Sound his dear name abroad,  
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,  
Our Lord and God to bless,  
Praise ye his name;

In Him we will rejoice  
And make a joyful noise,  
Shouting with heart and voice,  
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Soon must we change our place,  
Yet will we never cease  
Praising his name;  
To Him our songs we bring,  
Hail Him our gracious King,  
And through all ages sing,  
"Worthy the Lamb."

J. Allen

754

1 O HOLY Lord, our God,  
By heavenly hosts adored,  
Hear us, we pray;  
To Thee the cherubim,  
Angels and seraphim  
Unceasing praises bring,  
Their homage pay.

2 Here give thy word success,  
And this thy servant bless,  
His labors own;

And while the sinner's friend  
His life and words commend,  
Thy Holy Spirit send  
And make Him known.

3 May every passing year  
More happy still appear  
Than this glad day;  
With numbers fill the place,  
Adorn thy saints with grace,  
Thy truth may all embrace,  
O Lord, we pray.

755 L. M.

1 GOD calling yet, shall I not hear?  
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?  
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,  
And will my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet, and shall He knock,  
And I my heart the closer lock?  
He still is waiting to receive,  
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

3 God calling yet, and shall I give  
No heed, but still in bondage live?  
I wait, but He does not forsake;  
He calls me still; my heart, awake.

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay,  
My heart I yield without delay;  
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;  
The voice of God hath reached my heart,  
Tersteegen, 1730. Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1854.



# Miscellaneous.

## 756 DE FLEURY. 8s. D.

GERMAN.  
FINE.

1 { How te-dious and taste-less the hours, When Je-sus no lon-ger I see! }  
The woodlands, the fields and the flow'rs Have all lost their sweetness to me. }

D.C.—His pres-ence can ban-ish my gloom And bid all with-in me re-joyce.

His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And soft-er than mu-sic his voice;

2 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
And Thou art my light and my song,  
Say, why do I languish and pine  
And why are my winters so long?

O drive these dark clouds from the sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
O bid me soar upward on high,  
Where winters and storms are no more.  
Newton.

## 757

1 MY Saviour, whom absent I love,  
Whom not having seen, I adore,  
Whose name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion and power,  
Dissolve Thou these bands that detain  
My soul from her portion in Thee;  
Ah! strike off this adamant chain  
And make me eternally free.

2 When that happy era begins,  
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,  
Nor grieve any more by my sins  
The bosom on which I recline,

O then shall the veil be removed,  
And round me thy brightness be poured;  
I shall meet Him, whom absent I loved,  
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.

3 And then never-more shall the fears,  
The trials, temptations and woes,  
Which darken this valley of tears,  
Intrude on my blissful repose;  
To Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone;  
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
And waft me away to his throne.

William Cowper.

## 758 ROSEDALE. L. M.

GEORGE F. ROOT, 1849.

1 Re-turn, O wan-der-er, re-turn, And seek an in-jured Fa-ther's face;

Those warm de-sires that in thee burn Were kin-dled by re-deem-ing grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And seek a Father's melting heart;  
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;

Go to his bleeding feet, and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And wipe away the falling tear;  
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.  
William B. Collyer, 1812

# Miscellaneous.

## 759 SWEET HOUR. L. M. D.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1816—1863.

1 { Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care, } wishes known;  
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and (Omit. . . . .)

2 FINE.

D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet (Omit. . . . .) hour of pray'r.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft-en found re-lief,

By per. of BIGLOW & MAIN

## 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,

Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless;  
And since He bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word and trust his grace,  
I'll cast on Him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

May I thy consolation share,  
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height  
I view my home and take my flight;  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
And shout while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

W. W. Walford, 1846.

## 760 WOODLAND. C. M.

J. E. GOULD.

1 There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There is a joy for

souls distress'd, A balm for ev-'ry wounded breast, 'Tis found a-lone in heav'n.

2 There is a home for weary souls,  
By sin and sorrow driven, [shoals,  
When tossed on life's tempestuous  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is dear but heaven.

And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye  
To brighter prospects given,

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom  
And joys supreme are given,  
There rays divine disperse the gloom;  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

# Chants.

## 761 TERSANCTUS.

CONTRIBUTED.

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Je-ho-vah of hosts, the whole earth is full of thy glo-ry, the whole earth is full of thy glory. Holy, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God the Al-might-y, Lord God the Al-might-y, who wast and who art, who wast and who art, who wast and who art, and who art to come. A - - - men.

## 762 GLORIA PATRI. No. 1.

GREATOR EX COL. IRR.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther and to the Son and to the Ho-ly Ghost, as it was in the be-gin-ning, is now and ev-er shall be, world with-out end. . . . A - men, A - men.



# Chants.

## 763 SERAPHIC HYMN.

HOWARD.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Sa - ba-oth; heav-en and earth are  
full, are full of the maj - es - ty of thy glo - ry. Ho - san - na, ho -  
san - na, ho - san - na in the high - est. Blessed is He that com - eth in the  
name of the Lord. Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the high - est.

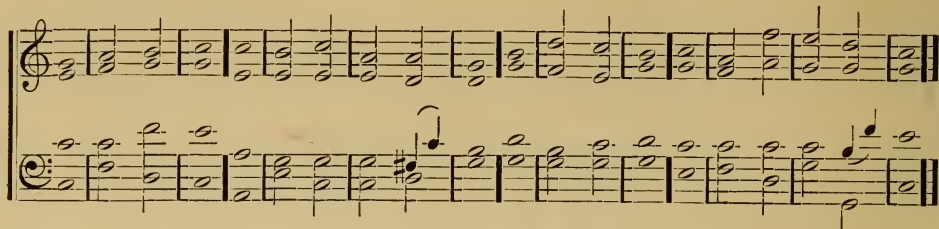
## 764 TRISAGION.

R. TAYLOR.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts; heav'n and earth are full of thy  
glo - ry. Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord most high. A - men, A - - men.

765 ADVENT CANTICLE.

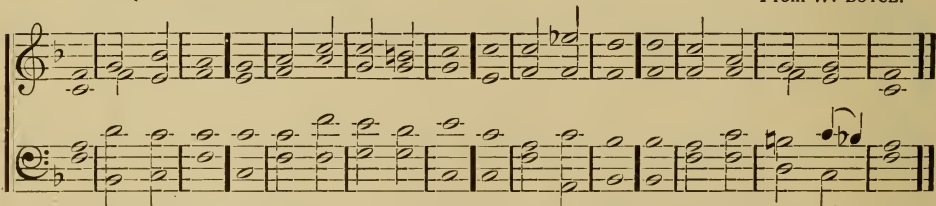
H. S.



- 1 Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the | end of the | earth, ||  
ye that go down to the sea, and | all that | is there— | in.  
Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift | up their | voice; || let the inhabit-  
ants of the rock sing, let them shout | from the | tops of the | mountains.
- 2 Let them give glory unto the Lord and declare his praise a- | mong the | hea-  
then. || The Lord hath | comforted | his— | people.  
He hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of | all— | nations; || and all the  
ends of the earth shall see the sal- | vation | of our | God.
- 3 Say to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy sal- | vation | cometh; || behold, his  
reward is with Him | and his | work be- | fore Him.  
Fear thou not, for | I am | with thee; || be not dismayed, for | I am | thy— | God.
- 4 I will strengthen thee, yea, I will | help— | thee. || Unto you that fear my name  
shall the sun of righteousness arise with | healing | in his | wings.  
The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all | flesh shall | see it. || Death  
shall be swallowed up in victory, and God will wipe a- | way all | tears from  
our | eyes.
- 5 And it shall be said in that day, Lo, | this is our | God; || we have waited for  
Him, | and— | He will | save us.  
This is the Lord; we have | waited for | Him; || we will be glad and re- | joice  
in | his sal- | vation.
- 6 Sanctify and prepare yourselves to look upon the glory of our God; for the |  
Lord— | cometh. || Prepare ye the way of the Lord and | make his | paths—  
| straight.  
Let us serve Him with gladness, and come before his | presence with | sing-  
ing. || Blessed is He that cometh in the | name— | of the | Lord.  
Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |  
A — | men.

766 CHRISTMAS CANTICLE.

From W. BOYCE.



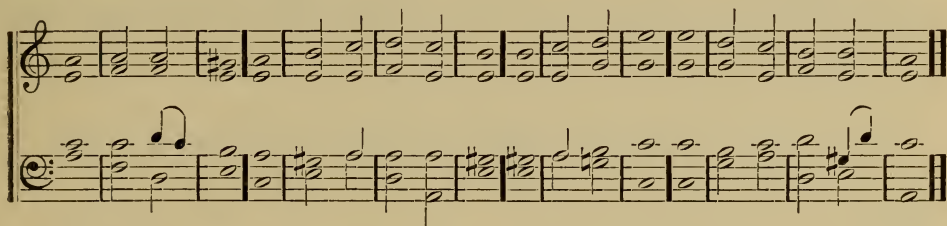
- 1 Behold, I bring you good tidings | of great | joy; || for unto you is born this day  
a Saviour, | which is | Christ the | Lord.  
Glory to God | in the | highest, || and on earth, | peace, good- | will toward | men.
- 2 The Lord hath remembered his | cove- | nant || and sent sal- | vation | to his |  
people.  
Israel is saved | by the | Lord || with an | ever- | lasting sal- | vation.

## Chants.

- 3 This is the Lord's doing, and marvelous | in our | eyes. || This is the day the Lord hath made; we will rejoice | and be | glad in | it.  
Let the voice of rejoicing and sal- | vation be | heard || in the taber- | nacles | of the | righteous.
- 4 Blessed is He that cometh in the name | of the | Lord. || Blessed be the king-  
dom of our father David. Ho- | sanna | in the | highest.  
Open to me the gates of righteousness, I will enter in and | praise the | Lord, ||  
and say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth. Let the multitudes of the  
| isles be | glad there- | of.
- 5 Let the heavens rejoice and let the | earth be | glad. || He shall judge the world  
with righteousness and the | people | with his | truth.  
Blessed be his glorious name for- | ever and | ever; || and let the whole earth  
be | filled with | his— | glory.  
Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |  
A— | men.

### 767 GOOD FRIDAY CANTICLE.

From S. BACH.



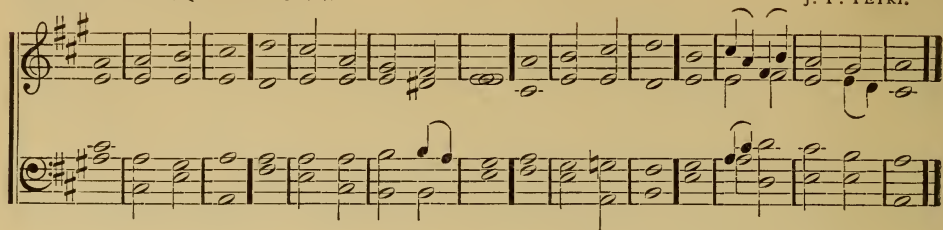
- 1 Christ our Passover was offered for us | on this | day. || He was delivered for |  
our of- | fen— | ses.  
He bore our sins in his own body | on the | tree, || and the Lord hath laid on  
Him the in- | iquit-y | of us | all.
- 2 He hath trodden the winepress alone, and of the people | there was none | with  
Him. || He was taken from prison and from judgment; He was cut off | out of  
the | land of the | living.  
Thou wast slain, and hast re- | deem-ed | us || out of every kindred and tongue  
and | people | and— | nation.
- 3 Thou hast loved us, and washed us from our sins in | thine own | blood, || and  
hast made us unto our God | kings— | and— | priests.  
Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain || to receive power and riches and wisdom  
and strength and honor and glory, for | ever and | ev— | er.
- 4 Now is come sal- | vation and | strength, || and the kingdom of our God and  
the | power of | his— | Christ.  
Death shall be swallowed | up in | victory, || and God shall wipe away all |  
tears— | from our | eyes.  
Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |  
A— | men.



# Chants.

## 768 EASTER CANTICLE.

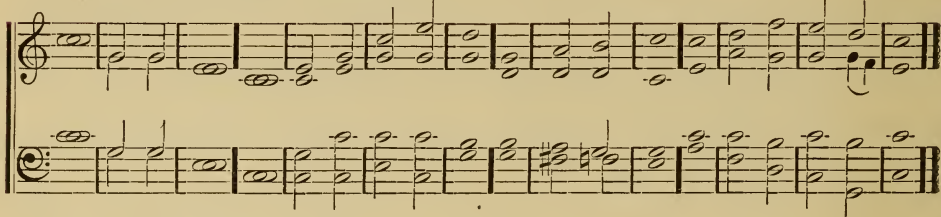
J. F. PETRI.



- 1 Christ our Passover | has-- | risen. || He was dead, and behold He is alive for-  
evermore, and hath the keys of | hell— | and of | death.  
Christ our Passover was dead, a sacrifice | for our | sins. || He was put to death  
in the flesh, but was | quickened | by the | Spirit.
- 2 Christ is risen from the dead, and henceforth | dieth no | more; || death hath no  
more do- | minion | over | Him.  
He died unto sin once, but now He liveth | unto | God; || the Prince of life  
could not be | holden | of— | death.
- 3 God did not leave his soul | in the | grave, || nor suffer his holy One to | see— |  
cor— | ruption.  
Christ is risen, the first-fruits of | them that | slept. || Since by man came death,  
by man came also the resur- | rection | of the | dead.
- 4 Death is swallowed | up for- | ever. || O death, | where— | is thy | sting?  
O grave, | where is thy | victory? || Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the  
victory, | through our Lord | Jesus | Christ.  
Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |  
A— | men.

## 769 ASCENSION DAY CANTICLE.

Arr. by J. F. P.



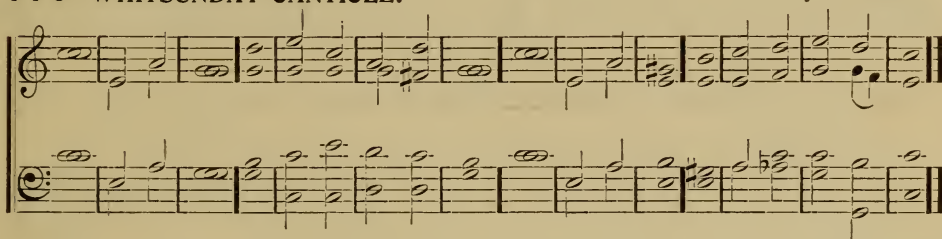
- 1 O clap your hands, | all ye | people. || Shout unto God with the | voice— | of—  
| triumph.  
God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound | of a | trumpet. || Lift up  
your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the  
King of | glory | shall come | in.
- 2 Who is this | King of | glory? || The Lord, strong and mighty; | He is the | King  
of | glory.  
Sing praises to God and unto our King, | sing— | praises, || for He is the | King  
of | all the | earth.
- 3 God reigneth | over the | heathen; || He sitteth upon the | throne of | his— |  
holiness.  
Let all the world bow | down be- | fore Him, || and all the angels of | God— |  
worship | Him.

## Chants.

- 4 Thy throne, O God, is for- | ever and | ever; || the scepter of thy kingdom | is  
a | right— | scepter.  
Thou lovest righteousness and | hatest | wickedness; || therefore God, thy God,  
hath anointed Thee with the oil of | gladness a- | bove thy | fellows.
- 5 Thou hast ascended on high; Thou hast led captivity captive. Thou hast  
received | gifts for | men. || Thou hast entered into thy Father's house to  
pre- | pare a | mansion for | us.  
Thou hast prepared thy throne | in the | heavens, || and thy kingdom | ruleth  
| over | all.  
Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |  
A— | men.

### 770 WHITSUNDAY CANTICLE.

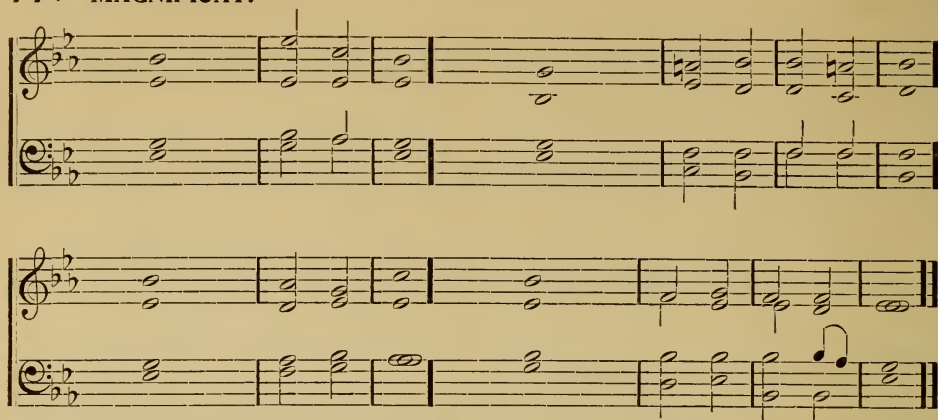
J. F. PETRI.



- 1 Let us praise the Lord, and ex- | alt his | goodness. || Let us come before Him  
with songs of | praise and | hymns of thanks- | giving.  
God hath raised up his holy child Jesus, who, being by his right hand exalted,  
shed forth the promise of the Holy Ghost up- | on the a- | postles, || so  
that they spake with new tongues, and wrought signs and | wonders | in  
his | name.
- 2 He gave power to the testimony | of his | servants. || The kingdoms of the  
earth, the people and | nations have | heard his | voice,  
And have rendered obedience | unto our | Lord || and | to— | his— | Christ.
- 3 We render thanks unto | Thee, O | Lord, || who art the Alpha and Omega, the |  
first— | and the | last,  
That Thou hast re- | vealed thy | power || and entered | upon | thy— |  
kingdom.
- 4 Thou hast sent unto | us the | Comforter, || even the Spirit of truth, that He  
may a- | bide with | us for- | ever.  
Thou hast sent the Spirit of thy Son into our hearts, whereby we cry unto  
Thee, | Abba, | Father. || It is the Spirit which witnesseth with our spirits  
that | we are the | children of | God.
- 5 The Spirit also helpeth | our in- | firmities, || and with groanings which cannot  
be uttered | maketh inter- | cession | for us.  
We wait for the redemption | of our | body || and for the manifestation of the  
glorious liberty | of the | sons of | God.
- 6 The Spirit is the earnest and pledge of | our in- | heritance, || whereby also we  
are sealed | unto the | day of re- | demption.  
O Lord, we praise Thee, and | render Thee | thanks || that Thou hast | given |  
us the | Spirit.  
Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |  
A— | men.

# Chants.

## 771 MAGNIFICAT.

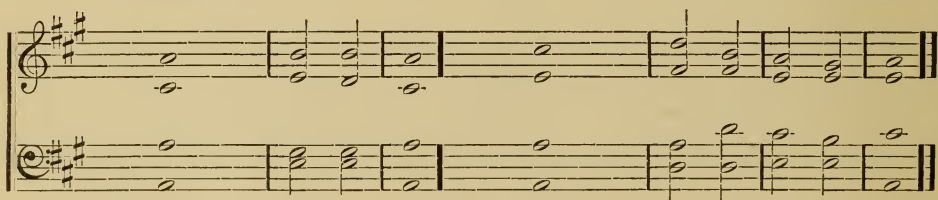


St. Luke i: 46.

- 1 My soul doth magni- | fy the | Lord, || and my spirit hath re- | joiced in | God  
my | Saviour.  
For He | hath re- | garded || the low e- | state of | his hand- | maiden.
- 2 For behold, | from hence- | forth || all gene- | rations shall | call me | blessed.  
For He | that is | mighty || hath done to me great things, and | holy | is his |  
name.
- 3 And his mercy is on them | that fear | Him, || from gene- | ration | to gene- |  
ration.  
He hath shewed strength | with his | arm; || He hath scattered the proud in the  
imagi- | nation | of their | hearts;
- 4 He hath put down the mighty | from their | seats, || and exalted | them of | low  
— | degree.  
He hath filled the hungry | with good | things, || and the rich He | hath sent |  
empty a- | way.
- 5 He hath holpen his | servant | Israel, || in re- | membrance | of his | mercy,  
As He spake | to our | fathers, || to Abraham, | and his | seed for- | ever.  
Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever | shall be, || world without | end.— |  
A- | men.

## 772 BENEDICTUS.

HENRY SCHWING.



- 1 Blessed be the Lord | God of | Israel, || for He hath visited | and re- | deemed  
his | people,
- 2 And hath raised up a horn of sal- | vation | for us || in the house | of his | ser-  
vant | David,
- 3 As He spake by the mouth of his | holy | prophets, || which have been | since  
the | world-be- | gan,



## Chants.

- 4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies || and from the | hand of | all  
that | hate us;
- 5 To perform the mercy promised | to our | fathers, || and to remember his | holy  
| cove- | nant,
- 6 The oath | which He | sware || to our | father | Abra- | ham,
- 7 That He would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand | of  
our | enemies, || might | serve Him | without | fear,
- 8 In holiness and righteousness be- | fore— | Him, || all the | days— | of our | life.
- 9 And Thou, child, shalt be called the Prophet | of the | Highest; | for Thou shalt  
go before the face of the Lord to pre- | pare— | his— | ways,
- 10 To give knowledge of salvation | unto his | people, || by the re- | mission | of  
their | sins,
- 11 Through the tender mercy | of our | God; || whereby the day-spring from on |  
high hath | visited | us,
- 12 To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the | shadow of | death, || to  
guide our feet | into the | way of | peace.  
Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |  
A— | men.

### 773 NUNC DIMITTIS.



- 1 Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant de- | part in | peace, || ac- | cording | to  
thy | word.
- 2 For mine eyes have seen | thy sal- | vation, || which Thou hast prepared be- |  
for the | face of all | people,
- 3 To be a light to | lighten the | Gentiles || and to be the glory of thy | people |  
Isra- | el. Glory be to the Father, etc.

### 774

Isaiah, 53.

- 1 He was wounded for | our trans- | gressions; || He was bruised for | our in- |  
iqui- | ties.
- 2 The chastisement of our peace | was upon | Him, || and with his | stripes— |  
we are | healed.
- 3 All we like sheep have | gone a- | stray; || we have turned every | one to | his  
own | way;
- 4 And the Lord hath | laid on | Him || the in- | iquity | of us | all.
- 5 He was oppressed and He | was af- | flicted, || yet He | opened | not his |  
mouth.
- 6 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her | shearers  
is | dumb, || so He opened | not his | mouth.  
Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |  
A— | men.

# Chants.

## 775 DOMINUS REGIT ME.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792—1872.

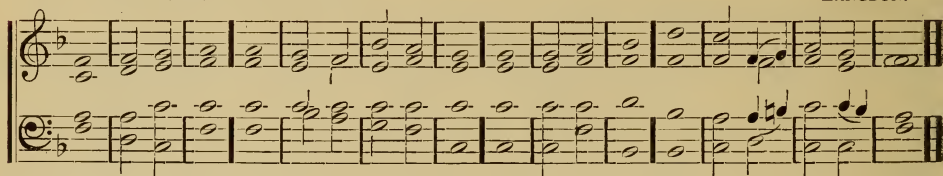


Psalm 23.

- 1 The Lord | is my | Shepherd; || I | shall— | not— | want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in | green— | pastures; ||  
He leadeth me be- | side the | still— | waters;
- 3 He re- | storeth my | soul; ||  
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for his | name's— | sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil; ||  
For Thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff they | comfort | me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine | enemies; ||  
Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup— | runneth | over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of my | life; ||  
And I will dwell in the | house of the | Lord for- | ever.  
Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

## 776 MISERERE MEI DEUS.

LANGDON.

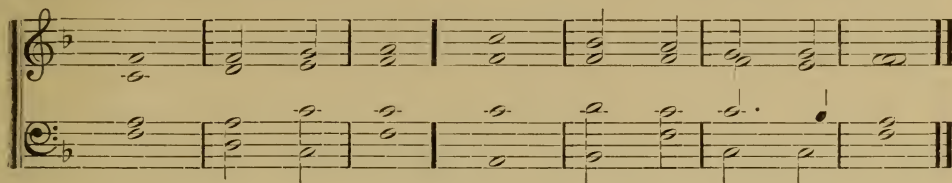


Psalm 51.

- 1 Have mercy upon me, | O— | God, || according to | thy— | loving- | kindness;  
According unto the multitude of thy | tender | mercies || blot | out— | my trans- | gressions.
- 2 Wash me thoroughly | from mine | iniquity, || and | cleanse me | from my | sin.  
For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions, || and my sin is | ever be- | fore— | me.
- 3 Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil | in thy | sight; || that Thou might-  
est be justified when Thou speakest, and be | clear when | Thou judg- | est.  
Behold, I was | shapen in | iniquity, || and in sin did my | mother con- | ceive— | me.
- 4 Behold, Thou desirest truth in the | inward | parts; || and in the hidden part Thou shalt |  
make me | to know | wisdom.  
Purge me with hyssop and I | shall be | clean; || wash me and I shall be | whi— | ter than |  
snow.
- 5 Make me hear | joy and | gladness, || that the bones which Thou hast | broken | may  
re- | joice.  
Hide thy face | from my | sins, || and blot | out all | mine in- | iquities.
- 6 Create in me a clean | heart, O | God, || and renew a right | spirit with- | in— | me.  
Cast me not | away | from thy | presence, || and take not thy | Holy | Spirit | from me.
- 7 Restore unto me the joy of | thy sal- | vation, || and uphold me | with thy | free— | Spirit.  
Then will I teach transgressors | thy— | ways, || and sinners shall be con- | verted | unto  
| Thee.
- 8 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou God of | my sal- | vation, || and my tongue  
shall sing aloud | of thy | righteous- | ness.  
O Lord, open | Thou my | lips, || and my mouth shall | shew forth | thy— | praise.
- 9 For Thou desirest not sacrifice, else | would I | give it; || Thou delightest | not in | burnt— |  
offering.  
The sacrifices of God are a | broken | spirit; || a broken and a contrite heart, O God, | Thou  
wilt | not de- | spise.
- 10 Do good in thy good pleasure | unto | Zion; || build Thou the walls | of Je- | rusa- | lem.  
Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and |,  
whole burnt | offering; || then shall they offer bullocks | upon | thine— | altar.  
Glory be to the Father, etc.

## 777 DEUS MISEREATUR.

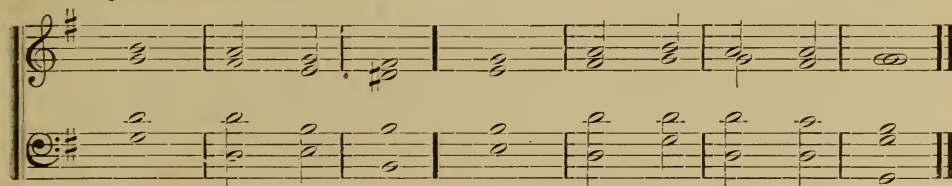
RICHARD FARRANT, 1530—1580.



Psalm 67.

- 1 God be merciful unto | us and | bless us, ||  
And cause his | face to | shine up- | on us;
- 2 That thy way may be | known upon | earth, ||  
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
- 3 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God, ||  
Let | all the | people | praise Thee.
- 4 O let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy, ||  
For Thou shalt judge the people righteously and govern the | nations | upon |  
earth.
- 5 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God, ||  
Let | all the | people | praise Thee.
- 6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase, ||  
And God, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.
- 7 God | shall— | bless us, ||  
And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear— | Him.  
Glory be to the Father, etc.

## 778 QUAM DILECTA.



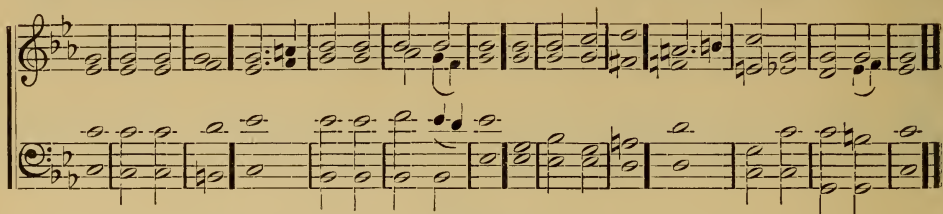
Psalm 84.

- 1 How amiable are thy | taber- | nacles, ||  
O | Lord— | of— | hosts!
- 2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the | courts of the | Lord; ||  
My heart and my flesh crieth out | for the | living | God.
- 3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where  
she may | lay her | young, ||  
Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my | King— | and my | God.
- 4 Blessed are they that dwell | in thy | house; ||  
They will be | still— | praising | Thee.
- 5 Behold, O | God our | shield, ||  
And look upon the | face of | thine a- | nointed.
- 6 For a day in thy courts is better | than a | thousand. ||  
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the | tents  
of | wicked- | ness.
- 7 For the Lord God is a | sun and | shield; ||  
The Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from | them  
that | walk up- | rightly.
- 8 O | Lord of | hosts, ||  
Blessed is the | man that | trusteth in | Thee.  
Glory be to the Father, etc.



779 DOMINE, REFUGIUM.

FROM BEETHOVEN. By J. GOSS.

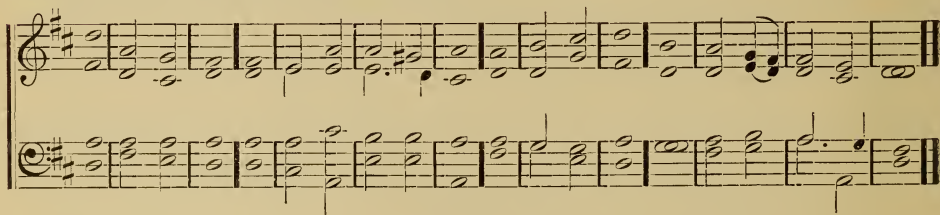


Psalm 90.

- 1 Lord, Thou hast been our | dwelling | place || in | all— | gen-e- | rations.  
Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth  
| and the | world, || even from everlasting to ever- | lasting | Thou art | God.
- 2 Thou turnest man | to de- | struction || and sayest, Re- | turn, ye | children of  
| men.  
For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday | when it is | past || and as  
a | watch— | in the | night.
- 3 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they | are as a | sleep; || in the morn-  
ing they are like | grass which | groweth | up;  
In the morning it flourisheth and | groweth | up; || in the evening it is cut | down  
and | wither- | eth.
- 4 For all our days are passed away | in thy | wrath; || we spend our years as a |  
tale— | that is | told.  
The days of our years are threescore | years and | ten; || and if by reason of |  
strength they be | fourscore | years,
- 5 Yet is their strength | labor and | sorrow, || for it is soon cut off | and we | fly  
a- | way.  
So teach us to | number our | days, || that we may apply our | hearts— | unto |  
wisdom.  
Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ev-er | shall be, || world without | end.— |  
A — | men.

780 VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

DR. BOYCE.



Psalm 95.

- 1 O come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord; || let us make a joyful noise to the | rock  
of | our sal- | vation.  
Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving, || and make a joyful  
noise | unto | Him with | psalms.
- 2 For the Lord is a | great— | God || and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.  
In his hand are the deep places | of the | earth; || the strength of the | hills is |  
his— | also.
- 3 The sea is his | and He | made it, || and his hands | formed the | dry— | land.  
O come, let us worship | and bow | down, || let us kneel be- | fore the | Lord  
our | maker.

## Chants.

- 4 For He | is our | God, || and we are the people of his pasture and the | sheep  
of | his— | hand.

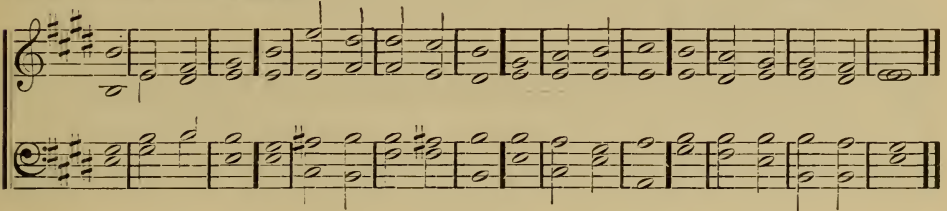
To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts as in the provocation,  
and as the day of temptation | in the | wilder- | ness, || when your fathers  
tempted me | proved me and | saw my | work.

- 5 Forty years long was I grieved with this gene- | ration, and | said,  
It is a people that do err in their heart and they | have not | known my | ways,  
Unto whom I swear | in my | wrath,  
That they should not | enter in- | to my | rest.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

### 781 CANTATE DOMINO.

DR. RANDALL.



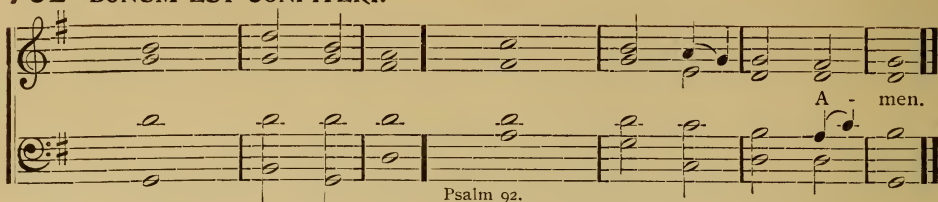
Psalm 98.

- 1 O sing unto the Lord a | new— | song, || for He hath | done— | marvelous |  
things;  
His right hand and his | holy | arm || hath | gotten | Him the | victory.
- 2 The Lord hath made known | his sal- | vation; || his righteousness hath He  
openly showed in the | sight— | of the | heathen.  
He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the | house of | Israel; ||  
all the ends of the earth have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.
- 3 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all the | earth; || make a loud noise and  
re- | joice— | and sing | praise.  
Sing unto the Lord | with the | harp, || with the harp and the | voice— | of a |  
psalm.
- 4 With trumpets and | sound of | cornet || make a joyful noise be- | fore the |  
Lord, the | King.  
Let the sea roar and the | fulness there- | of, || the world and | they that | dwell  
there- | in.
- 5 Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the |  
Lord; || for He | cometh to | judge the | earth.  
With righteousness shall He | judge the | world, || and the | people | with— |  
equity.

Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |  
A — | men.

## Chants.

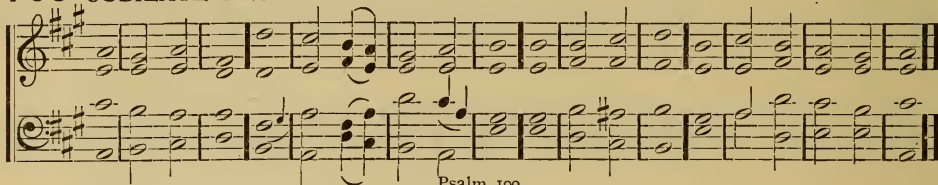
### 782 BONUM EST CONFITERI.



Psalm 92.

- 1 It is a good thing to give thanks un- | to the | Lord, || and to sing praises unto thy | name,— | O Most | High,
- 2 To show forth thy loving kindness | in the | morning || and thy | faithfulness | every | night,
- 3 Upon an instrument of ten strings and up- | on the | psaltery, || upon the harp | with a | solemn | sound.
- 4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through thy | work; || I will triumph in the | works— | of thy | hands. Glory be to the Father, etc.

### 783 JUBILATE DEO.



Psalm 100.

- 1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands. || Serve the Lord with glad-ness; come be- | fore his | presence with | singing.  
Know ye that the Lord | He is | God; || it is He that hath made us, | and not | we our- | selves;
- 2 We | are his | people || and the | sheep— | of his | pasture.  
Enter into his gates | with thanks- | giving, || and | into his | courts with | praise.
- 3 Be thankful | unto | Him, || and | bless— | his— | name.  
For the Lord is good; his mercy is | ever- | lasting, || and his truth endureth to | all— | gene- | rations.. Glory be to the Father, etc.

### 784 BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA.

T. NORRIS.



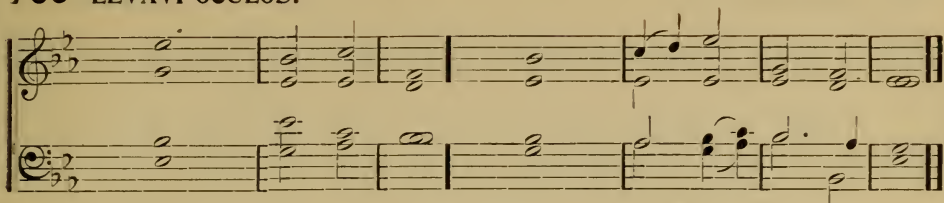
Psalm 103.

- 1 Bless the Lord, | O my | soul, || and all that is within me | bless his | holy | name.  
Bless the Lord, | O my | soul, || and forget not | all his | ben-e- | fits;
- 2 Who forgiveth all | thine in- | iquities; || who | healeth all | thy dis- | eases;  
Who redeemeth thy life | from de- | struction; || who crowneth thee with loving | kindness and | tender | mercies.
- 3 The Lord hath prepared his throne | in the | heavens, || and his kingdom | ruleth | over | all.  
Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that ex- | cel in | strength, || that do his com-  
mandments, hearkening unto the | voice of— | his | word.
- 4 Bless ye the Lord, all | ye his | hosts, || ye ministers of | his, that | do his | pleasure.  
Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of | his do- | minion; || bless the | Lord,— | O my | soul. Glory be to the Father, etc



# Chants.

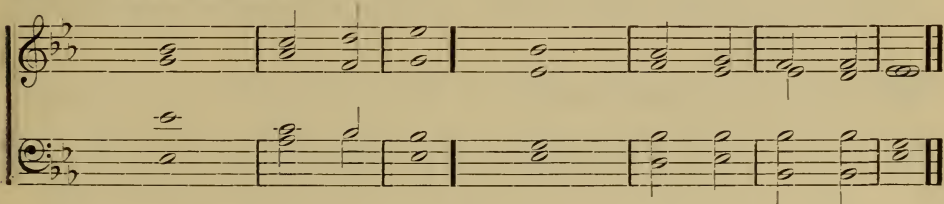
## 785 LEVAVI OCULOS.



Psalm 121.

- 1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh my | help. ||  
My help cometh from the Lord, | which made | heaven and | earth.
  - 2 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; He that keepeth thee | will not | slumber. ||  
Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall | neither | slumber nor | sleep.
  - 3 The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon | thy right | hand; ||  
The sun shall not smite thee by day | nor the | moon by | night.
  - 4 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He shall pre- | serve thy | soul. ||  
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth,  
and | even for- | ever- | more.
- Glory be to the Father, etc.

## 786 LAETATUS SUM.



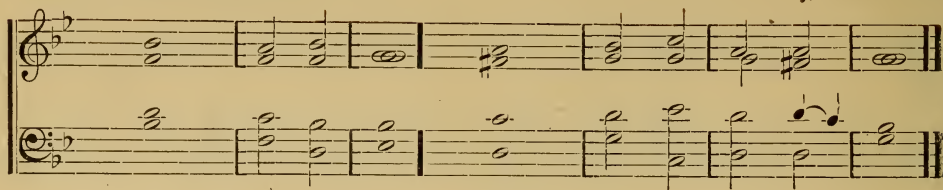
Psalm 122.

- 1 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the | house of the | Lord. ||  
Our feet shall stand within thy gates, | O Je- | rusa- | lem.
  - 2 Jerusalem is builded | as a | city ||  
That | is com- | pact to— | gether,
  - 3 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes | of the | Lord, ||  
Unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks | unto the | name of the | Lord.
  - 4 For there are set | thrones of | judgment, ||  
The | thrones of the | house of | David.
  - 5 Pray for the peace | of Je- | rusalem; ||  
They shall | prosper that | love— | Thee.
  - 6 Peace be with- | in thy | walls ||  
And prosperity with- | in thy | pala- | ces.
  - 7 For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes, ||  
I will now say, | Peace be with- | in— | thee.
  - 8 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God ||  
I will | seek— | thy— | good.
- Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |  
A— | men.

# 787 DE PROFUNDIS.

## Chants.

J. F. PETRI.

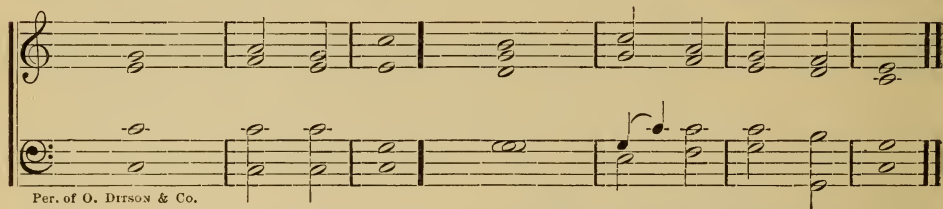


Psalm 130.

- 1 Out of the depths have I cried unto | Thee, O | Lord. || Lord, | hear— | my—  
| voice.
- 2 Let thine ears | be at- | tentive || to the voice of my | suppli- | cations.
- 3 If Thou, Lord, shouldst | mark in- | iquities, || O | Lord,— | who shall | stand?
- 4 But there is for- | giveness | with Thee, || that | Thou— | mayest be | feared.
- 5 I wait for the Lord, my | soul doth | wait, || and in his | word— | do I | hope.
- 6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch | for the | morning; || I  
say more than | they that | watch for the | morning.
- 7 Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the Lord | there is | mercy, || and with |  
Him is | plenteous re- | demption.
- 8 And He shall re- | deem— | Israel || from | all— | his in- | iquities.  
Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |  
A— | men.

# 788 I AM THE RESURRECTION.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

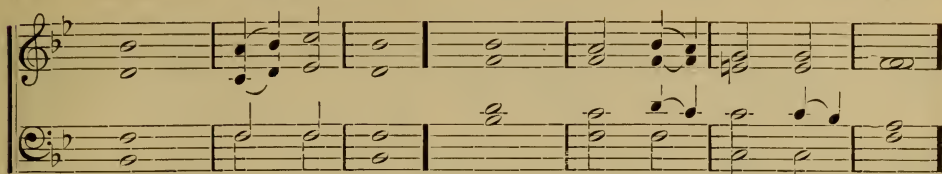


- 1 I am the resurrection and the life, | saith the | Lord; || he that believeth in Me,  
though he were | dead, yet | shall he | live.
- 2 And whosoever | liv- — | eth || and believeth in | Me shall | never | die.
- 3 None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth | to him- | self; || for whether we  
live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we | die un- | to the | Lord;
- 4 Whether we live therefore or die, we | are the | Lord's; || for to this end Christ  
both died and rose and revived, that He might be Lord | both of the | dead  
and | living.
- 5 And now is Christ risen | from the | dead, || and become the first- | fruits of |  
them that | slept.
- 6 O death, where | is thy | sting? || O grave, where | is thy | victo- | ry?
- 7 Thanks be to God, which giveth | us the | victory || through our Lord | Jesus |  
Christ. A- | men.  
Glory be to the Father and | to the Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |  
A— | men.

# Chants.

## 789 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

GREGORIAN.



Glory be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.  
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | wor-ship | Thee, || we glorify Thee, we give thanks to |  
Thee for | thy great | glory.



O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Fa-ther | Al- | mighty,  
O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ, || O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son- | of the  
| Father,



That take away the | sin of the | world, || have mercy | up-on- | us.  
Thou that take away the | sin of the world, || have mercy | up-on- | us.  
Thou that take away the | sin of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.  
Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God, the | Father, || have mercy | up-on- | us.

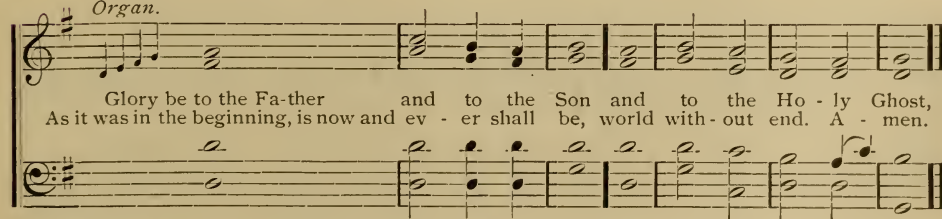


A - men.

For Thou only | art- | holy, || Thou | only | art the | Lord.  
Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory of | God the |  
Father. || A- | men.

## GLORIA PATRI. No. 2.

*Organ.*



Glory be to the Fa-ther and to the Son and to the Ho - ly Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.



# Chants.

## 790 JUST AS I AM.

Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come. A - men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Just as I am, and   waiting   not<br/>To rid my soul of   one dark   blot,<br/>To Thee, whose blood can   cleanse each<br/>  spot,<br/>O   Lamb of   God,   I come.</p>  | <p>Yea, all I need, in   Thee to   find,<br/>O   Lamb of   God,   I come.</p>  |
| <p>3 Just as I am, though   tossed a-   bout<br/>With many a conflict,   many a   doubt,<br/>Fighting and fears with-   in, with-   out,<br/>O   Lamb of   God,   I come.</p> | <p>5 Just as I am Thou   wilt re-   ceive,<br/>Wilt welcome, pardon,   cleanse, re-  <br/>lieve;<br/>Because thy promise   I be-   lieve,<br/>O   Lamb of   God,   I come.</p> |
| <p>4 Just as I am, poor,   wretched,   blind,<br/>Sight, riches, healing   of the   mind,</p>   | <p>6 Just as I am; thy   love un-   known<br/>Has broken every   barrier   down;<br/>Now to be thine, yea,   thine a-   lone,<br/>O   Lamb of   God,   I come.</p>             |

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

## 791 KYRIE.

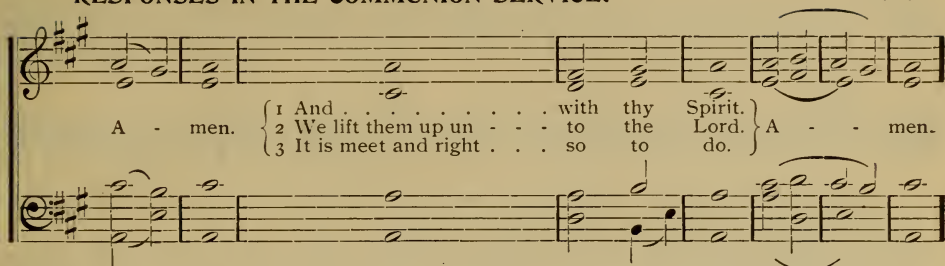
O God, the Father in heaven, have mer - cy up - on us; O God, the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mer - cy up - on us;

O God, the Holy Ghost, have mer - cy up - on us, and grant us thy peace. A - men.

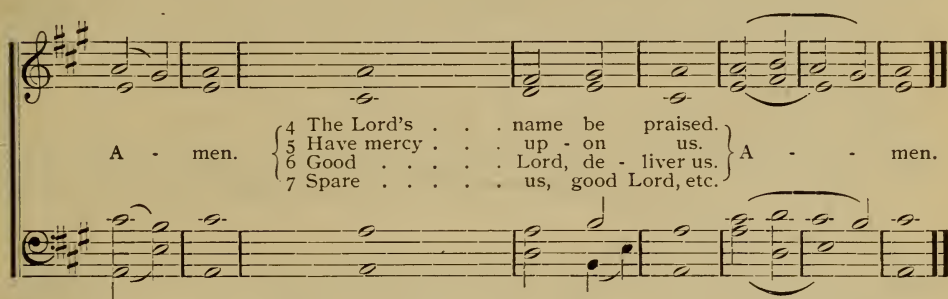
# Responses and Chants.

## RESPONSES IN THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

H. S.



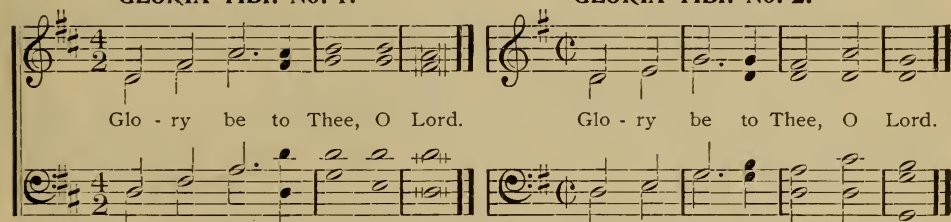
A - men. {  
 1 And . . . with thy Spirit.  
 2 We lift them up un . . . to the Lord.  
 3 It is meet and right . . . so to do. } A - - men.



A - men. {  
 4 The Lord's . . . name be praised.  
 5 Have mercy . . . up - on us.  
 6 Good . . . Lord, de - liver us.  
 7 Spare . . . us, good Lord, etc. } A - - men.

### GLORIA TIBI. No. 1.

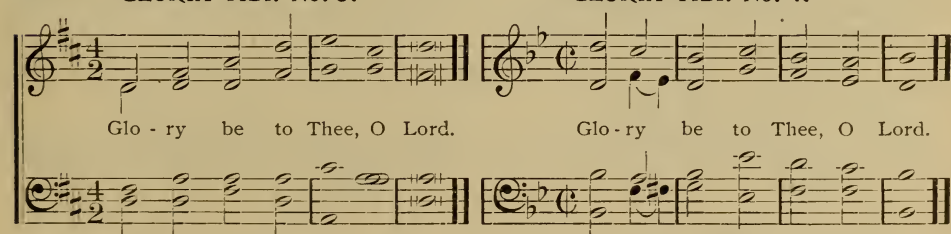
### GLORIA TIBI. No. 2.



Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord. Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.

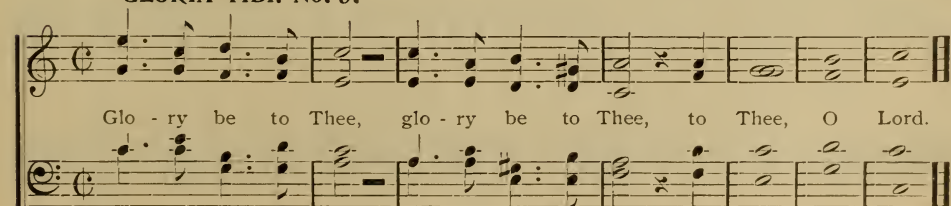
### GLORIA TIBI. No. 3.

### GLORIA TIBI. No. 4.



Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord. Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.

### GLORIA TIBI. No. 5.



Glo - ry be to Thee, glo - ry be to Thee, to Thee, O Lord.

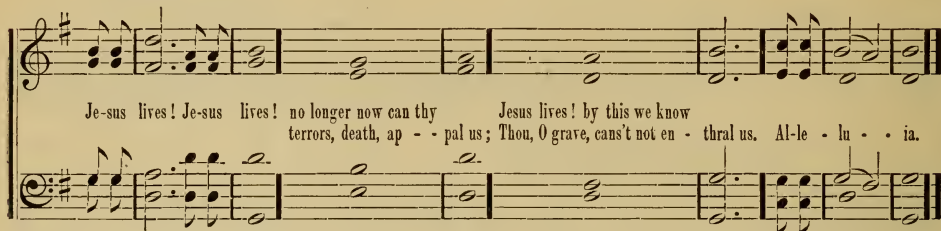
## Responses and Chants.

### 792 FUNERAL CHANT.



- 1 I | am the resurrection and the life, | saith the | Lord; || he that believeth in Me,  
though he were | dead, yet | shall he | live.  
2 And | whosoever | liv- — | eth || and believeth in | Me shall | never | die.  
3 None of us | liveth to himself, and no man dieth | to him- | self; || for whether we  
live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we | die un- | to the | Lord.  
4 Whether | we live therefore or die, we | are the | Lord's; || for to this end Christ  
both died and rose and revived, that He might be Lord | both of the | dead  
and | living.  
5 And | now is Christ risen | from the | dead, || and become the first- | fruits of |  
them that | slept.  
6 O | death, where | is thy | sting? || O grave, where | is thy | victo- | ry?  
7 Thanks | be to God, which giveth | us the | victory || through our Lord | Jesus  
| Christ. A- | men.  
Glory be to the Father, etc.

### 793 JESUS LIVES.

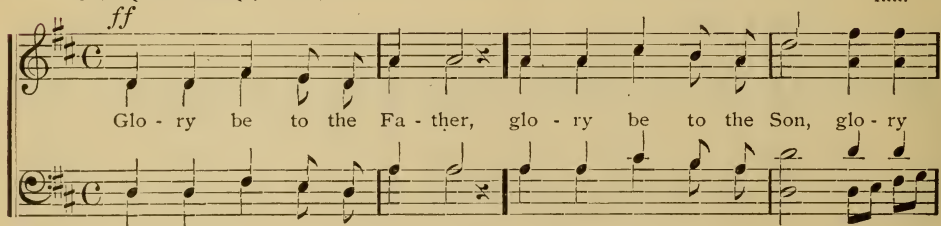


- Je-sus lives! Je-sus lives! no longer now can thy      Jesus lives! by this we know  
terrors, death, ap - - pal us; Thou, O grave, can'st not en - thrall us. Al-le - lu - ia.
- 2 Jesus lives! | henceforth is death  
But the grace of life im- | mortal;  
This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy | portal.  
Alleluia.
- 3 Jesus lives! | for us He died;  
Then, alone to Jesus | living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour | giving.  
Alleluia.
- 4 Jesus lives! | our hearts know well  
Naught from us his love shall | sever;  
Life nor death nor powers of hell  
Tear us from his keeping | ever.  
Alleluia.
- 5 Jesus lives! | to Him the throne  
Over all the world is | given;  
May we go where He is gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in | heaven.  
Alleluia.

C. F. Gellert, 1757. Tr. by Frances E. Cox, 1841.

### GLORIA PATRI. No. 3.

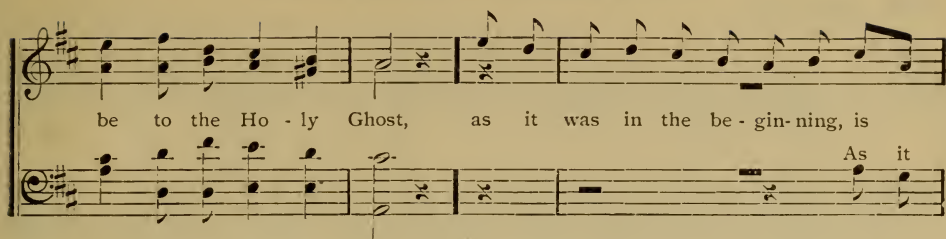
IRR.



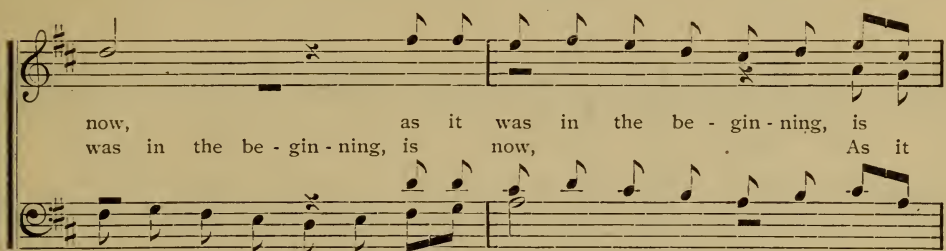
Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, glo - ry be to the Son, glo - ry



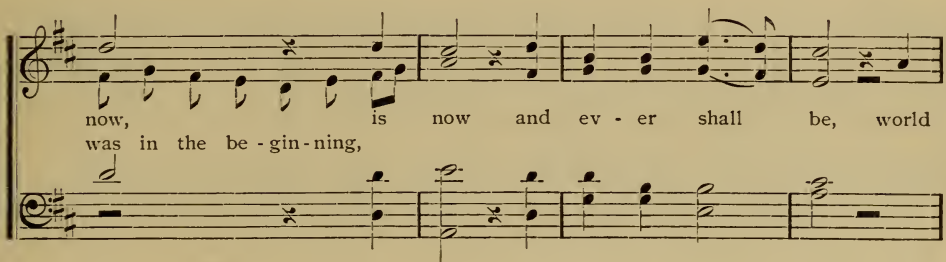
## Responses and Chants.



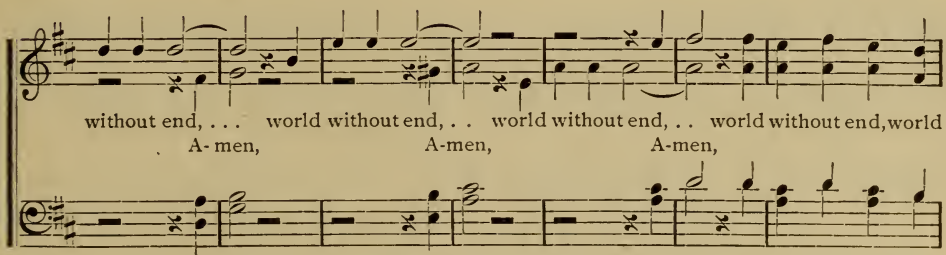
be to the Ho - ly Ghost, as it was in the be - gin - ning, is  
As it



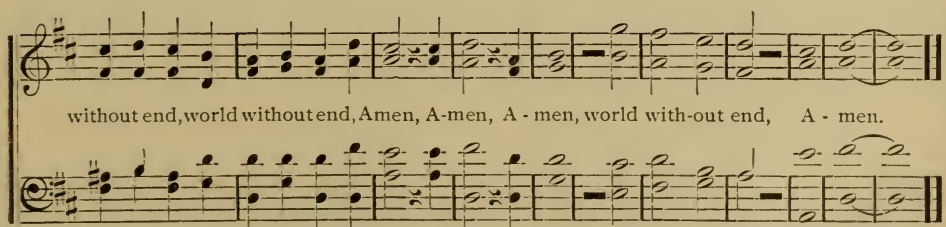
now, as it was in the be - gin - ning, is  
was in the be - gin - ning, is now, As it



now, is now and ev - er shall be, world  
was in the be - gin - ning,



without end, . . . world without end, . . . world without end, . . . world without end, world  
A - men, A - men, A - men,

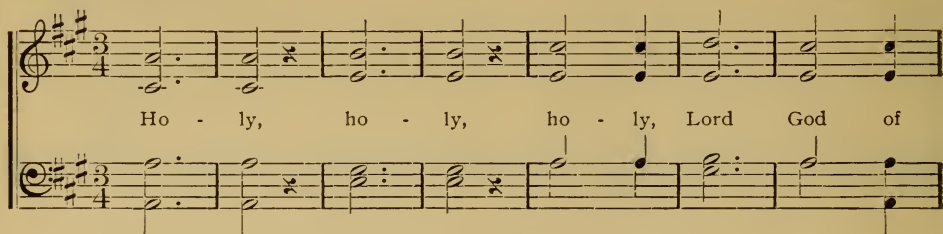


without end, world without end, Amen, A - men, A - men, world with - out end, A - men.

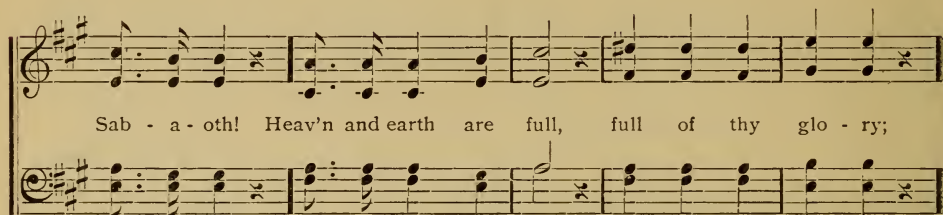
# Responses and Chants.

794 SANCTUS.

OLD ENGLISH.



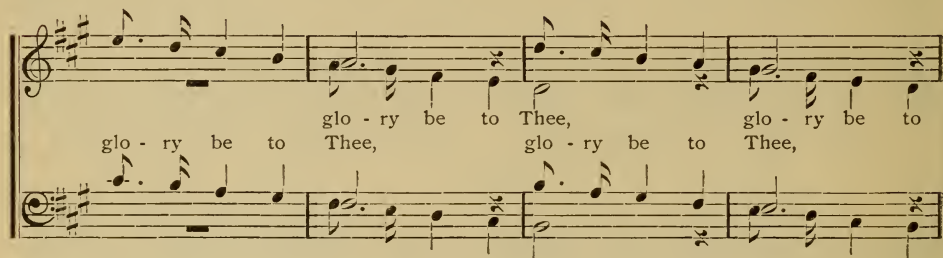
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of



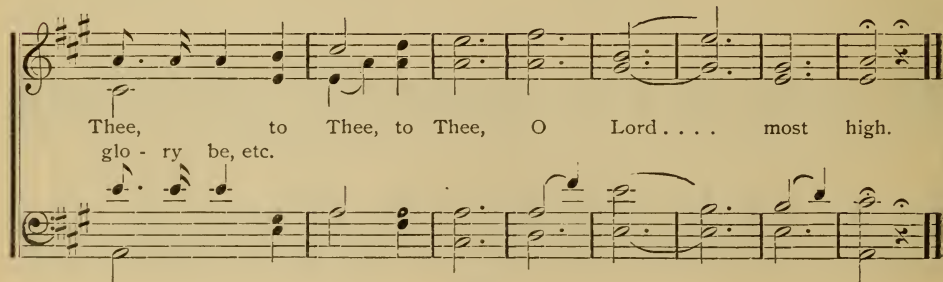
Sab - a - oth! Heav'n and earth are full, full of thy glo - ry;



Heav'n and earth are full, are full of thy glo - ry; . . .



glo - ry be to Thee, glo - ry be to Thee, glo - ry be to Thee,



Thee, to Thee, to Thee, O Lord . . . most high.  
glo - ry be, etc.

## Responses and Chants.

### RESPONSE TO THE COMMANDMENTS. No. 1.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our  
 hearts to keep all these laws. A - men, A - - men.

### RESPONSE TO THE COMMANDMENTS. No. 2.

Lord have mercy upon us, and in - cline our hearts to keep these laws.

### GLORIA PATRI. No. 4.

GREATOREX COLL, IRR.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther and to the Son and to the Ho - ly Ghost, as it  
 was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.



## Responses and Chants.

### GLORIA PATRI. No. 5.

IRR.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther and to the Son and to the

Ho - ly Ghost, as it was in the be - gin - ning, is

now and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

### 795 THE LORD'S PRAYER.

THOMAS TALLIS.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name; || thy kingdom come;

thy will be done in | earth as it | is in | heaven.

Give us this day our | daily | bread, || and forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, for- | ever and | ever. A- | men.

# Doxologies.

L. M.

7s.

1 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

L. M. 6 lines.

2 To God the Father, God the Son  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honor, praise and glory given,  
By all on earth and all in heaven,  
As was through ages heretofore,  
Is now and shall be evermore.

C. M.

3 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory as it was, is now  
And shall be evermore.

C. M. D.

4 The God of mercy be adored,  
Who calls our souls from death,  
Who saves by his redeeming word  
And new-creating breath;  
To praise the Father and the Son  
And Spirit all-divine,  
The One in Three and Three in One,  
Let saints and angels join.

S. M.

5 To the eternal Three,  
In will and essence One,  
To Father, Son and Spirit be  
Co-equal honors done.

H. M.

6 To God the Father's throne  
Your highest honors raise,  
Glory to God, the Son,  
To God, the Spirit, praise;  
With all our powers, eternal King,  
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

6s & 4s.

7 To God, the Father, Son  
And Spirit, Three in One,  
All praise be given;  
Crown Him in every song,  
To Him our hearts belong,  
Let all his praise prolong  
On earth, in heaven.

8 Sing we to our God above  
Praise eternal as his love;  
Praise Him, all ye heav'nly host,  
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

7s. 6 lines.

9 Praise the name of God most high,  
Praise Him, all below the sky,  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son and Holy Ghost;  
As through countless ages past,  
Evermore his praise shall last.

7s. D.

10 Praise our glorious King and Lord,  
Angels waiting on his word,  
Saints that walk with Him in white,  
Pilgrims walking in his light;  
Glory to th' eternal One,  
Glory to his only Son,  
Glory to the Spirit be  
Now and through eternity.

8s & 7s.

11 Praise the Father, earth and heaven,  
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;  
As it was and is, be given  
Glory through eternal days.

8s, 7s & 4s.

12 Glory be to God the Father,  
Glory to th' eternal Son;  
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises,  
Join the elders round the throne;  
Hallelujah,  
Hail the glorious Three in One.

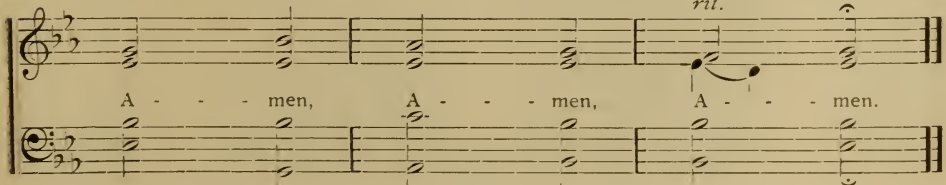
7s & 6s.

13 Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
One God whom we adore,  
Join we with the heavenly host  
To praise Thee evermore;  
Live, by heaven and earth adored,  
Three in One and One in Three,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
All glory be to Thee.

10s.

14 To Father, Son and Spirit, ever blest,  
Eternal praise and worship be address;  
From age to age, ye saints, his name  
adore, [no more.  
And spread his fame, till time shall be

*rit.*



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